Mar. 22, 1976

THE NEW YORKER

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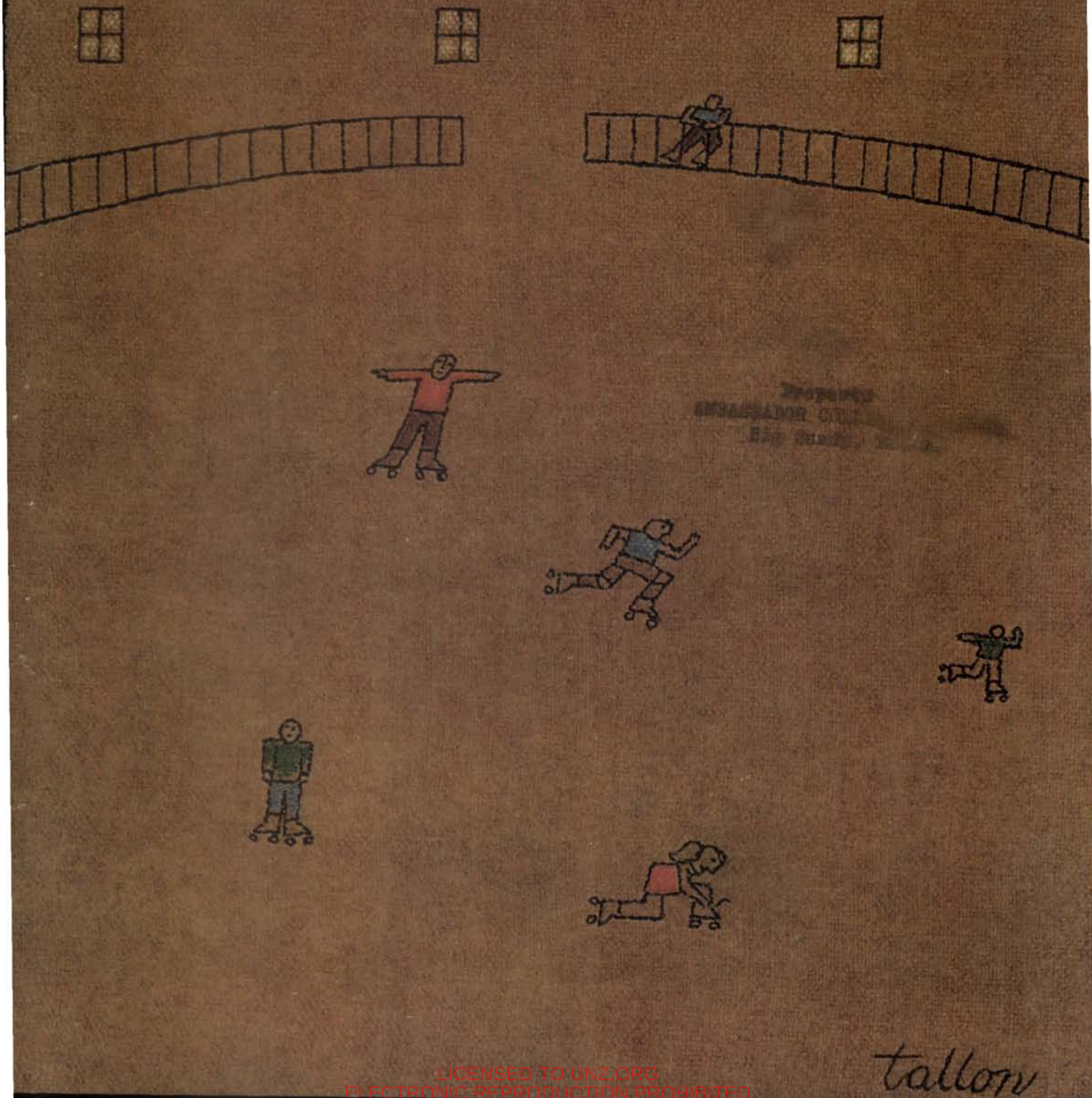

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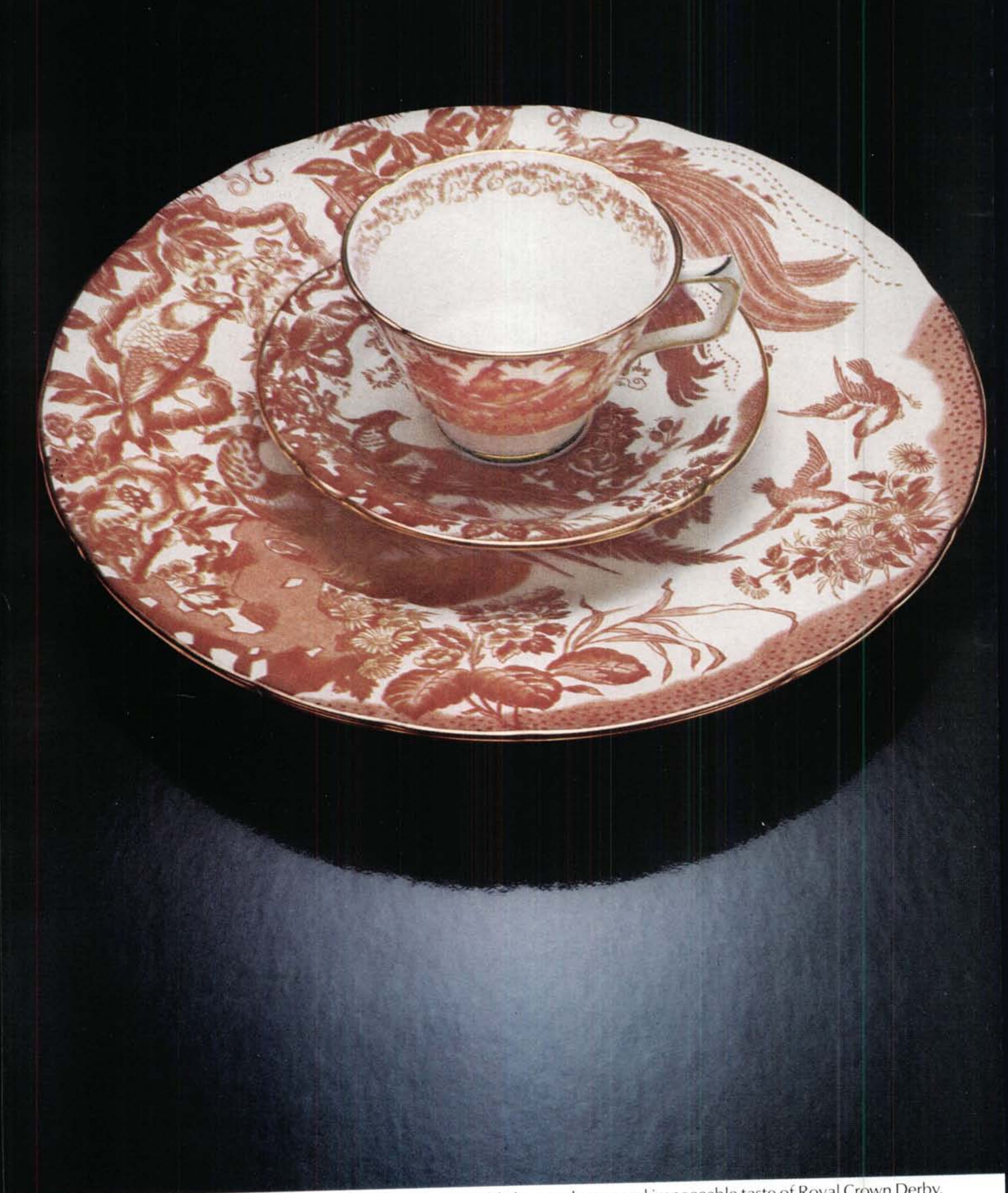

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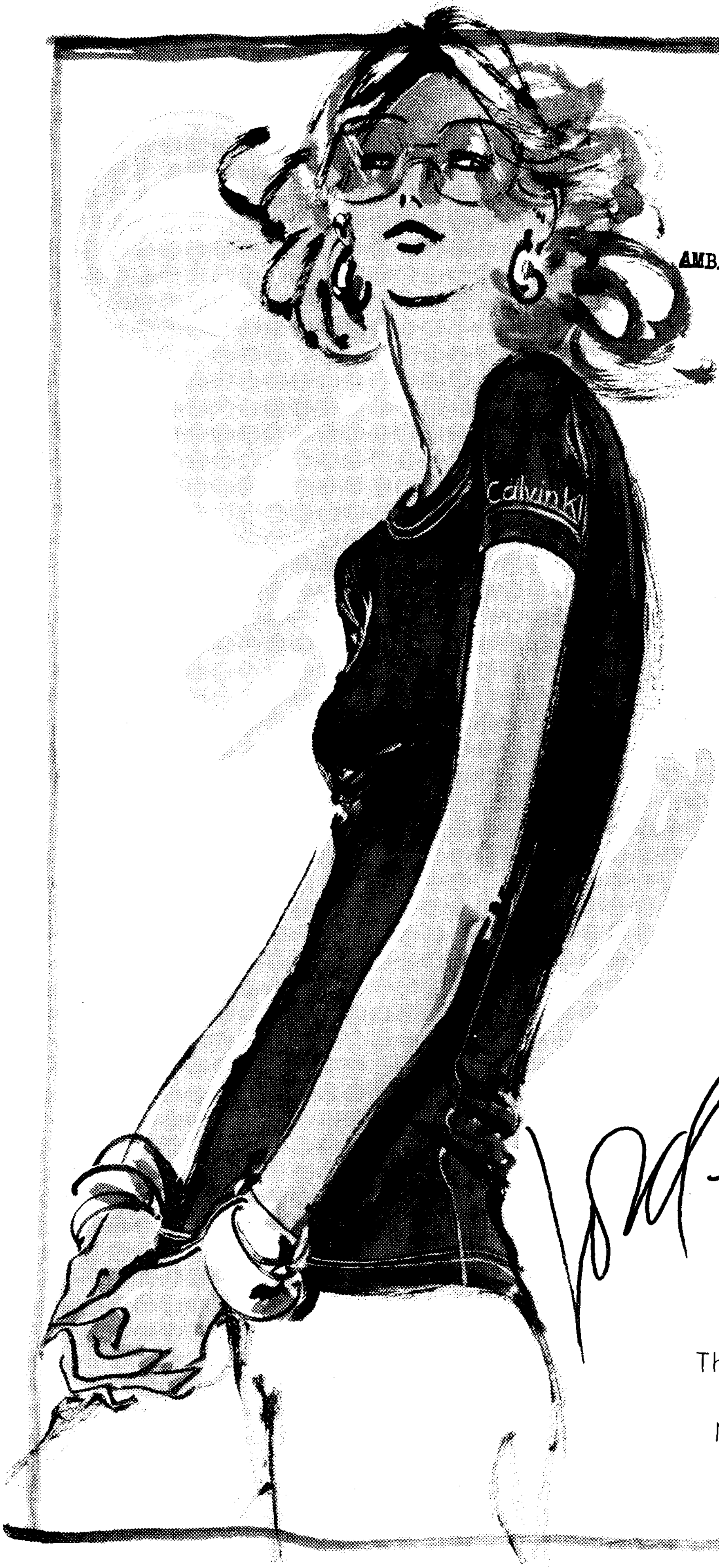

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Apple Pie—This work is billed as an opera, but Myrna Lamb's libretto is so much more obtrusive than Nicholas Meyers' score (appropriate though it is) that the show is more properly described as a musical play. It tells the story of an oppressed young woman, and although it often seems disjointed and muddled, and somehow out of date in point of view, it has its moments. Stephanie Cotsirilos does well as the heroine, and so do Lee Allen and Lucille Patton in other roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Boy Meets Boy—As described. This musical, with the indicated twist, is a foolish takeoff on foolish musicals of the thirties. Bill Solly wrote the agreeable songs, and Donald Ward and Mr. Solly did the book. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Bubbling Brown Sugar—A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's Tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—The fourth production of the season is **WHO KILLED RICHARD CORY?**, a dramatization, by A. R. Gurney, Jr., of the Edwin Arlington Robinson poem. (Circle Repertory Company, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Thursdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 28.)

Eden—A play by Steve Carter, presented by the Negro Ensemble Company. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the musical **MAGGIE FLYNN** is the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, March 21. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Knock Knock—Jules Feiffer's jokey comedy about a pair of bickering old hermits who are intruded upon by a succession of visitors, most notably Joan of Arc. The verbal games and puns grow tiresome after a while, but the sight gags are entertaining, and so are the performances. Neil Flanagan and Daniel Seltzer are the old men, Nancy Snyder is Joan, and Judd Hirsch is everybody else. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Lady from the Sea—Vanessa Redgrave, Pat Hingle, and John Heffernan in a revival of the Ibsen drama, translated by Michael Meyer. Tony Richardson directed. Previews Wednesday, March 17. Opens officially on Thursday, March 18, and will run through Sunday, May 23. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Matter of Gravity—Katharine Hepburn with merry acerbity pretending to be almost eighty. The scene is a charming English country house, and Enid Bagnold, who wrote the play, knows a lot about houses, gardens, and (being eighty-six) the eighties. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 10.)

Me and Bessie—Perhaps the main weakness of Linda Hopkins' attempt to re-create Bessie Smith is that she is a jittery and uncertain actress. But now and then she relaxes ("T'aint Nobody's Bizness If I Do," "Kitchen Man"), and Bessie shines through. Howlett Smith leads the fine onstage band. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Saturdays and Monday, March 22, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

Mrs. Warren's Profession—Lynn Redgrave is brilliant in this amiable revival of one of Shaw's earliest plays. Also on hand are Philip Bosco, Ruth Gordon, Ron Randell, Edward Herrmann, and Milo O'Shea. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 4.)

My Fair Lady—A revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical, with Ian Richardson, Christine Andreas, George Rose, and Robert Coote in the leading roles. Directed by Jerry Adler. Previews Friday through Wednesday, March 19-24. Opens officially on Thursday, March 25. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Norman Conquests—A venal husband seeks to make everyone happy by incessant acts of seduction. Alan Ayckbourn is a clever playwright, and we laugh continuously at his dark view of domesticity, which is presented to us in three independent plays, each complete in itself and staged at succeeding performances. The schedule is complicated—**TABLE MANNERS:** Wednesday, March 17, at 2; Friday, March 19, as well as Monday, March 22, and Wednesday, March 24, at 8; and Saturday, March 27, at 2. . . . **LIVING TOGETHER:** Wednesday, March 17, at 8; Saturday, March 20, at 2; and Tuesday, March 23, as well as Thursday, March 25, and Saturday, March 27, at 8. . . . **ROUND AND ROUND THE GARDEN:** Thursday, March 18, and Saturday, March 20, at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8; Wednesday, March 24, at 2; and Friday, March 26, at 8. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230.)

Pacific Overtures—A musical that, with comparatively little music, tells the unedifying story of how Commodore Perry helped open up Japan in 1853. With an all-Asian and almost all-male cast. Songs by Stephen Sondheim, direction by Harold Prince. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Phoenix Theatre—Tennessee Williams' **27 WAGONS FULL OF COTTON** and Arthur Miller's **A MEMORY OF TWO MONDAYS**, a twin bill directed by Arvin Brown, will play through Sunday, March 21, after which there will be a brief hiatus until previews of the season's final two plays, "Secret Service" and "Boy Meets Girl." (Playhouse, 357 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3.)

The Primary English Class—A one-act comedy of misunderstanding that goes on a bit too long but is full of merriment all the same. With Diane Keaton. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Rich and Famous—John Guare's imaginative and very funny fantasy about—of all things—a failed playwright. William Atherton is excellent as the hero, and he is well attended by Anita Gillette and Ron Leibman as all the other characters. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

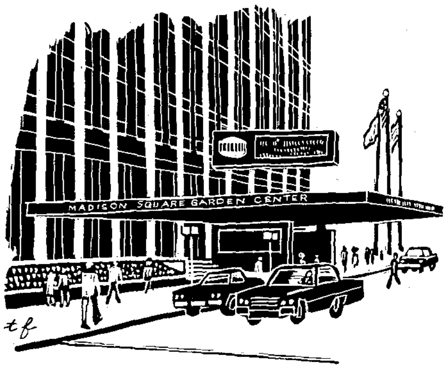
The Royal Family—A revival of the Kaufman-Ferber comedy about the Barrymores. Under Ellis Rabb's magic touch, it is as fresh and funny as ever. The stars of the wonderful company are Eva Le Gallienne, Rosemary Harris, Sam Levene, and Mr. Rabb himself, and they are supported by such fine actors as Rosetta LeNoire and Joseph Maher, among others. The beautiful setting, costumes, and lighting are by Oliver Smith, Ann Roth, and John Gleason, respectively. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tuscaloosa's Calling Me . . . But I'm Not Going!—This little revue—tuneful, witty, and refreshing—is a delightful celebration of New York City in its hours of travail. Hank Beebe wrote the score, Bill Heyer wrote the lyrics, and Mr. Heyer, Mr. Beebe, and Sam Dann wrote the sketches. Len Gochman, Patti Perkins, and Renny Temple are the entire and entirely satisfactory cast. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Very Good Eddie—A saucy little musical, which was the bee's knees in 1915. The music is by Jerome Kern, and some of the lyrics are by P. G. Wodehouse. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, March 21.)

Yentl—An awkward play about Jewish life in Poland in the nineteenth century. Taken from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer, in which the many implausibilities of the plot must have been easier to steal past than they are onstage. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0218. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Zalmen; or, The Madness of God—Elie Wiesel's drama, starring Joseph Wiseman and Richard Bauer. Alan Schneider directed. Opens Wednesday, March 17. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Long Runs—**CHICAGO:** An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with stunning performances by Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **EQUUS:** A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Richard Burton, Keith McDermott, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,617 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Loretta Swit and Ted Bessell. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **SHENANDOAH:** Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE WIZ:** An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Milbourne Christopher—In "Magic vs. the Occult," the re-creation of a performance by Houdini fifty years ago. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

DANCE

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday, March 17, at 8: "Viva Vivaldi!," "Parade," "Five Dances," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 8: "The Big City," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta" (company première), "A Ball in Old Vienna" (company première), and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Friday, March 19, at 8: "Remembrances," "Secret Places," "Fanfarita," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2: "Face Dancers," "Pas des Déesses," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: "Drums, Dreams, and Banjos," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 21, at 2: "Viva Vivaldi!," "The Big City," "Five Dances," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Sunday, March 21, at 7:30: "Remembrances," "A Ball in Old Vienna," "Fanfarita," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 23, at 8: "Face Dancers," "Fanfarita," "As Time Goes By," and "N. Y. Export, Op. Jazz." . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 24, at 8: "Pas des Déesses," "Pavane on the Death of an Infanta," "A Ball in Old Vienna," and "The Green Table." . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 8: "Interplay," "Monotones," "Parade," and "Jeu de Cartes." . . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8: "Petrouchka," "As Time Goes By," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2: "Interplay," "Five Dances," "Parade," and "Deuce Coupe II." . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8: "Face Dancers," "Monotones," and "The Green Table." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810. Through Sunday, April 11.)

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Wednesday, March 17, at 8; Saturday, March 20, at 2; and Sunday, March 21, at 7:30: "Allegro Brillante," "Bugaku," "Don Quixote Pas de Deux," "Romeo and Juliet Pas de Deux," and "Forces of Rhythm." . . . ¶ Thursday through Saturday, March 18-20, at 8, and Sunday, March 21, at 2: "Concerto," "Carmen," and "Rhythmetron." . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, March 23-24, and Saturday, March 27, at 8: "Holberg Suite," "Le Corsaire Pas de Deux," "Every Now and Then," "Biosfera," and "Dougla." . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, March 25-26, at 8, and Saturday, March 27, at 2: "Fête Noire," "The Combat," "Manifestations," and "Forces of Rhythm." (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, March 28.)

Twyla Tharp and Dancers—Opening performances of a brief engagement that will end on Sunday, April 4—Thursday, March 25, at 7:30, and Friday, March 26, at 8: "Eight Jelly Rolls," "The Fugue," and an unnamed work (première). . . . ¶ Saturday and Sunday, March 27-28, at 8: "Sue's Leg," "The Bach Duet," "The Rags Suite," and the new work. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

Bar None, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—A new place and a welcome one—sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is at work from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Simple, pleasant surroundings, collard greens and ribs on the menu, and well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Trumpeter Waymon Reed's quintet, which features Frank Foster on saxophone, is here through Saturday, March 20. On Monday and Tuesday, March 22-23, the Keno Duke Contemporaries will occupy the stand. Altoist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** will bring in his quintet on Wednesday, March 24. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—**MARIA MULDAUR,** who sings many different kinds of music—she's taken on practically every female singer, from Memphis Minnie to Billie Holiday to Dolly Parton—is an uprooted Village folksinger. After she left the Even Dozen Jug Band in 1964, she went to Boston as a member of the Jim Kweskin Jug Band. By the late sixties, she had wound up in Woodstock, where she made a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

couple of records with her equally eclectic ex-husband, Geoff. Maria Muldaur now lives in Los Angeles, and, to judge by her last three, slickly produced records, she's a confirmed Angeleno. She's also become Benny Carter's protégée; Carter, himself a transplanted New Yorker, gave up a prominent position in progressive jazz in the forties to focus on Hollywood studio work. With Carter's guidance, Muldaur has been trying to pass herself off as a jazz singer, but the mannered sliding, melismatic style that brought admiration for her early simpler, looser, and more earthy work often gets in the way when she tries jazz settings. Her best works, which were done with guitar or jug-band backing, remain Memphis Minnie's "Me and My Chauffeur Blues," Mississippi John Hurt's "Richland Woman," and her early version of Lieber and Stoller's "I'm a Woman." Muldaur will be here Monday and Tuesday, March 22-23. On Wednesday, March 17, organist Merl Saunders heads up a rock-soul outfit opposite the **PERSUASIONS**, a remarkable street-corner a-capella soul-and-gospel quintet. On Thursday, March 18, drummer **BILLY COBHAM** and keyboard wizard **GEORGE DUKE** will take over the stage for a night. On Friday, March 19, guitarist **ELVIN BISHOP** and his spirited, Chicago-blues-derived band will perform, at nine, twelve, and two, for their fanatically rowdy admirers. Folk-rock baritone Tom Rush will come in for two nights, Saturday and Sunday, March 20-21. And on Thursday, March 25, singer Bill Withers will arrive with his R. & B. ensemble. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with an abundance of dark pine panelling, good musicians, and patrons who like to talk. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** and his bassist, Bill Takas, play against the din through Saturday, March 20. On Monday, March 22, pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** picks up where he left off a couple of weeks ago. The Sunday man is **BARRY HARRIS**, whose piano style is subtle and low-volume, with a highly developed melodic sense. Music from ten most nights; from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is home and wearing a tux rather than a N. Y. Bets sweatshirt. He is assisted by bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-fifteen, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL**, currently in the Bemelmans Bar, was a good minor pianist when she came up in the fifties; now she commands and moves. Her time is infallible, and she is equally at ease with legato, back-pedalling figures, double-time sprints, and spacious, collecting rests. Weeknights from nine-fifteen.

CHURCHILL'S, 1277 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (650-1618)—**DUKE JORDAN**, not always visible in recent years, has turned up at the piano here for an indeterminate stay. When he is in top condition, he is fleet and immaculate, and the same can now be said of the house instrument, which has finally been changed. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eleven until four. Dining.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**DOLLY DAWN**, who at the age of thirteen used to sing with George Hall and his orchestra at the Hotel Taft Grill, is back, and in splendid form. She has become a first-rate singer—a jazz singer, really. Marty Napoleon is on piano, and Bucky Calabrese on bass. On Sundays, **DICK HYMAN** outlines the history of the jazz piano. Music from eight to one. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. Tenor saxophonist Buddy Tate will sit in with the regulars on Tuesday, March 23. Red Richards plays piano most nights from five-thirty; the sextet begins alternating with him after nine-thirty. Sunday, March 21, will be set aside for Ray and Mousey Alexander, who'll head up a combo from eight. Dinner.

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GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER**, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-four-year-old **BROOKS KERR**, a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, **ATTILA ZOLLER**, a quick-stepping guitarist with a full-bodied tone, and the fine bassist **WILBUR LITTLE** run the store Mondays and Tuesdays from nine-thirty. On Sunday, March 21, from five to nine, vibraharpist Warren Chiasson works with pianist Duke Jordan and Little.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Don't be put off by the brown tweed carpet, the high ceilings and chandeliers, and neatly uniformed staff. This really is a Village jazz club. Right now, it's presenting **DR. BILLY TAYLOR** on piano, **FREDDIE WAITS** on drums, and **LARRY RIDLEY** on bass. Two or three sets, from ten. Closed Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-five, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Joe Muranyi on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

JIM SMITH'S VILLAGE CORNER, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts fills in. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JAY MCSHANN** led the last of the great Kansas City bands in the late thirties and early forties; the band's blues-shouting vocalist was Walter Brown and its balladeer was Al Hibbler, but its single most prominent member was its lead alto player, Charlie Parker. McShann no longer has a big band, but he plays blues and boogie-woogie piano once in a while. Right now, he's working with drummer Panama Francis, bassist Milt Hinton, and Claude Williams on violin and guitar. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. . . . **HUBBELL PIERCE**, the singer and pianist, is here in the attractive Bird Cage after a long absence from the New York night scene. He has the insouciant, swinging approach that one associates with composer-singers like Matt Dennis and Johnny Mercer and Hoagy Carmichael. Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one. Closed Sundays.

COINS
CENTS

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups assemble under the canopied bandstand nearly every night. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Two groups of longtime Village folksters—Jake and the Family Jewels and Bob Neuwirth's band—trade sets until Sunday, March 21. On Wednesday, March 24, another local folksinger, Artie Traum, and a singer and pianist named Biff Rose will take over. Shows at nine and eleven-thirty.

LE PETIT CAFÉ, Sherry-Netherland Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800)—**HANK JONES**, a delicate performer out of Tatum and Teddy Wilson, holds forth at the piano Mondays through Fridays from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Dinner and supper.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Beginning Tuesday, March 23, **SY OLIVER** will be at the helm of an orchestra Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Perhaps the nicest cabaret on the scene. Novella Nelson, who has a substantial following in these parts, is a striking-looking young woman and a heavily dramatic singer. Usually seated on a stool, she forcefully, and sometimes gruellingly, attacks and reconstructs a variety of songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and midnight. According to an advertisement for this club, "Novella introduces friends performing poetry and song" on Sundays at nine. **BLOSSOM DEARIE**, who looks out steadily and brightly from inside the songs she sings, is again doing her five-thirty-to-seven pocket concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—George Wein, the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival—New York, is testing out a new policy. To wit: the music in the club will change from night to night, and passing musicians will be welcome to sit in. The club will not advertise, but one can find out who will be playing on a given night by calling the above number. Music from nine to two. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—The acoustically perfect music corner of this highly congested bar and restaurant will be turned over to a steady stream of guitarists for the next couple of months—the management calls it the Great New York City Guitar Festival. Guitarist Barry Finnerty and bassist Charles Fambrough will be on hand Wednesday, March 17. From Thursday through Sunday, March 18-21, **JIMMY PONDER** will perform with bassist **LISLE ATKINSON.** Monday through Wednesday, March 22-24, **ATTILA ZOLLER** and **TED DUNBAR** will trade fours and solos. And beginning Thursday, March 25, **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** will take charge. The hours run from nine Sundays through Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A very pleasant hangout with Saturday-afternoon poetry readings and a hectic music schedule that comprises various small jazz groups. On Fridays and Saturdays, Richie Cole, an alto-Echoplex saxophonist, heads up a combo that serves as backup for **EDDIE JEFFERSON**, who was a vocal-bebop pioneer in the early forties. On Sundays and Thursdays, tenor saxophonist **PAUL JEFFREY** is at the helm of a vigorous, rousing octet, that features practically every one of its eight members in solo spots—the best work on a recent evening was done by Jeffrey, altoist Alex Foster, and John Clark on French horn. The charts are good, too—especially Coltrane's "Some Other Blues" and Jimmy Heath's "Gingerbread Boy." Music from ten-thirty, except Mondays. Dinner.

TOP OF THE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (982-9292)—The upstairs room in the Village Gate is alive and kicking on Friday and Saturday

Kantan by Brown Jordan. An outstanding investment in casual comfort. The classic good looks of Kantan have made it a Brown Jordan favorite for over 19 years. Every detail is superb. The hand-welding is hand-buffed. The hand-smoothed frame is encased in durable baked enamel. Such painstaking construction is admittedly expensive. But you'll discover the lasting beauty of fine craftsmanship has value far greater than the price.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nights. Thunderbolt drummer **ELVIN JONES** and his quartet and **CHICO HAMILTON,** a subtler and a bit more exotic drummer, and his sextet share the bill. Music from ten. Snacks.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**SONNY FORTUNE,** an aggressive, punching, and absolutely uplifting alto saxophonist who makes you forget all about Paul Desmond and Cannonball Adderley, finishes up a week here with his sextet on Sunday, March 21. On Tuesday, March 23, intense, vertiginous **MC COY TYNER,** perhaps the most respected of contemporary pianists, will bring in his quartet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** band squeezes itself onto the bandstand and lets go with some big-band seriousness. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café, Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instrument in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. On Wednesdays, saxophonists Harold Ashby (March 17) and Earl Warren (March 24) head up their combos; and on Thursdays and Fridays, a bop quintet stalks the forties. Saturdays and Sundays have been claimed by two tenor saxophonists—**BUDDY TATE** and Paul Quinichette, who still plays with a Lester Young complex—drummer Ronnie Cole, and pianist **SAMMY PRICE.** The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

Willy's, 7 W. 8th St. (260-0400)—A non-bustling room that has been touched by the piano-bass fad. Hal Galper and Victor Gaskin are the fashionable pair through Saturday, March 20. Another good pianist, Albert Dailey, who used to lead a band called Group Therapy and more recently has been a member of Stan Getz's quartet, will come in on Monday, March 22. On Sundays, **JAKI BYARD** works out with bassist Nabil Totah. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 17, at 5:45: **JOHN HOUSEMAN,** speaking on the theatre. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 24, at 5:45: **CONSTANCE TOWERS,** songs.

Accent on Percussion—Ray Barretto, Alan Dawson, Sonny Fortune, Lew Soloff, Eddie Martinez, Jack Wilkins, Eddie Gomez, and Patti Wicks. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, March 17, at 8.)

Ella Fitzgerald—With Roy Eldridge, the Tommy Flanagan trio, and Joe Pass. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Country Gentlemen—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, March 19, at 8.

B. B. King and **Bobby Blue Bland**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1718. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.

Electric Light Orchestra—With Journey. (Beacon Theatre. Saturday and Sunday, March 20-21, at 8.)

Lyrics and Lyricists—The last in a series of programs in which lyricists (in this case Ralph Blane) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 21, at 8.)

Robin Trower and **Wishbone Ash**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.

Patti Smith Group—Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8:30.

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David Bowie—Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 26, at 8.

Thelonious Monk—Solo piano and with his group. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

Joan Morris and William Bolcom—With Eubie Blake. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, March 27, at 8.)

Emmylou Harris and the Hot Band and **the Earl Scruggs Revue**—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, March 27, at 8.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with the Brecker Brothers. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Pierre Alechinsky—The passing of time is the subject of a series of thirty watercolors by an early member of the Cobra group. Also four brush drawings on rice paper. Through April 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Yannis Amoryanos—Paintings of animals and flowers, like tigers romping in anemone beds, done in a primitive manner. Through Saturday, March 27. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Romare Bearden—Oil paintings on paper that continue this artist's American jazz series—a transliteration of the jazz idiom into pictorial form. Through Saturday, March 20. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Willard Boepple—Abstract steel floor pieces, some of them resembling fat curled ribbons. Through April 7. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Paintings and three-dimensional freestanding columns, by a veteran Neo-Plasticist. Through Thursday, March 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gretna Campbell—Paintings of Maine tidal coves in summer and snow-covered New Jersey woods. Through Saturday, March 27. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Joseph Cornell—Forty-three of his box constructions, some of them on loan. Done between the early thirties and the late fifties, they are shown here to good advantage, in handsomely lighted vitrines set up in darkened rooms. Through Saturday, March 20. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

John Duff—Sculptures of wood, glass, and metal, and combinations thereof, in shapes that are variations of the spiral. Through April 7. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Emil Ganso (1895-1941)—Drawings, watercolors, and graphics. Through April 3. (Weyhe, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.)

John Griefen—Large-scale abstract paintings. Through March 31. (Deitcher, 35 E. 67th St.)

Alan Gussow—Abstract paintings that occasionally incorporate a detail from nature—a leaf, a flower, bark. Through April 3. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Philip Guston—Recent paintings, basically autobiographical (as his works generally are), by this sharp commentator on our times. Most of his familiar symbols are present and accounted for—the shoe soles, the bald heads, and so on. Through April 10. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Craig Kauffman—Eight painted canvas-and-wood constructions. Through March 31. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Carla Lavatelli—Seven semi-abstract sculptures, all but one of them carved marble. Through April 17. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—Seventeen oil paintings that span his career. Through April 10. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Harry McCormick—Interiors, generally of Victorian design, and Central Park scenes, by a realist. Through April 3. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Jean François Millet (1814-75)—Four fully realized portraits, including an adoring one of his first wife, are the surprises in this show, which also, of course, offers examples of his more familiar, doggedly rustic works, still redolent with the smell of freshly turned earth. Through April 10. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays.)

Armando Morales—Semi-abstract oils of the female nude and still-lifes, as well as drawings in casein and conté crayon. Through April 17. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Edgar Negret—Painted aluminum constructions, some combined with wood, evocative of contemporary machinery. Through April 11. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Jules Olitski—Recent abstract paintings. Through March 31. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St.)

David Pease—Semi-abstract paintings with a totally realistic miniature painting located in the center of each. Through April 10. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Donald Perlis—Large realist paintings of the artist's family and friends in everyday situations. Through Saturday, March 27. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Lil Picard—Three exhibits of the work of a seventy-six-year-old self-taught artist: First, a retrospective that contains nearly sixty paintings, sculptures, and drawings. Through April 2. (Goethe House, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 7.). . . ¶ Secondly, photographs and Xeroxed photographs of the principals in the Watergate hearings, taken from the television screen. Through April 3. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. Mondays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30.). . . ¶ Finally, collage and pen-and-ink portraits, these of artists and writers, done on paper napkins. Through April 3. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

Michael Price—Sculptures of life-size, variously posed female figures, cast in bronze, plus smaller pieces. Through Saturday, March 27. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Marianne Schnell—Abstract paintings inspired by leaf and plant forms. Through Saturday, March 20. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ronald Searle—Humorous drawings and watercolors centering on resorts and animals. Through April 10. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Philip Sherrod—Expressionist paintings of figures, including some portraits, and a few landscapes. Through Saturday, March 27. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

David Smith (1906-65)—Small sculptures. Through April 7. (Knoedler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Tony Smith—Small sculptures in steel and models for outdoor pieces in cast bronze, by a Minimalist. Through April 17. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

Bob Thompson (1937-66) / **William Scott**—Paintings and works on paper. / Gouaches in which simple kitchen objects, food, and geometric shapes are grouped on a solid field. Through April 3. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Edward Whiteman—Acrylic paints applied to textured-paper surfaces. Through Saturday, March 27. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

William T. Williams—Large abstract paintings in mixed mediums on a heavyweight paper. Through April 3. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Jerome Witkin—Still-lifes, figures in interiors, and street scenes. Through Saturday, March 27. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Group Shows—At the **BABCOCK,** 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Landscape paintings by, among others, Marsden Hartley and E. Ambrose Webster. Through March 31. . . . **LA BOETIE,** 9 E. 82nd St.: Paintings and drawings by Feininger, Kandinsky, Schiele, and others. Through April 10. . . . **DAVIS & LONG,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Watercolors and drawings by British artists Walter Sickert, Au-

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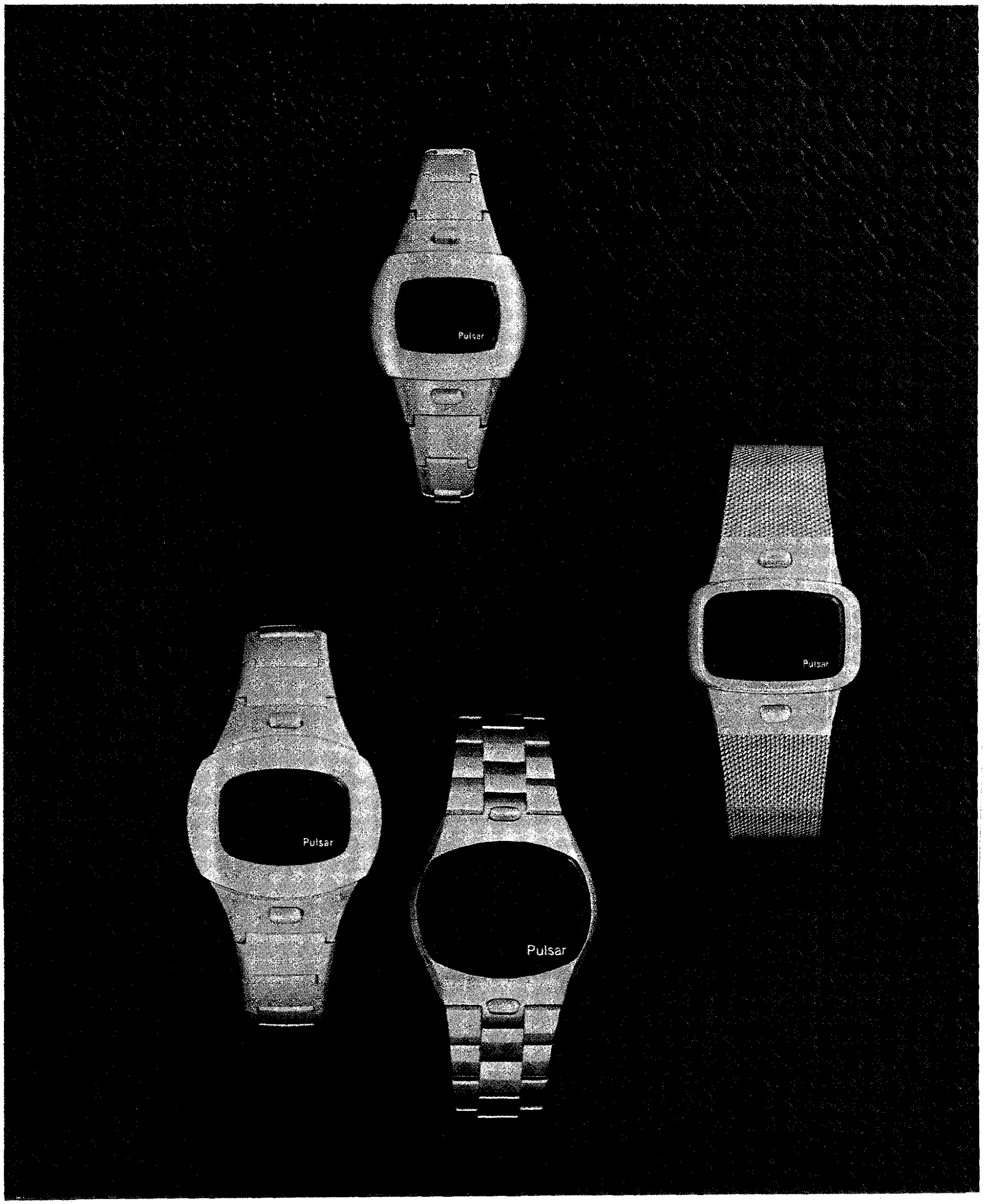

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

gustus John, Gwen John, and others. Through Saturday, March 20. . . . **FEIST,** 1125 Madison Ave., at 84th St.: Drawings from five centuries. Two are a black-and-red chalk drawing by Rubens and a blue-gray brush drawing by Franz Kline. Through May 1. (Open Mondays.). . . **HIRSCHL & ADLER,** 21 E. 67th St.: American Impressionist paintings by Childe Hassam, Maurice Prendergast, John H. Twachtman, and others. Through Saturday, March 27. . . . **KERR,** 49 E. 82nd St.: A benefit loan show of paintings by six American Impressionists: Mary Cassatt, Childe Hassam, Theodore Robinson, John Singer Sargent, John H. Twachtman, and Julian Alden Weir. Through April 3. (Open Mondays.). . . **SABARSKY,** 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Watercolors, plus a few oils and drawings, by a group that includes Feininger and Klee. Through May 1. . . . **DORIS WIENER,** 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.: Indian miniature paintings and drawings dating from the sixteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Saturday, March 20.

Sculpture—*Jane B. Armstrong and James* Kearns are two contributors to a show devoted to animal and nature forms. Through Wednesday, March 24. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Folk Sculpture—An exhibition, which changes from time to time as things are sold, of wood or metal figures—weather vanes, figureheads for boats, marionettes, sideshow robots. Among the latter is a crouching life-size baseball catcher, whose hand and mitt snapped together on a ball if it was thrown accurately enough to hit a sort of push-button target between them. The lucky customer won a Kewpie doll. (Kronen, 1094 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.)

Quick List—Other uptown artists currently being shown include: **MILET ANDREJEVIC** at Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5); **BRUNO CIVITICO** at Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30); **ROGER HILTON** (1911-75) at Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9 to 6); **HELEN QUAT** at Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 6); **LEON SHTAINMETS** at Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. (*Tuesdays through* Saturdays, 11 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

John Taylor Arms (1887-1953)—A comprehensive exhibition of etchings of Gothic architectural details. Through Saturday, March 20. (Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.)

Enrico Baj—Assemblages, drawings, and graphics. Through April 17. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Edward Betts—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through April 10. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Power Boothe—Abstract paintings. Through Thursday, March 25. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Dan Christensen—Color-field paintings. Through March 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ken Greenleaf—Incised slabs of marble that rest on welded-steel bases. Through Thursday, March 25. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—The canvases get larger and larger, and the subjects of these realist figure paintings get more and more two dimensional as this artist goes along setting down in billboard style the things that please him—canoe paddlers (some shown in cutouts painted on both sides), picnicking friends, and other partakers of *la dolce vita*. Through Saturday, March 20. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Les Levine—Video and audio programs, as well as clothing for men and women designed by the artist. Somehow it all fits together. Through March 31. (D'Arc, 15 E. 57th St.)

Hubert Long—Table-size assemblages of weathered wood that has been hand finished. Some of the pieces have been dowelled together, others have been put together with hooks. Through Saturday, March 20. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Grandma Moses (1860-1961)—Thirty-five works, ranging from early worsted pictures to paintings completed in the fifties. Through Saturday, March 20. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

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Louise Nevelson—Black constructions shown in a black-walled room, and white constructions shown in a white-walled room. Through Saturday, March 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Kenzo Okada—This abstract painter, who works in subdued tones, is a Japanese-born American, and lately he has been visiting more and more in his homeland, with the result that the Oriental flavor in his work has been sharpened, and he now indulges in frank representational elements—to wit, cherry blossoms. Through Saturday, March 27. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Cesar Paternosto—Large nonobjective works, all of them done on canvas stretchers four inches deep, which permits the artist to carry his patterns off the frontal surface and around the edge of the painting; a number of the works consist of two or three separate canvases grouped together. Through Saturday, March 20. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Henry Varnum Poor (1888-1970)—A memorial exhibition honoring this old-time American realist, who, as his friend Raphael Soyer wrote, belongs to the tradition of Copley, Eakins, and Hopper. Through April 10. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Michael Vessa—A construction of thigh-high Fibreglas-and-polyester room dividers, some of them seemingly connected by pencil drawings of arches. Through April 3. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Sculpture—A show of ceramic sculptures by four West Coast artists, including Robert Arneson. Through Thursday, March 25. (*Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays;* open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Glass Flowers—A benefit exhibition of twenty-five pieces of Leopold and Rudolph Blaschka's glass models of flowers and plants, made in Germany between 1887 and 1936, on loan from Harvard University's Botanical Museum. Through April 3. (Steuben Glass, Fifth Ave. at 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in the 57th St. area include: **NATALIE ALPER** at Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St. (Through Saturday, March 20. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5); **ROBERT WILSON** at Iolas, 52 E. 57th St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30).

GALLERIES—SoHo

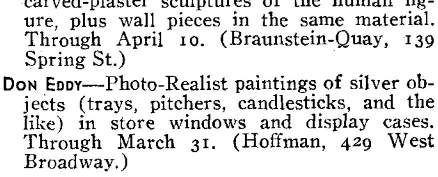
Jean Cohen—Paintings of bold geometric shapes. Through April 1. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, *11:30 to 5:30.)*

Bruce Conner / Manuel Neri—Photograms of the artist, applied to Masonite. / Freestanding carved-plaster sculptures of the human figure, plus wall pieces in the same material. Through April 10. (Braunstein-Quay, 139 Spring St.)

Don Eddy—Photo-Realist paintings of silver objects (trays, pitchers, candlesticks, and the like) in store windows and display cases. Through March 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Joel Fisher—Four hundred and twenty-one sheets of the exceptional paper made by the artist himself. Twenty-eight inches square and stacked up like pancakes, they are the center of this *exhibit, together with long* vertical strips and smaller pieces of the same material displayed on a wall. Through Saturday, March 27. (Protetch, 157 Spring St.)

Judy Joa—Small-scale (some three-by-five inches) representational paintings. Through Thursday, March 25. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)



Marylin Minter / De Es Schwertberger—Great big hyper-realist paintings of toys and coathangers, mostly, lying on hardwood floors, every grain of which is painstakingly reproduced. / Surrealist paintings of manlike creatures hewn from rock who start crumbling—literally going to pieces—as some kind of life stirs in their granite veins, plus a few studies of simple, unambitious boulders suspended in the sky. Through Saturday, March 20. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Stephen Mueller—Recent works in which this abstract artist sets forth two or three detailed forms on a field of solid color, instead of painting everything on the same plane, as he used to do. Through March 31. (Duffy, 157 Spring St.)

Peter Passuntino—Paintings of fantastic subjects. Through April 17. (Knowlton, 153 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Shirley Pettibone / Harilyn Slome—Paintings of water—chiefly long, gentle rollers cresting near the shoreline and about to break. / Drawings—minimal in concept, since they consist merely of two or three vertical lines sparsely distributed on a relatively large expanse of white paper. Through Saturday, March 20. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Jonathan Price / Tom Halsall—A single large handmade poster, along with photographs of other posters. / Color-field paintings. Through April 1. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Stephen Rosenthal / Stephen Antonakos—Bleak India-ink washes on unstretched canvas. / A conceptual project of nearly two hundred wrapped packages, many of which, unfortunately, have already been mailed to the artist's friends, but enough of them are left over to convey the idea. Through Wednesday, March 24. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Alan Shields—Paintings of primary shapes in subdued colors, to which beads and thread have been hand stitched. Through March 31. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Oleg Sohanievich—Steel, aluminum, and brass sculptures held together by nuts and bolts. Through Wednesday, March 24. (14 Sculp*tors, 75 Thompson* St. *Tuesdays through* Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Robert Swain—Large checkerboards of color, graduating in warmth and intensity from one side of the canvas to the other. Through March 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Merrill Wagner—Abstract paintings that employ masking tape, glue, and Liquitex paint on canvas, plus drawings. Through March 31. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Jim Youngerman—Straightforward colored pen-and-pencil drawings that nevertheless have a perspective gone awry and a sense of humor—footless horses and rocking chairs with but a single rocker, for instance. Through Wednesday, March 24. (Razor, 464 West *Broadway. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon* to 6.)

Group Show—Realist paintings by Robert Cottingham, plus works in other mediums by three additional artists. Through Saturday, March 20. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Quick List—Other artists currently showing their work in SoHo include: **ON KAWARA** at Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6); **DEREK SOUTHALL** at Emmerich, 420 West Broadway (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5:30).

OTHER GALLERIES

Sol LeWitt—A single wall drawing, in white chalk on a black ground, fills the entire gallery space. The pattern involves arcs and straight lines and dotted lines laced around a grid. Through Friday, March 19. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, *noon* to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.) . . . ¶ Five modular aluminum sculptures that are finished in white enamel. Through May 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Don Nelson—This California artist assembles photographs—family snapshots, studio nudes, shots of the Union Station in Los Angeles—into an arrangement that suits him and then enlarges (or reduces) it on a single photo-graphic sheet, which he goes to work on with various mediums. Through Saturday, March 27. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Marjorie Strider—Works that combine painting and sculpture. One is a large painting of a bright-red bunch of radishes, onto which the artist has mounted three bulbous Styrofoam radishes. Through April 3. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 6; Saturdays, 11 to 3.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Fredrich Cantor—A series of photographs of Rome, plus other work. Through March 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robbert Flick / Eileen Cowin—Black-and-white landscapes of the rural Midwest. / Abstractions based on, for instance, cacti forms, and imprinted on vinyl and hand colored. Through April 3. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Peter Mauss—Nature studies made with a twelve-by-twenty view camera. Through Saturday, March 20. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

Marjorie Neikrug—Snapshots taken in China in the past few months. Through March 30. (SoHo Photo, 34 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Alfred Stieglitz (1864-1946)—More than fifty photogravures made before 1911. Through Saturday, March 20. (Helios, 26 E. 78th St.)

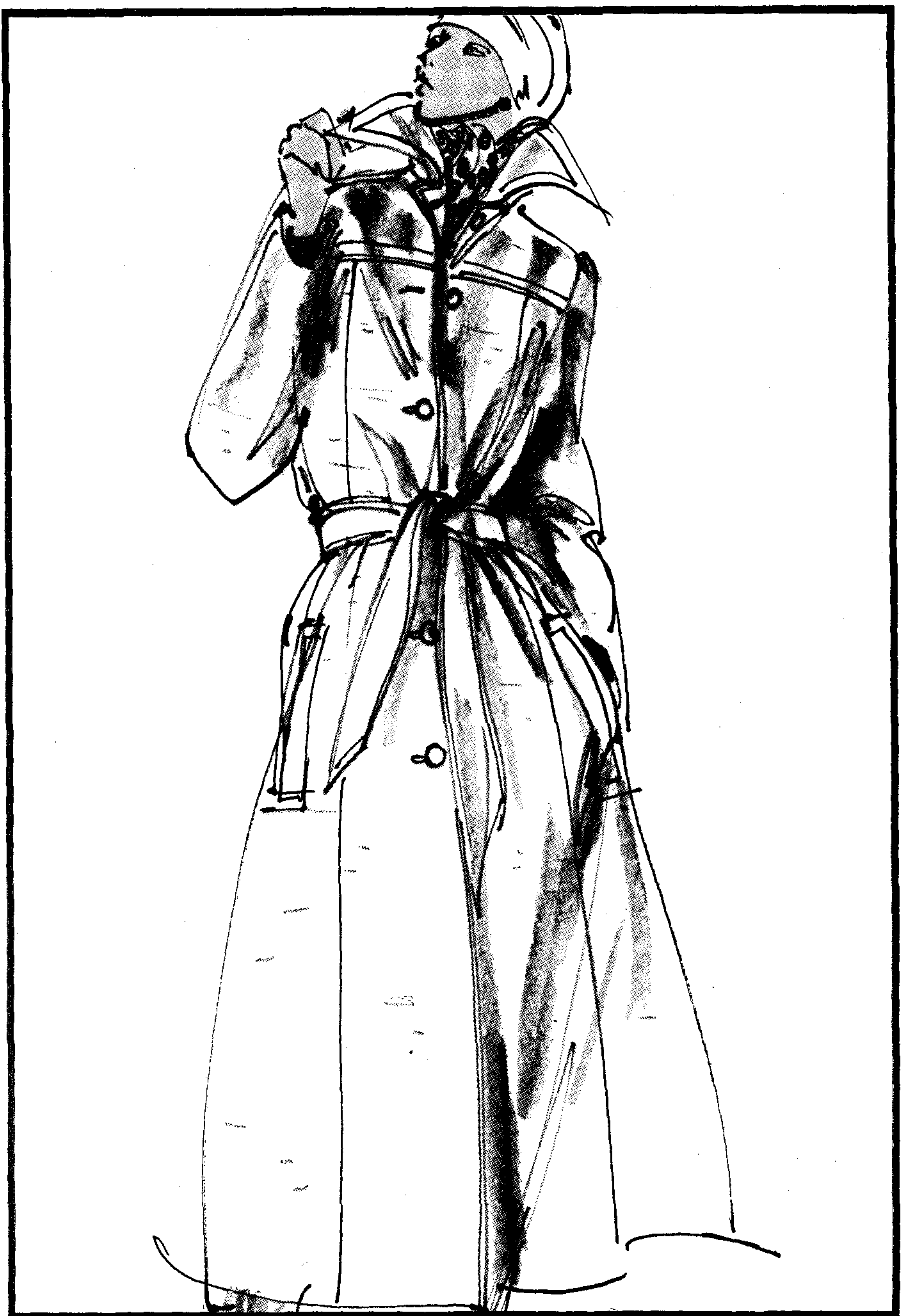
Group Shows—At the INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St., through April 4: An anthropological show of photographs by Ken Heyman, with a text by Margaret Mead. . . . ¶ Milton Rogovin's portrait of Buffalo's inner city. . . . ¶ Pictures tracing various of Martin Luther King, Jr.'s, civil-rights marches. (Open Sundays.) . . . NEIKRUG, 224 E. 68th St.: Experimental works by Bobbi Carrey, Jim Cornfield, and George Obremski. Through Saturday, March 20. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . WITKIN, 41 E. 57th St.: A two-part exhibit of photogravures, halftones, articles, and advertisements taken from Alfred Stieglitz's publications *Camera Work* and *291*. Part I closes Saturday, March 20; Part II opens Tuesday, March 23. (Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The museum has acquired about twenty thousand art works in the last ten years, and of these, five hundred have been selected to illustrate, along with descriptive panels, how this institution goes about amassing its collections. Through Tuesday, March 23. . . . ¶ A private collection: the Norbert Schimmel assemblage of classical, Egyptian, and Near Eastern antiquities. Through Aug. 1. . . . ¶ "The World of Franklin and Jefferson," an exhibit of artifacts, paintings, manuscripts, and photographs dealing with, to no one's surprise, the early history of this country. Through May 2. . . . ¶ Portraits of, and clothing worn by, ten American women—Isadora Duncan, Josephine Baker, and Irene Langhorne Gibson among them—noted for their innovation and elegance in dress. Through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ A display of Near Eastern cylinder and stamp seals (dating from 5000 B.C. to 600 A.D.) and their impressions, from the collection of Mrs. William H. Moore. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Constructivist paintings, sculptures, and other works conceived by Polish artists during the years 1923 to 1936. Through Thursday, March 25. . . . ¶ Picasso, Braque, Mondrian, and Feininger are among the artists represented in a survey of Cubism and allied movements, made up of drawings and prints from the museum's collection and covering the years 1906 to 1922. Through May 9. . . . ¶ Paintings by Morgan Russell drawn from his Synchromist period, along with related drawings, studies, and notebooks. Through May 18. (Daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A full-scale exhibition of drawings, taking up the two top turns of the ramp, which starts with works by, for instance, Joseph Stella, Arthur G. Dove, and Georgia O'Keeffe, and moves on up through the cen-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tury. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the work of Aristide Maillol, including bronzes (among them about two dozen monumental pieces), terra-cottas, paintings, drawings, tapestries, and illustrated books. Both exhibitions through Sunday, March 21. (Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A historical survey of American sculpture of the past two hundred years. Two hundred years is a long time—long enough to fill every crevice of the museum's galleries. A really big show, which will last through the summer. (Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Early Modernists," an exhibit, taken from the permanent collection, of paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures by Marin, O'Keeffe, Zorach, and others. Through March 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Folk sculptures that date from the eighteenth century to the present by artisans from all over the United States. One piece, done in the twenties, is a trade sign for a Brooklyn bicycle shop. Through May 31. . . . ¶ An exhibit of objects acquired by the museum's decorative-arts department during the last five years, including a Bentwood side chair from the early nineteenth century and a Corbusier chair from the nineteen-twenties. Through May 23. This exhibit is open only until 1 on Wednesdays and Thursdays. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A display showing the techniques used by the museum's staff of artists, taxidermists, model-makers, and other reproduction specialists in mounting installations. Through July 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of works by Thomas Hart Benton, George L. K. Morris, and Michael Rapuano. . . . ¶ A show of the paintings and sculptures of artists who are candidates for Academy-Institute awards. Both exhibitions through April 4. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—Forty-six Japanese swords and their furnishings, including the "Kunimune" blade, dating from the twelfth century through the nineteenth. Through April 25. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 5; Fridays, 10 to 7:30; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the illustrated book in England, covering the years 1790 to 1914. It includes books, drawings, engravers' proofs, autograph letters, and manuscripts, and among the artists on view are Blake, Turner, Beardsley, and Beerbohm. Through May 2. . . . ¶ The first volume of Adèle Hugo's journal, on which the Truffaut movie is based. Through March 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Cat in American Folk Art," an exhibition of a hundred and twenty-two paintings, sculptures, wood carvings, textiles, and other forms of naïve art in which cats figure. Through Friday, March 26. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—American Indian objects that incorporate the American flag and other symbols as design motifs. Wearing apparel, household utensils, and rugs are among the items on display. Through Sunday, March 21. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibition of theatrical memorabilia (photographs, programs, costumes, heralds, life-size cutouts of famous stars) celebrating the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Shubert organization. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Eighteenth- and nineteenth-century carafe, decanter, and bottle labels of silver, ivory, enamel, and other materials. Through April 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—An exhibition of drawings and models for stage settings, given in memory of Donald Oenslager, who died last year, and to commemorate the fiftieth birthday of the Yale School of Drama, where he taught theatrical designing for forty-five years. Mr. Oenslager's own works are shown, along with scene designs and costume designs by nearly sixty Yale drama graduates, among them Santo Loquasto, William and Jean Eckart, David Hays, and Carrie Robbins. Through April 10. . . . ¶ "Ruth Page: Ballet Is a World Apart" is the title of a series of photographs, letters, posters, costume designs and some of the costumes themselves, and other memorabilia celebrating her fifty years on the ballet stage. Through May 7. (Mondays and Thursdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Oils and watercolors by Boston artist Richard Yarde, including larger-than-life portraits of Paul Robeson and Jack Johnson, as well as family scenes from the forties. Through Sunday, March 21. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 17: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and James Morris; conducted by Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ *Thursday evening, March 18:* "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Shirley Love, Luciano Pavarotti, Walter Berry, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 19: "Carmen," with Marilyn Horne, Adriana Maliponte, Placido Domingo, and Guillermo Sarabia; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 20: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Montserrat Caballé, Ruth Welting, Tatiana Troyanos, Alberto Remedios, William Dooley, and Alan Titus; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 20: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Cornelis Opthof, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 22: "Carmen," with Régine Crespin, Adriana Maliponte, Placido Domingo, and Guillermo Sarabia; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, March 23: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Montserrat Caballé, Ruth Welting, Tatiana Troyanos, Alberto Remedios, William Dooley, and Alan Titus; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, March 24: "Madame Butterfly," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Nedda Casei, John Alexander, Theodor Uppman, and Nico Castel; Richard Woitach. . . . ¶ *Thursday evening,* March 25: "I Puritani," with Joan Sutherland, Luciano Pavarotti, Cornelis Opthof, and Ezio Flagello; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 26: "Aida," with Montserrat Caballé, Mignon Dunn, Placido Domingo, Louis Quilico, Jerome Hines, and Richard T. Gill; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 27: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Judith Blegen, Tatiana Troyanos, Shirley Love, Luciano Pavarotti, Otto Edelmann, William Dooley, and Andrea Velis; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 27: "La Bohème," with Montserrat Caballé and Luciano Pavarotti. A nonsubscription performance. (Evenings at 8. Matinées Saturday, March 20, at 2:30, and Saturday, March 27, at 1:30.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, March 18 at 8: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Gaetano Scano, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Friday, *March 19, at 8:* "Turandot," with Earline Ballard, Faye Robinson, Ermanno Mauro, and Ara Berberian; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2: "Madame Butterfly," with Sung-Sook Lee, Diane Curry, Melvyn Poll, and Adib Fazah; George Branson Gray. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 8: "La Bohème," with Patricia Craig, Clamma Dale, Tullio Pané, and Pablo Elvira; Luigi Martelli. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 21, at 1: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Elizabeth Haley, Puli Toro, William McDonald, Charles Roe, and James Billings; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 21, at 7: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Sandra Walker, William Harness, and Richard McKee; Charles Wendelken-Wilson. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 23, at 8: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Glenys Fowles, Kathleen Hegierski, Gaetano Scano, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 25, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Karan Armstrong, Arlene Randazzo, Gary Glaze, Charles Roe, Dominic Cossa, and Spiro Malas; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, March 26, at 8: "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria," with Frederica von Stade, Hilda Harris, Diane Curry, Kathleen Hegierski, Richard Stilwell, and Ara Berberian; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 2: "Lucrezia Borgia," with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Gaetano Scano, and Richard Fredricks; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 27, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Olivia Stapp, Jeanne Piland, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and John Darrenkamp, and "Pagliacci," with Clamma Dale, Herman Malamood, Pablo Elvira, and Thomas Jamerson; Luigi Martelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 25.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Pierre Boulez conducting on Thursday, March 18, at 8:30; Friday, March 19, at 2; Saturday, March 20, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 23, at 7:30 (all with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano). . . . ¶ Leonard Bernstein conducting on Thursday, March 25, at 8:30; Friday, March 26, at 2; and Saturday, March 27, and Tuesday, March 30, at 8:30 (no soloists).

London Symphony Orchestra—André Previn conducting the last two in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 17, at 8, with Mr. Previn acting as piano soloist; and Thursday, March 18, at 8, with Stephen Bishop-Kovacevich, piano.)

National Arts Centre Orchestra of Canada—Mario Bernardi conducting an all-Mozart program, with Lili Kraus, piano, and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30.)

Ensemble Instrumental Andrée Colson—Twelve instrumentalists who perform without a conductor. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Wednesday, March 17, at 8.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Justus Frantz, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 7:30, a benefit concert, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 27, at 8, the last in a series of concerts, this one with Jorge Bolet, piano. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the second in a "Meet the Moderns" series of four concerts, this one devoted to contemporary French music, with Stanley Drucker, clarinet; Stephen Freeman, bass clarinet; Jon Deak, string bass; and Jocy De Oliveira, piano. The program will include the New York première of "Domaines," composed by Pierre Boulez, who will be present and participate in a discussion with Mr. Foss during the intermission. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Sunday, March 21, at 8.)

Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York—Richard Kapp conducting. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 26, at 8. Admission is free, but contributions will be more than welcome.)

Musica Sacra Orchestra and Chorus—Richard Westenburg directing. (Medieval Sculpture Court, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 25, at 8, the last in a series of concerts of Bach cantatas, this one with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; Charles Bressler, tenor; and Thomas Paul, bass. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 27, at 8, a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass.)

Hamilton-Kirkland Choir—Lee S. Spear directing, with the Hamilton Brass Choir and the Buffers Male Octet. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a program of music by New York composers, 1798-1976. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 26, at 8.)

RECITALS

Anthony Newman—Organ, in the second in a series of all-Bach programs. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 17, at 8.)

Tashi—Peter Serkin, piano; Ida Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Richard Stoltzman, clarinet. With Renée Siebert, flute, and Erica Goodman, harp. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 17, at 8.)

Myung-Wha Chung—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 18, at 8.)

Rolf Schulte and David Levine—Violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 18, at 8, a sonata recital; and Thursday, March 25, at 8, an all-Stravinsky recital.)

Chamber Music—Ransom Wilson and Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, with the Orpheus Chamber Ensemble. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, March 18, at 8.) . . . ¶ Jaime Laredo, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Sharon Robinson, cello; and Leonard Arner, oboe. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 21, at 2.)

Elly Ameling—Soprano, in a benefit recital. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Carroll Glenn and Eugene List—Violin and piano, with Paul Oster, percussion, and Clive Armor, also violin. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Miriam Fried and Garrick Ohlsson—Violin and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal, Eugenia Zukerman, and Pinchas Zukerman—Flute duo and violin/viola. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—The last in a series of recitals, this one an all-Bach program. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 19, at 8:30.)

Zina Schiff—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 20, at 2:30.)

Pinchas Zukerman—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 20, at 8.)

Waverly Consort—The last in a series of concerts, this one an all-Purcell program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 20, at 8.)

Water Gap Concerts—Chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 20, at midnight. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Murray Perahia—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 3.)

Ian Shapinsky—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, March 21, at 5.)

David Burge—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 21, at 8.)

Joseph Kalichstein—Piano, in the last two in a series of recitals. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 22, at 8, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano; and Saturday, March 27, at 8, with Itzhak Perlman, violin.)

Ann Schein—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 22, at 8.)

Mark Westcott—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Monday, March 22, at 8.)

Orpheus Chamber Ensemble—The fourth in a series of five recitals by small groups drawn from the orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 22, at 8.)

Justus Frantz—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 23, at 8.)

Erick Friedman—In the second of two programs of violin concertos, with the American Symphony Orchestra conducted by Arthur Winograd. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 23, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The third in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A.,

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Do You Look Like
Your Mother Too Soon?

When you were younger, it may have pleased you when people mentioned your resemblance to your mother. It was flattering to hear "You lucky girl, you have your mother's hazel eyes" or "Aren't you glad you inherited your mother's marvelous legs!" But lately you may have noticed a subtle difference in the comments. If you've heard, even once, "You're beginning to look just like your mother!" it's time you took notice. Your mother is, after all, a generation older . . . and "You're beginning to look just like your mother!" probably means you're looking older now than you'd like.

Then the moment has come for you to discover the secret of a remarkable beauty fluid, known to enlightened women in many parts of the world who look their very youngest, no matter what their age. This skin-loving liquid was discovered by beauty connoisseurs and is known in the United States as Oil of Olay beauty lotion.

Gentle Oil of Olay onto your face and throat. You'll be astonished how quickly and completely Oil of Olay penetrates. Within moments, you can actually feel your skin grow softer and smoother. And when you look in the mirror you'll notice a radiance and lustre, a look you once had and probably never expected to see again. Oil of Olay works with nature in a mysterious way to ease away dryness, that unwelcome dryness that accents little lines and wrinkles that can too easily make you look older than you are. Older than you need to look.

Oil of Olay, with its abundance of pure moisture, along with tropical oils and other emollients, works almost like your own natural moisture in fighting aging dryness. And the precious fluid helps keep natural moisture in your skin, to maintain a youthful-looking complexion, a beautiful bonus as the years pass.

For the most quickly-visible results, apply Oil of Olay at least twice each day. In the morning, to provide a moist climate for your complexion or as a superb makeup base. (Oil of Olay never leaves a greasy afterfeel, so it's marvelous under cosmetics, letting them stay fresh for hours.) Again at bedtime to let the beauty fluid continue its good work through quiet nocturnal hours. You may, of course, want to use Oil of Olay more frequently, whenever your skin feels dry or taut, or you'd like the moisture level of your skin increased.

Why look like your mother too soon, when Oil of Olay (from your drugstore) can help you look your very youngest. Don't you wonder who will be the first to notice?

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Beauty Secrets. The little lines around your eyes and at the corners of your mouth need special attention. Extra application of Oil of Olay to these dry areas can help.

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Lipstick or lip gloss slicks on more smoothly and easily over Oil of Olay. Somehow your lips seem to look better and feel better with this tiny bit of additional pampering.

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If you wear makeup only when you go out, don't let your face go untended at home. Let Oil of Olay be a constant part of your morning grooming. You'll enjoy the way your skin looks and feels.

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Whenever you can take time for a nap, cleanse your face and apply Oil of Olay® first. You'll awake both looking and feeling refreshed.

Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 23, at 8.)

Marian Hahn—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 23, at 8:30.)

Martina Arroyo and Sherrill Milnes—Soprano and baritone, in a program of opera highlights. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.)

Paige Brook—Flute, in the second of two recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 24, at 8.)

Manhattan Percussion Ensemble—Paul Price conducting. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, March 26, at 8. Free tickets at the box office on the night of the performance.)

Coffee Concert—*Simca Heled, cello, will play the fifth in a series of six hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee.* (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 27, at noon.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Walt Whitman Hall, Brooklyn College. 859-1180. Saturday, March 27, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Milton Babbitt Sixtieth-Birthday Retrospective Concert—A program of his music, performed by Bethany Beardslee and Sheila Schonbrun, sopranos; John Graham, viola; Joel Sachs and Cheryl Seltzer, piano; the Composers String Quartet; and a chamber orchestra conducted by Mr. Sachs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Wednesday, March 24, at 8. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Detroit, Tuesday, March 23, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, March 27, at 8. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Nets vs. Denver, Thursday, March 18. . . . ¶ Nets vs. St. Louis, Wednesday, March 24. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Kentucky, Friday, March 26.

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 19, at 8.)

Gymnastics—The American Cup International Gymnastics Competition. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday, March 27, at 2, and Sunday, March 28, at 1.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Minnesota North Stars, Wednesday, March 17, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Sunday, March 21, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, March 20, at 8:05.

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 1. The Distaff Handicap, Wednesday, March 17; the Bay Shore, Saturday, March 20; and the Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 27. . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, *Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:45; through Thursday, June 10.*

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, May 17.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Monday, March 22, at 8: Donald Finkel and Robert Hass reading from their own works. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 24, at 8: Stephen Spender reading from his own works. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Wednesday, March 17, at 8: Impressionist and other modern paintings and sculptures, from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Josef Rosensaft. Admission by card only; for information, call 472-3467. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 18, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from the collection of the late Lester Avnet. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 20, at 2: Chinese archaic bronzes, ceramics, and other works of art; from various owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, March 23, at 10:15 and 2: Oriental and ethnographic works of art, belonging to an American educational institution. Exhibition starts Thursday, March 18.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"The Man Who Would Be King" and "Gunga Din."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through March 23: "Amarcord" and "Cries and Whispers."
From March 24 (tentative): "The Black Bird" and "The Fortune."

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 23: "Nashville."
From March 24: "Chinatown" and "Murder on the Orient Express."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through March 23: "Swept Away."
From March 24: To be announced.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (684-2290)
Through March 23: "The Sunshine Boys."
From March 24: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Seven Beauties."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
To be announced.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Image" (X-rated).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Blazing Saddles."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Immoral Tales" (X-rated).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Story of Adèle H."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Salut l'Artiste."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Taxi Driver."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Next Stop, Greenwich Village."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Seven Beauties."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Killing of a Chinese Bookie."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Lies My Father Told Me."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Man in the Glass Booth."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"I Will, I Will . . . For Now."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 23: "The Sunshine Boys."
From March 24: To be announced.

Juliet 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Hester Street."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Magic Flute."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Lucky Lady."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Loves and Times of Scaramouche."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Gable and Lombard."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through March 23: "Return of the Street Fighter" and "The Street Fighter."
From March 24: "Black Starlet."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Killer Force."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Magic Flute."

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through March 23: "Burn!" and "The Battle of Algiers."
From March 24: "Give 'Em Hell, Harry!"

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

BARONET
CORONET
Tom Funk

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21	22	23	24	25		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Quad Cinemas, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy."
Theatre 2: "The Sunshine Boys" and another feature, to be announced.
Theatre 3: "All Screwed Up" and "Wedding in Blood."
Theatre 4: Through March 18: "Lies My Father Told Me" and "I Never Sang for My Father." March 19-23: "The Seduction of Mimi" and "Love and Anarchy." From March 24: To be announced.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Challenge to Be Free."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Robin and Marian."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Barry Lyndon."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"My Michael."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 23: "Nashville" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."
From March 24: "The Black Bird" and "Breakout."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Taxi Driver."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Grey Gardens."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Dog Day Afternoon."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Inserts" (X-rated).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"The Magic Flute."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 23: "The Loves and Times of Scaramouche." From March 24: "Give 'Em Hell, Harry!"
Theatre 2: "The Man Who Would Be King."
Theatre 3: "Fritz the Cat" (X-rated) and "Heavy Traffic."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 23: "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes" and "Sherlock Holmes Faces Death."
From March 24: "The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother" and "Pursuit to Algiers."

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 23: "The Hindenburg" and "The Front Page."
From March 24: To be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 23: "Hustle" and "Don't Look Now."
From March 24: "Amarcord" and "Cries and Whispers."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres show revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 17: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1970), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Lino Capolicchio, Dominique Sanda, and Helmut Berger; and "A Brief Vacation" (1975), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Florinda Bolkan, Renato Salvatori, and Daniel Quenaud.
March 18: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; and "Odd Obsession" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa, with Machiko Kyo and Junko Kano.
March 19: "Lacombe, Lucien" (1974), in French, directed by Louis Malle, with Pierre Blaise; and "The Conformist." (†)
March 20: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Immortal Story." (†)
March 21: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962), directed by David Lean, with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Omar Sharif, José Ferrer, and Anthony Quinn.
March 22: "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell; and "Gumshoe." (†)
March 23: "The Guns" (1963), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Ruy Guerra; and "The Priest and the Girl" (1966), a Brazilian film, in Portuguese, directed by Joaquim Pedro de Andrade.
March 24: "Metropolis" (1926), a German silent film, directed by Fritz Lang; and "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre.
March 25: "Medium Cool" (†); and "Hearts and Minds" (1975), directed by Peter Davis, a documentary film about United States involvement in Vietnam.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 17: "Sanshiro Sugata" (1943), "The Men Who Tread on the Tiger's Tail" (1945), and "The Drunken Angel" (1948), all films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
March 18: "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti; and "Eclipse" (1962), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Alain Delon and Monica Vitti.
March 19: "Patton" (1970), directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with George C. Scott.
March 20: "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "The Naked Night" (1953), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and Ake Groenberg.
March 21: "The Private Life of Henry VIII" (†); and "Fire Over England" (1937), directed by William K. Howard, with Vivien Leigh, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and Raymond Massey.
March 22: "The Servant" (1963), directed by Joseph Losey, with Dirk Bogarde, Sarah Miles, Wendy Craig, and James Fox; and "Accident." (†)
March 23: "Anything Goes" (†) and "At Long Last Love." (†)
March 24: "Stray Dog" (†); and "The Scandal" (1950), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.
March 25: "Don't Cry with Your Mouth

Full" (1975), in French, directed by Pascal Thomas, with Annie Colé; and "Adieu Philippine" (1961), in French, directed by Jacques Rozier.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)

March 17: "The Fortune" (1975), directed by Mike Nichols, with Warren Beatty, Jack Nicholson, and Stockard Channing; and "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972), directed by Bob Rafelson, with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn.

March 18: "Ulysses" (1967), directed by Joseph Strick, with Milo O'Shea, Barbara Jefford, and Maurice Roeves; and "Tropic of Cancer" (1970), directed by Joseph Strick, with Rip Torn.

March 19: "Rancho Deluxe" (1975), directed by Frank Perry, with Jeff Bridges, Sam Waterston, Elizabeth Ashley, Charlene Dallas, and Clifton James; and "One-Eyed Jacks" (1961), directed by Marlon Brando, with Mr. Brando, Karl Malden, and Katy Jurado.

March 20: "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

March 21: "East of Eden" (1955), directed by Elia Kazan, with James Dean and Julie Harris; and "Giant." (†)

March 22: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Silvia Pinal; and "Viridiana" (1961), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal.

March 23: "The Clowns" (1971), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini; and "8½" (1963), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

March 24: "I Vitelloni" (†) and "Nights of Cabiria." (†)

March 25: "Rollerball" (†) and "Zardoz." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through March 20: "Best Foot Forward" (1943), directed by Eddie Buzzell, with Lucille Ball, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven, Nancy Walker, and William Gaxton; and "Good News" (1947), directed by Charles Walters, with June Allyson, Peter Lawford, Mel Tormé, and Joan McCracken.

March 21-23: "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" (†) and "The Ghost Goes West." (†)

From March 24: "State of the Union" (†) and "Little Women." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 18 at 2: "The Deadly Companions" (1961), directed by Sam Peckinpah, with Maureen O'Hara and Brian Keith. . . . ¶ March 18 at 5:30: "Mistaken Love Story" (1974), in French, directed by Jean-Louis Bertucelli, with François Perrin and Coline Serreau; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 18 at 8: "La Brigade" (1975), in French, directed by René Gilson, with Brigitte Fossey and Jean Bousie; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 19 at 2: "Cousin, Cousine" (1975), in French, directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella, with Marie-France Pisier; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 19 at 5:30: "The Deadly Companions.". . . ¶ March 20 at noon: "The Mystery of the Wax Museum" (1933), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray. . . . ¶ March 20 at 3: "Mistaken Love Story.". . . ¶ March 20 at 5:30: "The Tilted Garden" (1975), in French, directed by Guy Gilles, with Delphine Seyrig and Samy Frey; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 21 at noon: "The Mystery of the Wax Museum.". . . ¶ March 21 at 3: "Cousin, Cousine." . . . ¶ March 21 at 5:30: "A Hard Day's Night" (1961), directed by Richard Lester, with the Beatles. . . . ¶ March 22 at 2: "Les Lolos de Lola" (1975), in French, directed by Bernard Dubois, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Zouzou; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 22 at 5:30: A program of short films by James Benning. . . . ¶ March 23 at 2: "La Brigade.". . . ¶ March 25 at 2: "La Maternelle" (1933), in French, directed by Jean Benoit-Lévy and Marie Epstein, with Madeleine Renaud and Mady Berri; English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 25 at 5:30: A program of short films by Humphrey Jennings. . . . ¶ March 25 at 8: "Les Lolos de Lola." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 23: "Scar of Shame" (1927), directed by Frank Peregini, produced by The Colored Players Film Corporation of Philadelphia. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening.) . . . ¶ Starting March 24: "Broken Strings" (1940), directed by Bernard Ray, written by and with Clarence Muse. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Cornell, Breer, Williams, Greenfield, Schneeman, Baillie, Broughton, Brakhage, Bresson, Cavalcanti, and others. Showings March 17-19 at 7 and 9; March 20 at 2:30, 7, and 9; March 21 at 8; and March 23-25 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—March 18-21: A program of five films by Bruce Baillie. . . . ¶ Starting March 25: "Juvenile Liaison" (1975), a British film, directed by Joan Churchill and Nicholas Broomfield. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Accident (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 22.)

The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes' Smarter Brother—Gene Wilder's talent is evident in the many nice leafy touches, but in his first attempt at a tripleheader (writer-director-star) he gets bogged down in an overelaborate production. With Madeline Kahn, Marty Feldman, Dom DeLuise, and Leo McKern. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/22/75.) (Kips Bay, and New Yorker; starting March 24.)

The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes (1939)—The second in the Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes series. With Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson and George Zucco as Professor Moriarty, and with Ida Lupino and Alan Marshal. Directed by Alfred L. Werker. (New Yorker; through March 23.)

All Screwed Up—A noisy, sprawling, incident-filled, slice-of-life comedy-melodrama about the corruption of the Sicilians who go to Milan. Wertmüller's point of view is chaotic. The women workers are shown to be acquisitive schemers who manipulate and exploit their men, and there's a ballet in a slaughterhouse which has comic bravura but is so ambiguous that we seem to be asked to laugh at the dead animals. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Quad Cinema.)

Amarcord (1974)—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 23. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting March 24.)

Anything Goes (1936)—Directed by Lewis Milestone and starring Bing Crosby and Ethel Merman. Not to be confused with the less good remake of twenty years later, also with Bing. The general liveliness of the original Broadway show seems to have survived intact in this version, like the Cole Porter music (including the more stately rhymes from "You're the Top"). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 23.)

At Long Last Love (1975)—Peter Bogdanovich's stillborn musical comedy, with Burt Reynolds as a bored millionaire playboy, Cybill Shepherd as a spoiled heiress, and sixteen Cole Porter songs. Performed as they are here, their antique smartness sounds smug, though "Find Me a Primitive Man," with Madeline Kahn nudging her thighs together, has some humor. (3/24/75) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 23.)

Bang the Drum Slowly (1973)—A fictional story, with very good offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (Playboy; through March 23.)

Barry Lyndon—Stanley Kubrick's stately tour of European high life in the mid-eighteenth century—a coffee-table movie, with Ryan O'Neal and Marisa Berenson. (12/29/75) (Ziegfeld.)

The Battle of Algiers (1965)—An extraordinary re-creation of the Algerian fight for independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed this controversial modern classic, which stirs emotions in theatres all over the world. In French and Arabic. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 23.)

The Black Bird—George Segal is engagingly peppy as Sam Spade, Jr., in this attempted takeoff on "The Maltese Falcon," and there are scattered good jokes, but it's a dumb comedy, with an insecure tone. David Giler wrote and directed; with Stéphane Audran. (1/19/76) (Playboy; starting March 24. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting March 24, tentative.)

Blazing Saddles (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (Sutton.)

Breakout—A jailbreak by helicopter. With Charles Bronson and Robert Duvall, directed by Tom Gries. (Playboy; starting March 24.)

Burn! (1970)—Gillo Pontecorvo's emotionally charged epic about a slave revolt on a fictitious Caribbean island. Marlon Brando is the cynical representative of the British oppressors who instigates the revolt and then crushes it. Controversial, flawed, passionate. An attempt to plant an insurrectionary fuse within a swashbuckler. (8th St. Playhouse; through March 23.)

Challenge to Be Free (1972)—With Mike Mazurki, directed by Tay Garnett. (Guild.)

Chinatown (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Cinema Village; starting March 24.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 19.)

Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 23. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting March 24.)

Dog Day Afternoon—Sidney Lumet's intelligent though overgalvanized farce about a Brooklyn bank robbery carried out by Al Pacino as a homosexual named Sonny, and John Cazale as a droop-haired, literary-looking ex-con. The pure show-biz energy of the tale—based on a real New York episode—takes it sometimes into the realm of Broadway-comedy glibness, but the mask of frenetic cliché doesn't spoil moments of pure reporting on people in extremity. (9/22/75) (Beekman, and Paramount.)

Don't Look Now (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture is an example of high-fashion gothic sensibility. (Olympia; through March 23.)

The Fortune—Charmless slapstick farce, set in the twenties. Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson are the mercenary clowns who fumble in their attempts to kill an heiress (Stockard Channing). Mike Nichols directed, from Adrien Joyce's screenplay. (St. Marks Cinema; starting March 24, tentative.)

Fritz the Cat (1972)—An X-rated cartoon, full of good humor, bad taste, randiness, benign ethnic jokes, and other staples of New York wit. The rating is a pity; everyone who is officially underage according to the rating system knows more about Robert Crumb's famous Fritz than his parents are likely to. The New York landscapes are drawn with great delicacy, and the New York animalized characters with purple amplitude; the voices are human. Directed and scripted by Ralph Bakshi. This is one of the few full-length cartoons with an ear as accurate as a good play's. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

The Front Page (1974)—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy and marvellous dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, has here been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Billy Wilder, the director, and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk. (1/27/75) (Symphony; through March 23.)

Gable and Lombard—Limply raunchy, meaningless movie, with nothing to say about the movies, about love, or about stardom. Barry Sandler wrote the trivializing, falsifying script, and Sidney J. Furie is guilty of the direction. With James Brolin and Jill Clayburgh. (2/23/76) (Loews Ciné.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—A rich American (Eugene Pallette) buys a castle in Scotland and brings it home to Florida, complete with ghost (Robert Donat). This crude, painfully frolicsome satire on America was written by Robert E. Sherwood and directed by René Clair; intermittently, it's redeemed by Donat's elegance and his melancholy face and voice. With Elsa Lanchester and Jean Parker. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 21-23.)

Giant (1956)—George Stevens directed this big, handsome, glossy version of the profoundly second-rate Edna Ferber novel, and James Dean ran away with it. Elizabeth Taylor and Rock Hudson are the leads; with Carroll Baker, Dennis Hopper, Rod Taylor, Mercedes McCambridge, Judith Evelyn. (Elgin; March 21.)

Give 'Em Hell, Harry!—A film version of Samuel Gallu's play about Harry S. Truman. With James Whitmore as Truman. Directed by Steve Binder. (8th St. Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting March 24.)

Goodbye, Mr. Chips (1939)—James Hilton's gentle tribute to his schoolmaster father became an American best-seller when that old sentimentalist Alexander Woollcott touted it on the radio. M-G-M bought the novel and sent Sam Wood to England to film it. Robert Donat's portrait of the frightened young junior master, stiff and forbidding in his twenties, who is humanized by marriage and mellowed by sixty years of contact with youth, won him an Academy Award. Greer Garson, in her screen début, played his warm and gracious wife. An overripe little boy named Terry Kilburn played the ubiquitous Little Colley. It's an ingratiating, bittersweet record of a good life, though the movie clogs the nose more than necessary. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 21-23.)

Grey Gardens—The Maysles brothers film of Edith Bouvier Beale and her daughter, Edie, in their decaying East Hampton mansion. (Paris.)

Gumshoe (1972)—Albert Finney in a funny and rather stirring English film, directed by Stephen Frears and written by Neville Smith, about the private-eye adventures of a Liverpool lad who is an aged thirty-one. In a mood of self-sendup, he fancies himself as Bogart, but he probably prefers his other life, as a comic in workingmen's clubs. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 22.)

Gunga Din (1939)—An exhilarating, slapstick trouble-in-the-colonies adventure film that does for its genre almost what "Beat the Devil" did later to the international thriller. Stealing the plot of their own "The Front Page," Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur threw this wonderful hokum together. (It was supposedly "inspired" by the Rudyard Kipling poem.) The stars are Cary Grant, having the time of his life in a roustabout role, dapper Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and the eternal vulgarian, Victor McLaglen; they are supported by Eduardo Ciannelli as a mad high priest and Sam Jaffe as the loyal Indian, Gunga Din. George Stevens directed this rousing, superbly photographed production. Joel Sayre and William Faulkner did some of the rewrite work. (Art.)

Heavy Traffic (1973)—Ralph Bakshi, begetter of "Fritz the Cat," wrote and directed this outrageous and sombre full-length cartoon about life in Manhattan. It was conceived in love and loathing, and executed with a savage gift that is often disruptingly funny. The graphics elide from animation into realistic acting, and actual sets are mixed with photographed city backdrops that sometimes have haunting effects created in the darkroom. (Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Hester Street—A modest comedy about the assimilation process among a group of Russian-Jewish immigrants living on the lower East Side in 1896. Independently made, this first feature by the writer-director Joan Micklin Silver begins lamely, but it wins one over. Carol Kane is lovely as the timid, pious, rejected wife of a sweatshop worker who has broken away from the Old World traditions she represents. Mel Howard plays Bernstein, the scholarly boarder who loves her. (11/24/75) (Juliet 1.)

The Hindenburg—Tame, impersonal good taste doesn't do much for a disaster picture. Robert Wise directed; with George C. Scott, Anne Bancroft, and William Atherton. (1/19/76) (Symphony; through March 23.)

Hustle—As a Los Angeles police officer, Burt Reynolds despairs over the American loss of innocence and, since the system is rigged on the side of the rich, he takes the law into his own hands. When the director, Robert Aldrich, tries for tenderness, it turns to sleaze. With Paul Winfield, Catherine Deneuve, and Eddie Albert. (1/26/76) (Olympia; through March 23.)

The Immortal Story (1968)—Orson Welles' film, taken from Isak Dinesen's story about an allegorical millionaire in Macao. With Jeanne Moreau. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 20.)

I Never Sang for My Father (1970)—Bargain-basement dramaturgy is used to surprisingly powerful effect in this account of a middle-aged man's unresolved relationship with his father. Gene Hackman and Melvyn Douglas perform unsentimentally and intelligently. Gil Cates directed, from Robert Anderson's script. (Quad Cinema; through March 18.)

Inserts—The script, by the young writer-director John Byrum, is a long one-act play, remi-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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niscent of Michael McClure's "The Beard." The action takes place on one set, which represents a house in Hollywood around 1930, where The Boy Wonder (Richard Dreyfuss), a once-famous director, now shoots stag movies. The plot twists are poorly motivated, and the callow dialogue makes the whole thing seem like a kid's show. With Jessica Harper, and, as the stag-movie star, the talented Veronica Cartwright, who flings herself into her role in the dissolute romantic manner of Jeanne Eagels. X-rated. (3/15/76) (Cinema Studio.)

I Will, I Will . . . For Now—The worst. Combines the most simperingly forced elements of fifties mistaken-identity farces with a mushy soft-core version of the sex-manual pornos. Elliott Gould is fairly thoroughly trashed, but Diane Keaton manages to save face despite what's going on around her. Norman Panama directed. (3/1/76) (Loews Tower East.)

Killer Force—With Telly Savalas and Peter Fonda, directed by Val Guest. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

The Killing of a Chinese Bookie—With Ben Gazzara, directed by John Cassavetes. (Columbia I.)

Lies My Father Told Me—A Canadian film, with Yossi Yadin. Directed by Jan Kadar. (Columbia II. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; through March 18.)

Little Women (1933)—Enchanting. There are small flaws—a few naïvely sentimental scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as Jo, and the cast includes Edna May Oliver, Joan Bennett, Frances Dee, Spring Byington (as Marmee, of course), Paul Lukas, Douglass Montgomery, and John Lodge. George Cukor directed (beautifully), and David O. Selznick produced. The dreadful score is by Max Steiner, and Jean Parker, as Beth, is not the world's greatest actress. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 24.)

Love and Anarchy (1973)—Lina Wertmüller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmüller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (Quad Cinema.)

The Loves and Times of Scaramouche—With Michael Sarrazin and Ursula Andress, directed by Enzo G. Castellari. (Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through March 23.)

Lucky Lady—Liza Minnelli is a blond toughie, and Gene Hackman and Burt Reynolds are her competing lovers; they're rumrunners in the early thirties, and meant to be adorable. They're not. Stanley Donen directed. (12/29/75) (U. A. East.)

The Magic Flute—Ingmar Bergman said that making this film "was the best time of my life: you can't imagine what it is like to have Mozart's music in the studio every day." Actually, watching the movie, one can. He has treated Mozart's peerlessly silly masterpiece with elegance and supreme affection. In Swedish. (11/17/75) (Juliet 2, Waverly, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—From the Robert Shaw play, adapted by Edward Anhalt and directed by Arthur Hiller. With Maximilian Schell, Lois Nettleton, Lawrence Pressman, and Luther Adler. One of the American Film Theatre series. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Man Who Would Be King—John Huston's exhilaratingly farfetched adventure fantasy starring Sean Connery and Michael Caine as the Kipling heroes who set out to conquer a barbarous land. A beautifully crafted ironic fable about imperialism. (1/5/76) (Art, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Medium Cool (1969)—Haskell Wexler's film, with a TV-cameraman hero (Robert Forster), about the Chicago Democratic Convention of 1968, police brutality, Vietnam, Appalachia, McLuhan thoughts on media—the lot. An expert, hard-natured picture that makes a great many points at a glib pace and wears its liberal conscience on its sleeve. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 25.)

Murder on the Orient Express (1974)—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (Cinema Village; starting March 24.)

My Michael—With Oded Kotler, directed by Dan Wolman. In Hebrew. (Festival.)

Nashville—Robert Altman's crowning work so far. The rangy story is set in Nashville, Tennessee; the twenty-four characters are simultaneously caught up in the country-and-Western music industry and in local politicking on behalf of a Wallace-like Presidential candidate. Altman uses improvisation, many cameras, and multi-track sound recordings to the hilt. Wonderful performances by Ronee Blakley, Lily Tomlin, Barbara Harris, and Henry Gibson. "Nashville" is not the explanation of America to itself that it purports to be, but it is enlivening in its detail. (3/3/75 and 6/16/75) (Cinema Village, and Playboy; through March 23.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Cinema I.)

Nights of Cabiria (1957)—A series of episodes in the life of a shabby, gullible little Roman streetwalker (Giulietta Masina). Arguably Fellini's finest picture. (It was the basis for the American musical "Sweet Charity.") In Italian. (Elgin; March 24.)

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Smashingly effective version of Ken Kesey's novel about a rebel outcast (Jack Nicholson) who is locked in a hospital for the insane. Louise Fletcher is Nurse Ratched, and Will Sampson is Chief Broom. Miloš Forman's intelligent, tentative direction lacks the excitement of movie art, but the story and the acting make the film emotionally powerful. (12/1/75) (Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia.)

The Private Life of Henry VIII (1933)—Charles Laughton as the robust, gluttonous monarch; among the ladies he marries are Merle Oberon, Binnie Barnes, Wendy Barrie, and Elsa Lanchester. Alexander Korda directed this war-horse of the movie repertory, which is still alive and in good spirits. With Robert Donat and John Loder. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 21.)

Pursuit to Algiers (1945)—The twelfth film in the Basil Rathbone Sherlock Holmes series. With Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson, and Marjorie Riordan, Rosalind Ivan, and Martin Kosleck. Directed by Roy William Neill. (New Yorker; starting March 24.)

Robin and Marian—Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn in the title roles. Also with Robert Shaw as the Sheriff of Nottingham, Nicol Williamson as Little John, and Richard Harris as Richard the Lion-Hearted. Directed by Richard Lester, from James Goldman's script. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Music Hall.)

Rollerball—Norman Jewison's noisily unintelligent sci-fi film about a future in which the world is purged of hostility, opinion, hunger, overpopulation, and every other trouble on our minds by a game called Rollerball, which looks like a slaughterhouse version of tag. Not to have clued us in to the rules of the game is quite an omission. (7/7/75) (Elgin; March 25.)

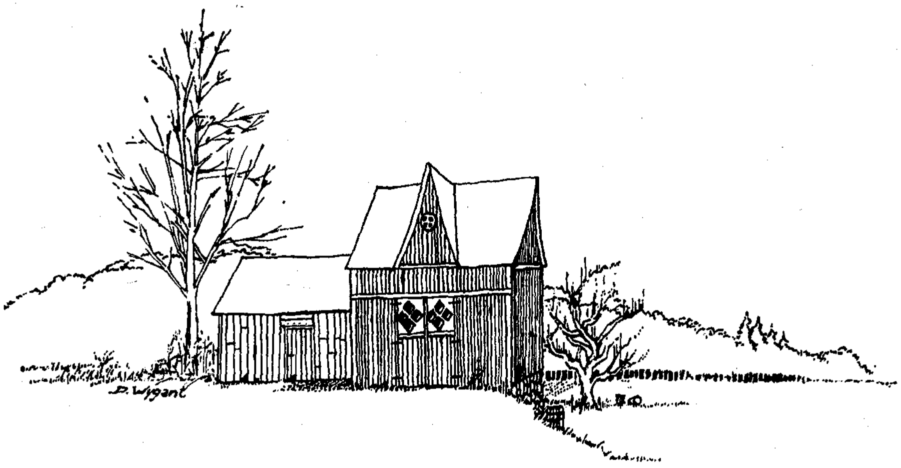
Salut l'Artiste—The creeping mediocrity of the poetic approach to "ordinary" people makes the film a fairly numbing experience. Marcello Mastroianni plays a wilted, second-rate actor who's also a second-rate person, and there isn't much he can do but look depressed. Françoise Fabian, as his mistress, and Carla Gravina, as his wife, are very low-key. The only spark in the film comes from Jean Rochefort, as an actor who gets fed up, takes a business job, and then, being thought a nonprofessional, is offered a job in a movie. Yves Robert directed. In French. (Baronet.)

The Seduction of Mimi (1972)—Written and directed by Lina Wertmüller. A farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (Quad Cinema.)

Seven Beauties—Lina Wertmüller's Everyman jamboree, full of garbled ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, pious moralizing, and appeals to coarse prejudices. With Giancarlo Giannini. In Italian. (2/16/76) (Murray Hill, and Cinema II.)

Sherlock Holmes Faces Death (1943)—The sixth in the Basil Rathbone Holmes series, and Nigel Bruce as Dr. Watson. With Hillary Brooke and Milburn Stone. Directed by Roy William Neill. (New Yorker; through March 23.)

State of the Union (1948)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy in a large, expensive political melodrama with satirical and romantic overtones, based on the play by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, and directed by Frank Capra. Tracy is the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and she's his estranged wife, who agrees to come home for appearance's sake to help him win the election. It's a shallow but generally entertaining show, with lots of devious characters (such as Angela Lansbury and Adolphe Menjou) doing dirty deeds. Hepburn is wasted in her pillar-of-rectitude role, but she's still a dervish of a performer, and more fun to watch than just about anybody else who might have played it. Van Johnson, Lewis Stone, and Raymond Wal-



burn are in the cast, along with such troupers as Marion Martin and Tom Pedi. If you want to see what Arthur O'Connell looked like when he was younger, watch for the reporter who turns up. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting March 24.)

The Story of Adèle H.—François Truffaut's finest film since "Jules and Jim," and his most passionate work. The film is damnably intelligent—almost frighteningly so, like some passages in Russian novels which strip the characters bare. And it's deeply, disharmoniously funny—which Truffaut has never been before. The story, about romantic love fulfilled by self-destruction, is based on the journals of Adèle, the daughter of Victor Hugo; she's played by the prodigious young actress Isabelle Adjani. The visual consistency attained by the cinematographer, Nestor Almendros, enables Truffaut to achieve a new concentration on character. In French. (10/27/75) (Plaza.)

Stray Dog (1949)—A classic Kurosawa thriller, starring a youthful Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 24.)

The Sunshine Boys—Neil Simon's extended sketch about two quarrelsome vaudevillians (Walter Matthau and George Burns) who, eleven years back, broke up after forty-three years together and haven't spoken to each other since; they're brought together to appear on a TV special. It's all one-liners; Matthau keeps blasting us with his bullhorn voice; Burns is more restful, giving a rhythmed formality to his tortoise-like old trouper. Directed by Herbert Ross. (11/17/75) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, and 72nd Street East; through March 23.)

Swept Away—Lina Wertmüller's Marxist story of a wealthy, industry-upheld bitch on a yacht who finds herself marooned in a state of heavily erotic political masochism. Her partner is the very sailor whom she has been abusing for marine inefficiency and the wearing of stinking T-shirts. In Italian. (9/22/75) (Gramercy; through March 23.)

Taxi Driver—Robert De Niro stars in Martin Scorsese's feverish, horrifyingly funny movie about a lonely New York cabdriver. Be prepared: it's extraordinarily powerful. Paul Schrader wrote the script; with Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, Jodie Foster, Peter Boyle, and Albert Brooks. (2/9/76) (Coronet, and Little Carnegie.)

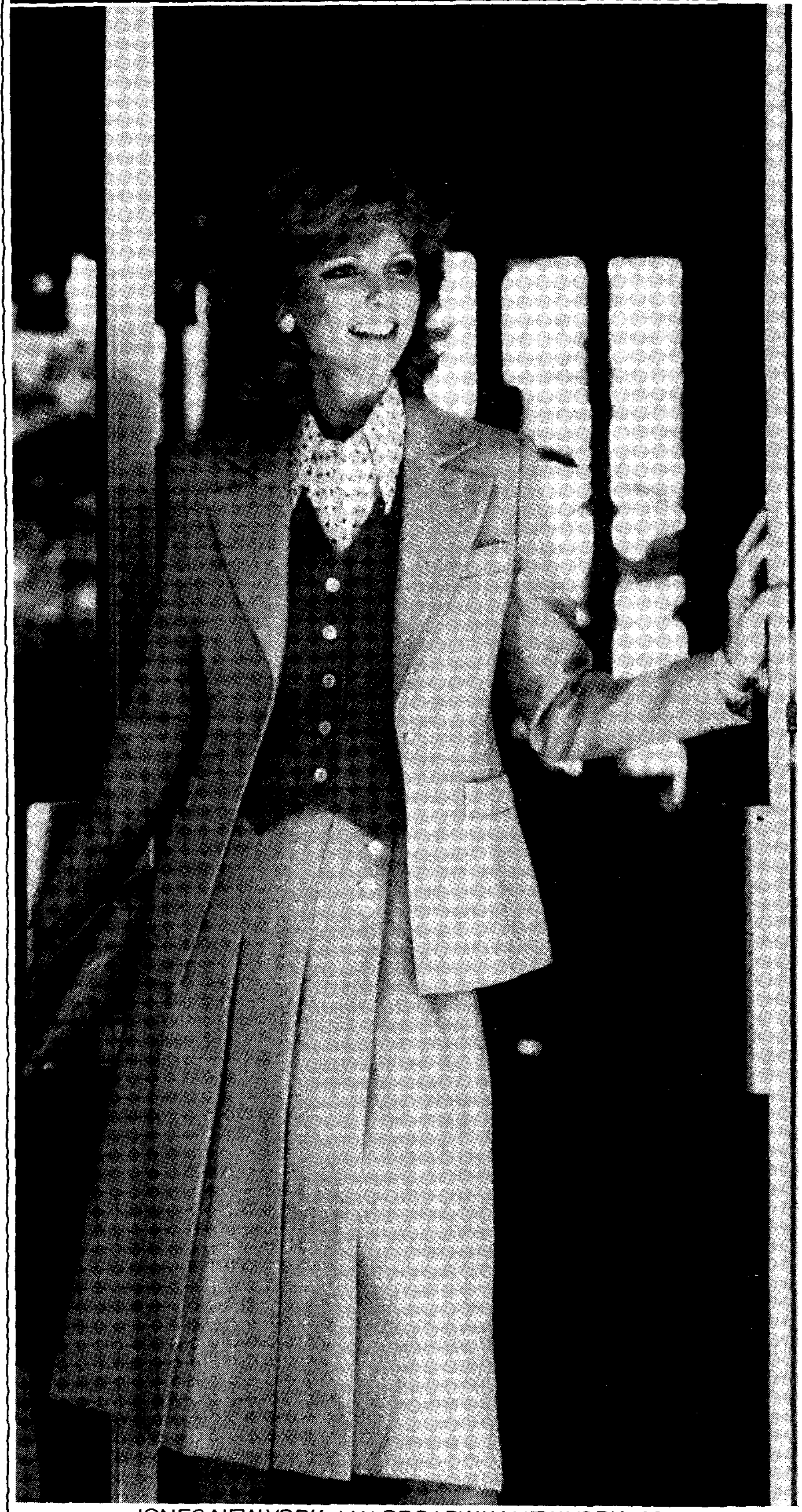
Vincent, François, Paul, and the Others—A fabulous all-star cast that includes Yves Montand, Michel Piccoli, Serge Reggiani, Gérard Depardieu, Stéphane Audran, Marie Dubois, and Antonella Lualdi, in a story about a group of people who take refuge in friendship. All hell breaks loose in their lives, but the friendship pads their falls. The director, Claude Sautet, is a wizard at juggling and balancing the complex "Dinner at Eight" situation, and he's got the control and refinement of a master—the film moves rhythmically, as if it were a melancholy, romantic tune. Yet it's a blandly, mathematically tragic, almost congratulatory view of middle-class resilience; Sautet seems to have put his craft on the screen and left himself out. In French. (3/15/76) (D. W. Griffith, and Regency.)

I Vitelloni (1953)—Fellini made this warm observation of overgrown Italian loafers. The warmth doesn't prevent his view from being accurately acid about these adolescents pushing thirty who sponge off their parents and (all but one) lack the stomach to quit their aimless provincial lives. Fellini, as usual, wonderfully touches melancholy with farce. In Italian. (Elgin; March 24.)

Wedding in Blood (1974)—A French small-town love-and-murder tale, written and directed by Claude Chabrol, who has a Gallically perverse drive to find something classical in the squalid. Michel Piccoli plays an idly ambitious Don Juan whose dominant practicality and ambitiousness understandably douse sexuality in his wife, an invalid, and eventually in his drawn-cheeked and beautiful mistress. Most of Chabrol's usual sense of small-town drama is lost in an exhibition of metropolitan knowingness. In French. (6/3/74) (Quad Cinema.)

Zardoz (1974)—Sean Connery in a loincloth as the only virile man in an élitist commune of the future, dominated by hyper-intellectual immortal women. John Boorman, who wrote, produced, and directed this lushly photographed piece of twaddle, appears to be worried about mankind's losing its fighting strength. With Charlotte Rampling, whose gimlet eyes and sensual hauteur inspire Connery to found a new race. (Elgin; March 25.)

Rena Rowan for Jones New York.



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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SEEKING election, President Ford has vowed to expunge the term "détente" from his vocabulary—a ploy (démarche) aimed, it appears, at countering Governor Reagan's contention that the President is soft on America's enemies, or some such. We, too, think that the term should be scrapped, but for a different reason. For all the fuss it has generated, we find the phrase essentially devoid of anatomy. We are at a loss when national leaders, or ordinary citizens, treat détente as a controversial proposition, charged with pros and cons meriting passionate debate; one might as well debate which way the wind blows. For détente—the relaxation of international tensions—is a matter of description, not substance; of effect, not cause; of an end in search of means. As we see it, détente is not so much an issue as a kind of weather report, politically speaking, of which one may make what one will, with or without consistency. To argue over whether the sky looks gray or blue is to divert oneself from matters that count—that may, in fact, alter the sky's color. If there has to be a quarrel, then let the quarrel at least be over *something*.

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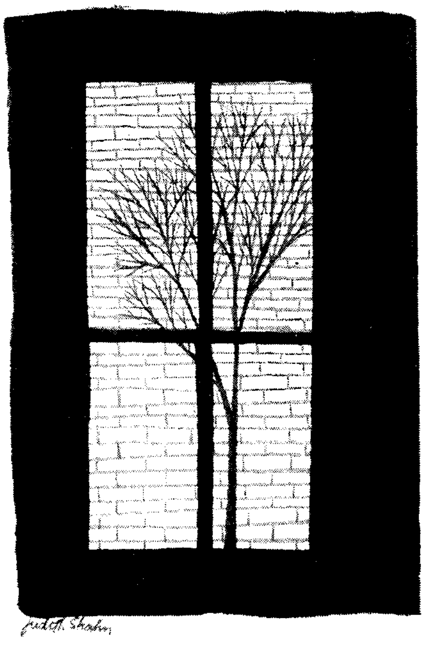
Tri-State Blues

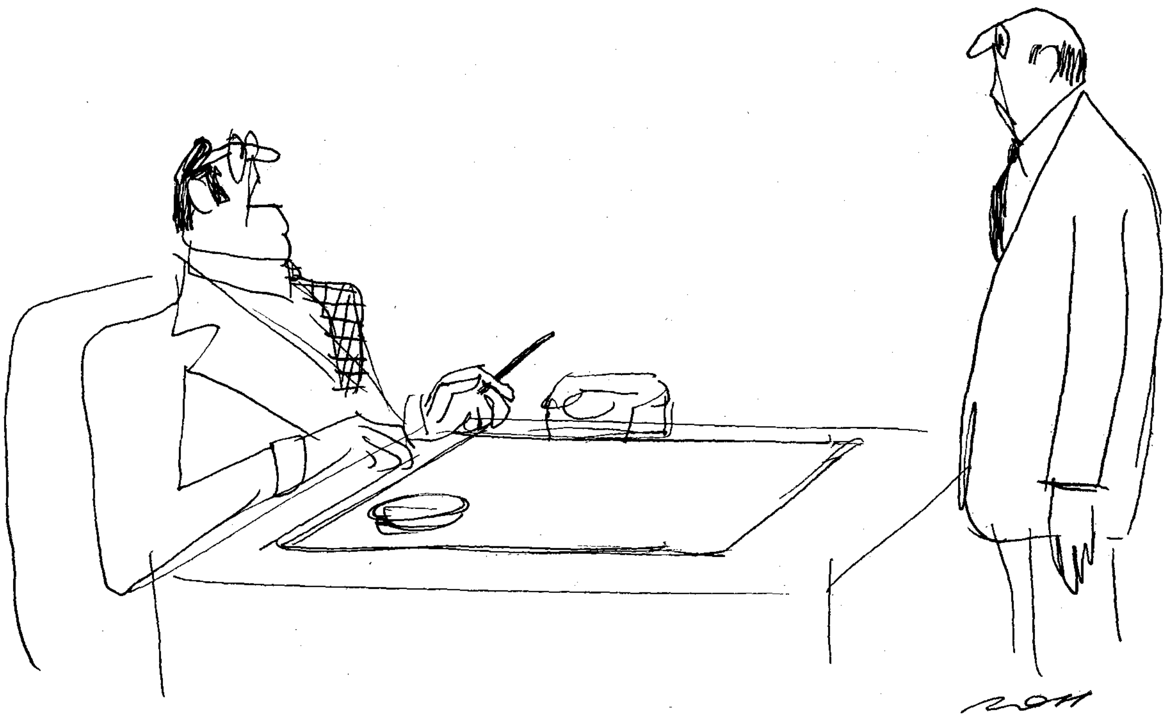
AFTER hearing for years how nicely Connecticut and New Jersey have been doing at the expense of New York—happily giving sanctuary to businesses and middle-class resources fleeing from this state, and particularly from this city—we got quite a surprise when we stopped by the New York Hilton on a recent morning. There, under one roof, were representatives of all three states, figuratively linking arms and singing pretty much the same hard-time blues. They were attending an affair billed as the Tri-State Regional Conference, sponsored by, among others, the Tri-State Regional Planning Commission, and we were looking in on the opening session. Connecticut and New Jersey appear to have come to the conclusion that they are, after all, in the same economic boat as New York City and New York State—a boat that is rapidly taking in water. The conference program chose other metaphors to describe the situation: "The economy of the Connecticut-New Jersey-New York Region is sagging. . . . The Region is at a crossroads."

Speaker after speaker advised the conferees—there were perhaps three thousand of them, including state and local government officials, planners, academics, students, and plain folks—that the time had come for them to think of themselves not as citizens of Connecticut, New Jersey, and New York but as "tri-staters" and "regionalists;" that the regional economy would surely collapse unless the three states began acting in concert; and that "we must hang together if we are not going to hang separately." In short, they made it clear that in matters concerning fiscal hardship New York City and New York State were not isolated. Implicit in all this was a call for the tri-state region to present a solid front to those other parts of the country which have been the chief gainers from our common troubles.



While this was the general spirit in which the meeting went forward, the new declaration of interdependence did not quite succeed in neutralizing the old desire for sectional advantage or in drowning out the customary sounds of sectional recrimination. We hadn't thought that it would. And, from some of the things that were said, we wondered whether such a change would ever occur. A speaker from New Jersey, Charles Connell—standing in for Joseph A. Hoffman, the state's Commissioner of Labor and Industry, who had been called away to Washington on other business—sought to formulate the sectional-advantage issue as delicately as possible. He said he did not think it was right for one state to pirate business and industry from another state; nevertheless, "the fact remains that New Jersey does want new business." A speaker from Connecticut—Arthur L. Woods, president of that state's Business and Industry Association—put the matter somewhat more bluntly. He called attention to the fact that between 1966 and 1971 manufacturing employment had dropped twenty per cent in his state, and said that in those circumstances "we do have to compete," adding, "We have to compete with New Jersey, we have to compete with New York, we even have to compete with Massachusetts."

One of the New York speakers—Dean Alan K. Campbell, of the Maxwell School of Citizenship and Public Affairs, Syracuse University—considered a different aspect of the competitive problem; in effect, he reminded all concerned that New York City is the goose that has been laying their golden eggs, and that therefore every effort should be made to keep it alive. "To



"Nothing personal, Carstairs. We're firing all bald personnel."

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whatever extent the region is growing depends upon the fact that New York City exists," he said. "For example, thirty-one per cent of the Nassau County labor force works in New York City and earns forty-four per cent of the county's job-derived income. Thus, it is the jobs and high income the city provides that enable these people to finance their lives in suburbia." While he was on the subject of high incomes, Dean Campbell offered a reminder to New York City itself. He said that one source of the city's problems was that it was a "high-cost region," and that he didn't see how the city could compete economically unless it brought its costs down. "In fact," he added, to general laughter, "if New York City were a sovereign country, there would be no way for it to survive unless it devalued its currency."

Aside from these few sectional dissonances, however, the case for tri-state solidarity was well presented. Perhaps no speaker presented it more stirringly than Raymond T. Schuler, Commissioner of the New York State Department of Transportation and Chairman of the Tri-State Regional Planning Commission. Mr. Schuler, who was the keynote speaker, said, "We have the talent—the people of this region are the most creative, industrious, and sophisticated people in the country, if not the world. . . . Most important, we do have the key ingredient—the spirit and willpower to control our destiny. We are the region from which our entire country developed. It is time for us, however, to stop exporting our talent and resources to the rest of the country and the world. The people who created the nation's first industrial complex in Paterson moved on to build Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis. The seafarers and commercial businessmen who created New York Harbor went on to build the ports of Baltimore, Norfolk, New Orleans, Galveston, and San Francisco. The construction workers who built the tallest and best buildings in the world went on and re-created their work in every major city of our nation. Our educators and financiers were fruitful and multiplied across the land. In short, all the immigrants from other nations who walked our streets have moved on to create the society with the best standard of living in recorded history. Those who stayed have developed a metropolis that is the envy of the world. It is time now for us to call in our chips. We who have given so much to this nation are in need of help."

Meeting

FOR the first time in his show-business life, Harold Prince, the producer and director of the new, astonishingly theatrical musical "Pacific Overtures," has the problem of not being able to find actors. From the time he cast "The Pajama Game," back in 1954, all the way through to "Candide," in 1973, Mr. Prince always had more than enough actors, singers, and dancers not only responding to his audition calls but telephoning him, buttonholing him, and pounding on his door for jobs. This time, with the very special, striking, Kabuki-ally staged and acted "Pacific Overtures," which has a mostly male cast of Asian-American actors, Mr. Prince has had, and is still having, some unique difficulties. The other day, he called a staff meeting at his office, at One Rockefeller Plaza, to figure out ways of coping with these, and he permitted us to sit in on the meeting. Mr. Prince presided, seated behind his desk, which is a Queen Anne library table with distinguished-looking cracks and small crevices in its top. On it were three small pieces of paper. Mr. Prince looked as boyishly eager, intense, and energetic as when we had last seen him, in the "Company" (1970) and "Follies" (1971) days. Somewhat balder, with a glowing sunburn on his dome. Somewhat grayer, with a neatly clipped gray beard running from ear to ear. He was wearing a Scandinavian-type ski sweater, bluejeans, and hiking boots. There were multicolored vertical blinds at his window, and the floor was covered in vinyl to match. All around on the walls were mementos of his past couple of decades in the theatre—the original painting for the poster for "Cabaret" (1966); a collage of drawings and photographs of "West Side Story" (1957), "Fiorello!" (1959), "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum" (1962), "She Loves Me" (1963), "Fiddler on the Roof" (1964), and other shows; a photograph of Mr. Prince with his colleagues George Abbott and the late Robert Griffith, taken during a "Damn Yankees" (1955) rehearsal; and various Tony awards—along with photographs of his wife and two children. The meeting was attended by three women, all slim, trim, hardworking veterans of the organization, and one other man:

Joanna Merlin, the casting director, who had played the original Tzeitel in "Fiddler on the Roof." She was holding a thick folder labelled "AUD and REJECTED."

Ruth Mitchell, the associate producer of "Pacific Overtures." She started out dancing in the choruses of some Shubert revivals, moved along to dancing, acting, understudying, and assistant-stage-managing in such shows as "Mister Roberts" (1948) and "The King and I" (1951), and began her association with Mr. Prince in "West Side Story," of which she was production stage manager.

Annette Meyers, assistant to Mr. Prince for sixteen years. Before that, she taught English at the high school in Kearny, New Jersey.

Howard Haines, general manager for Mr. Prince. A dapper-looking former public-relations man with a mustache, he has been with the organization since "Follies." He had the chronically pained look of someone who gets handed everybody else's tribulations.

Mr. Prince opened the meeting, his voice characteristically hoarse, his manner characteristically puzzled and questioning.

"We've had three cases of the flu, even though the entire *cast* had flu shots," Mr. Prince said. "If *any*body gets the flu in this show, we're in trouble, because even without the flu we have nineteen people playing sixty-one parts. If any *one* gets sick, we are in trouble. How many people do we have to worry about in all?"

"Thirty-one," Howard Haines said promptly. "Thirty Asian-Americans and one Japanese, Isao Sato."

"To get Isao, we had a devil of a time with Immigration and with Equity," Mr. Prince said to us. "When they looked over our files, though, they saw we'd left no stone unturned in hunting for Asian-*Americans*."

"And we wouldn't have had *him* if he hadn't come to an open call," Miss Meyers said.

"He just happened to be over here on a visit," Mr. Prince said. "Someone told him about our auditions, and he simply decided to try out. He's a well-known classical actor and singer in musical comedies in Japan. What a great, swell voice! He sang 'On the Street Where You Live' at his audition. What a gorgeous voice! I almost died when he had to return to Japan right after casting, because of Immigration. But we got him back, thank God, in time for rehearsals."

"We were so desperate for casting that whenever we saw somebody who looked Asian, on the subway, on the street, at the supermarket—anywhere—we wanted to go over to him and say, 'Can you act?' " Miss Meyers said.

"It took a year and a half, and three different people making seven different trips to the West Coast just to hold auditions, to get the company together," Mr. Prince said. He sorted his three pieces of paper, putting one on top of another.

"The original Equity call, announced in the trade papers, brought us only one response," Miss Merlin said. "I was so bewildered."

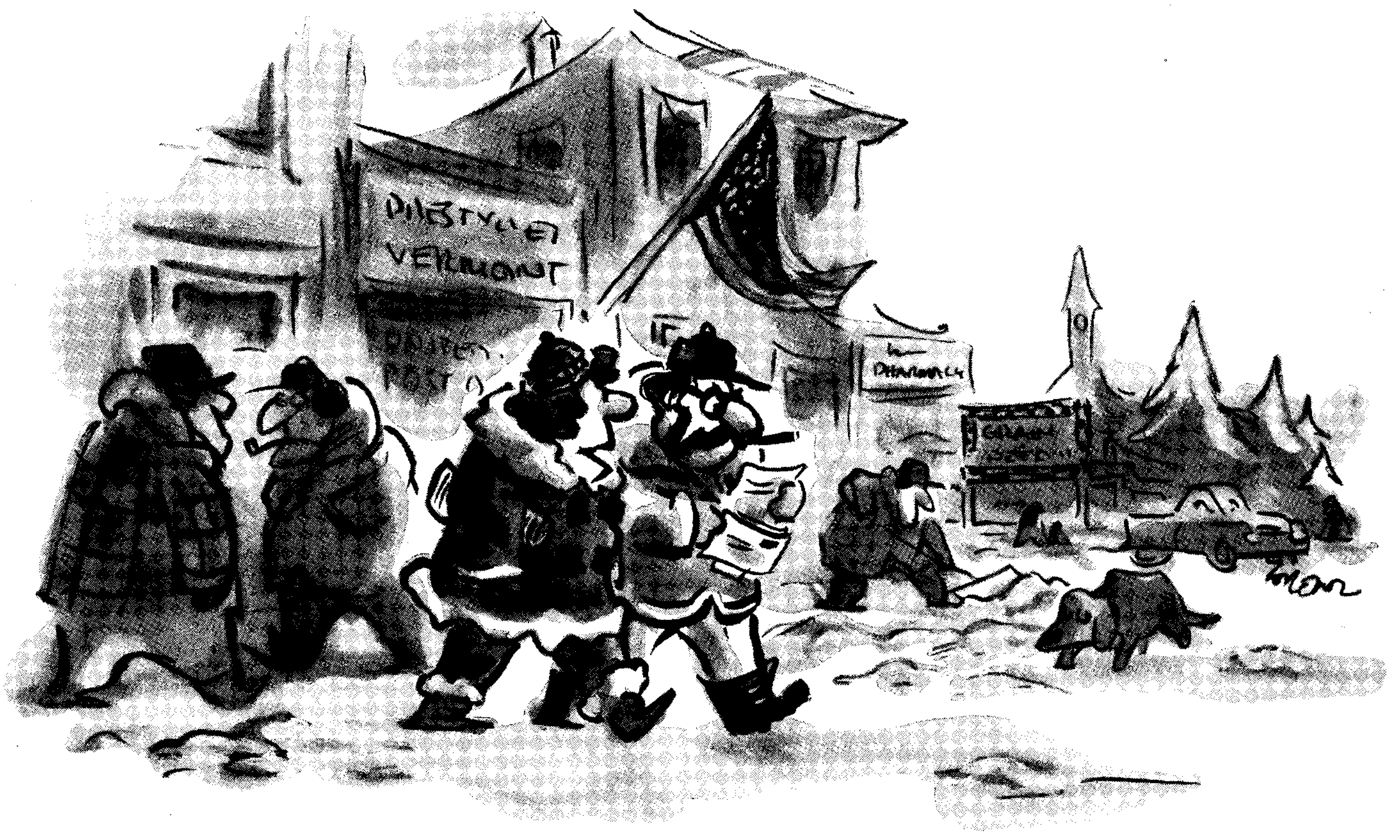
"These kids have to do so many costume changes they come onstage half-dressed, running into each other," Mr. Prince said, through hoarse laughter. "My instructions are 'I don't *care* if you're not ready, you've got to get onstage!' They come on now buttoning their pants. All right, gang." Mr. Prince's voice took on a note of urgency. "Let's get on with it. I'm beginning to panic. It feels like the third week of the five weeks of rehearsal. We've got to get more *people*. We've got to find the *talent*."

"Scratch 'talent,' " Miss Mitchell said dryly. "Let's just settle for more bodies."

"Joanna?" Mr. Prince said, running both hands over the top of his head.

"I thought by now I'd be getting letters and phone calls," Miss Merlin said morosely. "Nothing."

Mr. Prince stood up behind his



"You wanted to live in the boonies, and now all you do is complain about the hicks."

desk, reshuffled two of his pieces of paper, and sat down abruptly. "What about the Vietnam refugees?" he asked.

"We found two fellows," Miss Merlin said, still sounding sad. "One had been a leading movie star in Saigon, and he was in training out on Long Island to become an airline steward. The other one was a leading folk-singer. But they both have a language problem."

"And these people can't afford to take the necessary singing and dancing lessons," Miss Mitchell said.

Mr. Prince gave an only half-amused groan, and, with a letter opener, stabbed a few times at the cracks in his desk top. "In the four years it took to prepare this show, how many people have we seen?" he asked.

Miss Merlin looked into her folder. "About two hundred and fifty, including the ones in San Francisco and Los Angeles," she said.

Mr. Prince again stood up quickly and sat down just as quickly. "I *know* they're out there," he said. "Maybe in St. Louis. Or Chicago. But we've got to act *fast.* Howard, how many performances did Haruki Fujimoto miss?"

"Seven when he couldn't do his Lion Dance," Mr. Haines said, and he added, to us, "When he had a temperature of a hundred and five, his understudy, Leslie Watanabe, did it. He had never done the dance in performance before. Pat Birch, our choreographer, was ready to do the dance herself if necessary."

"The dancer loses four pounds every time he does that dance," Miss Merlin told us. To Mr. Prince, she said, "Of course, if you wanted to reconsider using Puerto Ricans who *look* Oriental, I have some great Puerto Rican dancers."

"Uh-uh," Mr. Prince said, and again he ran his hands over his sunburned dome. "One thing about this show is very important. It's a company mainly of *Americans.* But *Asian*-Americans. The whole concept of this show grew out of our early conversations about the great graphic art from the Commodore Perry period in Japan. The Japanese painted Perry, and he came out having Japanese eyes. Also Japanese pants. After all we've gone through to keep the company consistent, I'm not going to start using the wrong people now. I really think you have to be true to the show. I don't want to sound lofty, but that's it. I was sorely tempted to bring in a dancer from 'Candide,' but I just can't do it. Aren't there any more names?"

Miss Merlin leafed through the contents of her "AUD and REJECTED" folder.

"Don't forget what happened with Larry Hama," Mr. Prince said.

"He's a commercial artist I ran into at an ad agency," Miss Merlin said to us. "He'd never been an actor."

"And he turned out to be a *wonderful* actor!" Mr. Prince cried, jumping up and turning around a few times. "There's one scene where he invented a posture for himself. Astonishing! I was so jealous he had thought of it by himself."

"There's Harold Nakata," Miss Merlin said.

Everybody at the meeting leaned forward to hear her.

"He works for the New York State Workmen's Compensation Board," Miss Merlin said. "But he sings."

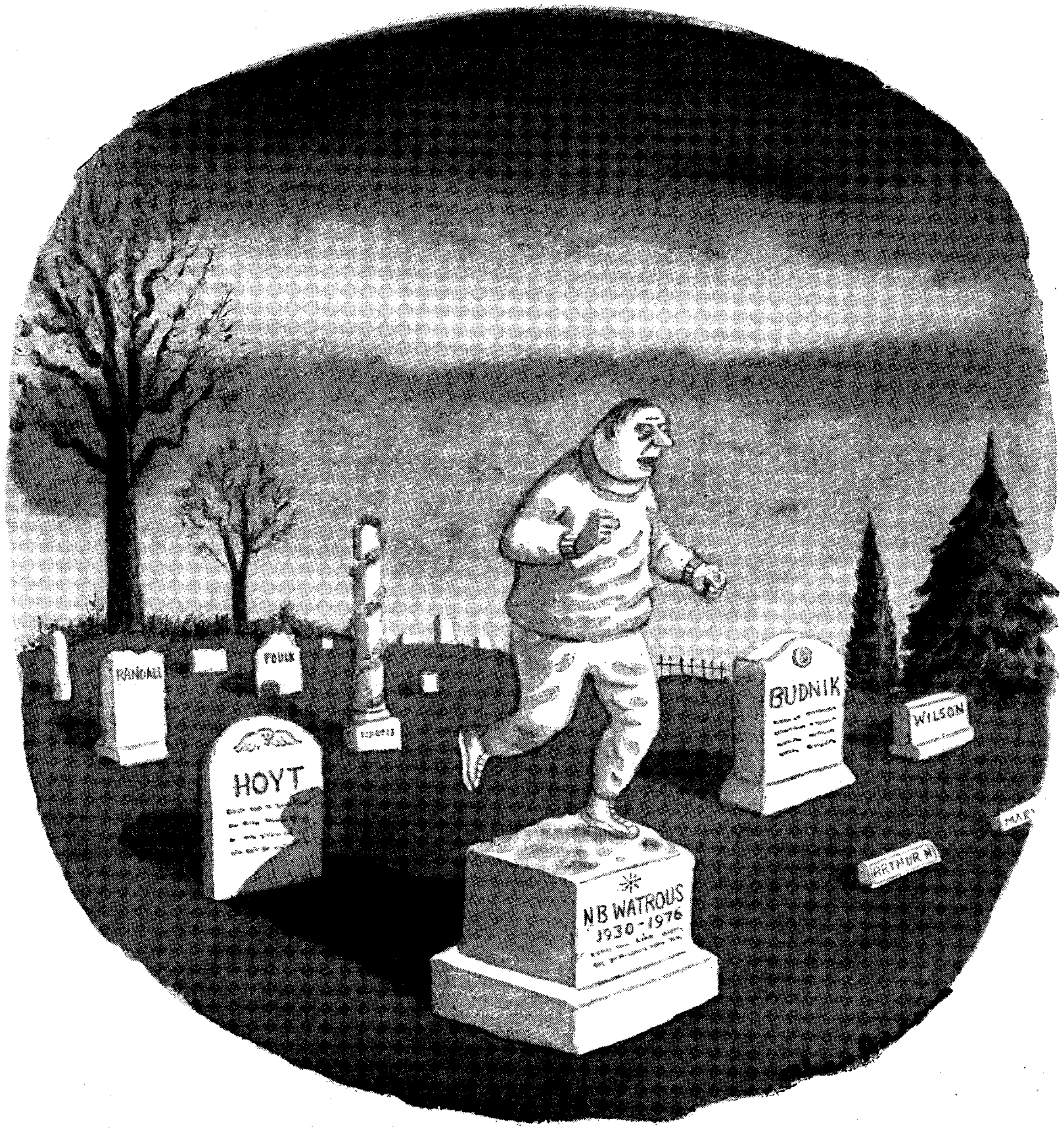
"Get him!" Mr. Prince said.

"He sings a *little,*" Miss Merlin said. "I also have a travel agent who sings a little. And a public-relations man who had stage experience in high school."

"Maybe we can interest him in diversifying in media," Miss Mitchell said.

"Hal, would you consider—" Miss Merlin began.

"More Japanese? No," Mr. Prince said.

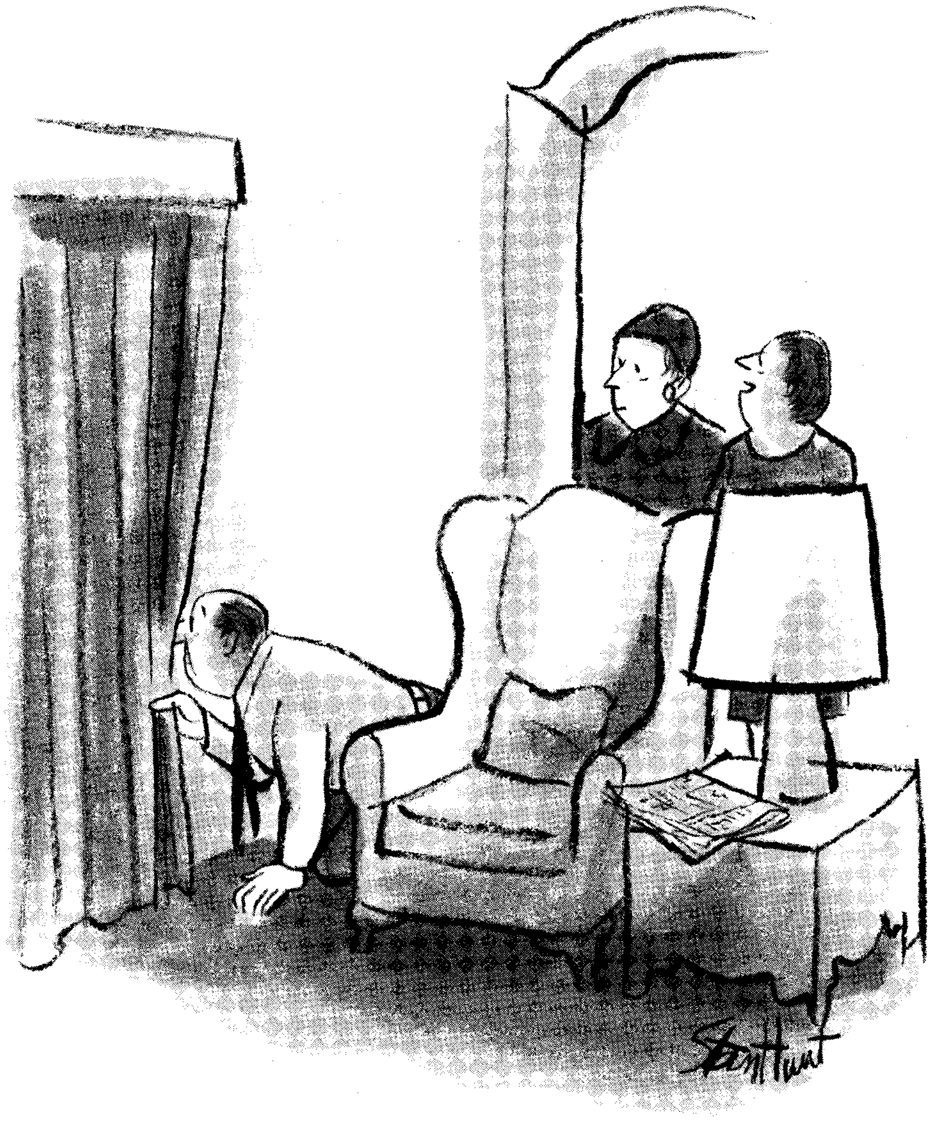


"This is an American musical done *by* Americans playing Asian roles, and that's intentional. I'd like to see it played in England by Americans, too. I don't want to see it played in Japan or by Japanese. If you do that, you lose the point of the show. Any more names?"

Miss Merlin and the others looked blank.

"What we must do, then, is see Harold Nakata and the travel agent and the other one," Mr. Prince said. "I'm going to California again, and I'll have to see people I've already seen. I've insisted that almost everyone must sing *and* dance *and* act. But we've already got one unbelievable voice after another, and, because of the technique of the show, each singer does more than one role. So some roles now don't need to sing." Mr. Prince looked much more cheerful. He turned around and sort of hit himself on the dome again with both hands. When the others looked at him, they seemed to buck up.

"On with the quest!" Mr. Prince said. "Let's keep looking!"



"*Foster has opted for a wait-and-see policy.*"

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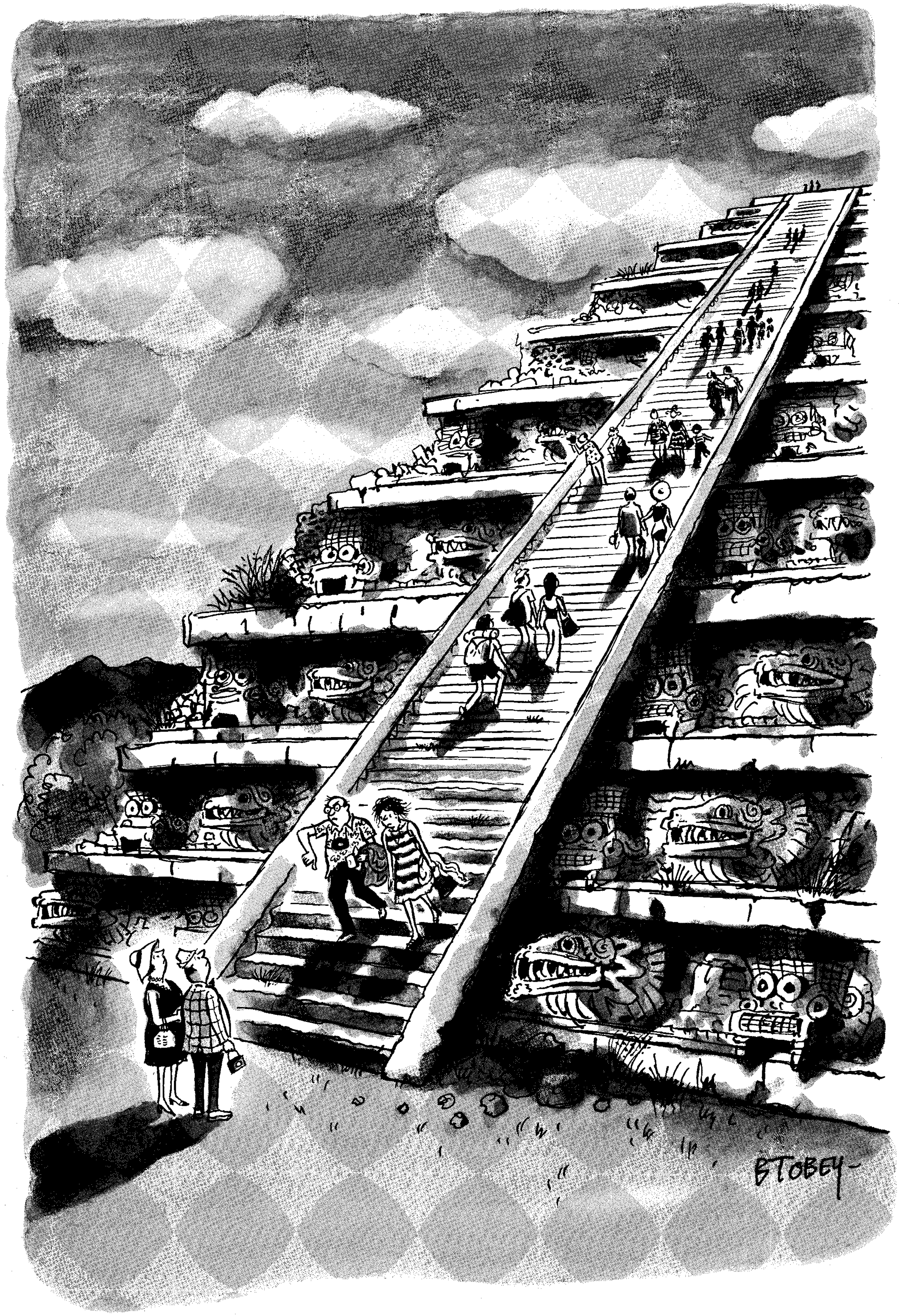
Muscles at the Whitney

WE arrived a little late for a very crowded demonstration and symposium at the Whitney Museum entitled "Articulate Muscle: The Male Body in Art," and for the first fifteen minutes or so the main thing we saw was the legend "MADE IN ARGENTINA," which was printed under the turned-up collar of the leather jacket of the man in front of us, about six inches from our nose. The main thing we heard was the sentence "Excuse me." "Uh, excuse me, please, I'm trying to get through here." "Excuse me, Bob." "Oh, I'm sorry, excuse me." The reason the event was so packed was that three well-known and well-developed body builders were going to be shown as living works of art, and this appealed both to art-world sophisticates and to amateur weight lifters and body builders. The crowd had about three sophisticates for every two body builders.

To start things off, one of the members of a panel of six artists, art historians, and writers seated at three tables on a low platform announced that we were going to see Frank Zane, the weight lifter with the most symmetrical body in the world; Ed Corney, body building's most graceful poser; and Arnold Schwarzenegger, the greatest body builder who has ever lived. Frank Zane came out first. He was wearing brown swimming trunks, and he walked down a runway to a rotating pedestal and began to flex. Under the lights, his skin looked like very expensive tan suède, and his face had the rapt, Madonnalike expression appropriate to great works of art. His muscles started right under his ears and just kept on going from there until they reached the floor. He was trembling like a tuning fork. Cameras clicked all over the room, making it sound like a copse full of seventeen-year locusts. Then, suddenly, the Madonna expression broke into a regular-guy smile, and Frank Zane bowed and walked out, to great applause.

The crowd was really up for more, but what followed was a long panel discussion and slide show of the human physique in art and as art through the ages. Most people seemed angry or bored. Very few people paid attention. The amateur weight lifters opened their wallets and began comparing driver's-license photographs while the sophisticates began talking about good places to buy rattan chairs. At last, the next body builder, Ed Corney, came out. He turned out to be a very graceful poser indeed. He spread the fingers of each hand completely and then clenched them into fists as he struck a new pose. And, finally, Arnold Schwarzenegger came out. People applauded enthusiastically. He struck many poses, among them several that he has invented and patented himself. He was smiling broadly the whole time in the manner of the late Joe E. Brown. He took several bows, walked out, put on his street clothes, and came back to join the panel discussion. When one of the panel members, a Columbia University art professor, said that the poses reminded him of some of the worst excesses of the Victorian era, Arnold Schwarzenegger replied, "That's just something somebody thinks. For me, being here tonight is like going to heaven."


B TOBEY

WE ROAD-TEST THE NEW 1976 LOPRESTIS

FOR 1976, the LoPrestis are pinning their hopes on two new models—a new version of their "sporty" adolescent, Robert (Bob) LoPresti, called the Bob LoPresti 11, and a new subcompact (meant to compete with the imports) called the LoPresti Tot. Five years ago, when the original Bob LoPresti was launched, we found him "an agreeable sporty type who may well appeal to a young constituency more interested in appearance than performance." We were right, but during the next few years, while performance hardly improved, Bob LoPresti's appearance became more soft than sporty. This year, he was given a drastic overhauling, but during road tests we found that, despite exterior changes, the "new" Bob LoPresti 11 suffered from the same fault as its predecessor—minimal performance. And as for the LoPresti Tot, we found this smallest LoPresti absolutely useless for even the most routine neighborhood chores. The chart below shows the results of tests conducted on the entire LoPresti family. Once again, we recommend that buyers interested in substantive human values turn their attention elsewhere.

1976 LoPrestis

NOT ACCEPTABLE

MODEL	HORSEPOWER	PERFORMANCE & HANDLING	COMMENTS
Mr. LoPresti (Full-Size Adult)	0-1	Turning impressive. Maneuverability was excellent. Braking was effortless and effective. Poor acceleration.	You have to be out of your mind, in our opinion, to take this or any other LoPresti into your life. Their impressive turning radius and their uncanny ability to stop on a dime may give the illusion of safety, but their absurdly low horsepower rating makes even the full-size adult a problem at best.
Doris LoPresti (Intermediate-Size Adult)	0-1	Turning, braking, maneuverability all excellent, but we found that this model could not maintain a speed over five miles per hour.	Doris LoPresti is a very poor bet, even for casual weekend use.
Doris LoPresti Ghia Gran Luxus	0-1	(See Comments)	Don't be fooled. This "Ghia" model is the same old low-performance Doris LoPresti, except that she's been tricked out in a Halston "skimp." More important, the Ghia "Luxus" decor group involves "plucked" eyebrows, which in our estimation could cause a nasty cut during a sudden stop.
Bob LoPresti 11 (Compact Sports)	0-1	Resembles other LoPresti models	With optional power pack, Bob LoPresti 11 can accelerate to ten miles per hour, but only for seconds, which makes him extremely unreliable, even among undemanding teen-agers.

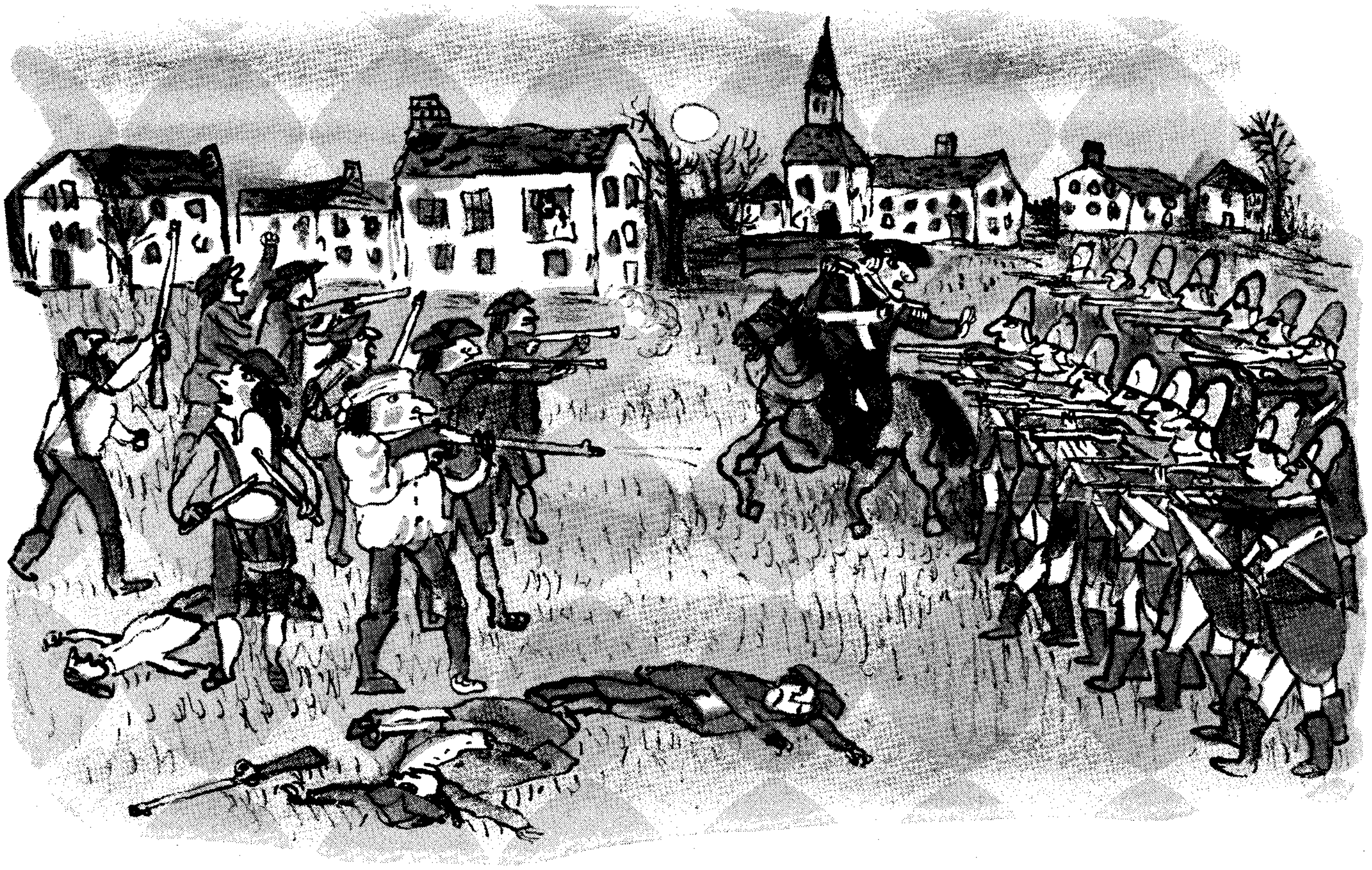
ABSOLUTELY NOT ACCEPTABLE

MODEL	HORSEPOWER	PERFORMANCE & HANDLING	COMMENTS
Uncle Ronald LoPresti (Adult)	0	No performance	Uncle Ronald LoPresti is a nice guy, but let's talk turkey: As *a functioning human being*, he's out of the question. This model ought to come off the market.
LoPresti Tot (Subcompact)	0	No performance	During our testing we did everything possible to get some performance out of this model, but to no avail. For a day-in, day-out silent relationship, it is difficult to see how this model can compete with even the most sluggish Japanese houseboy.

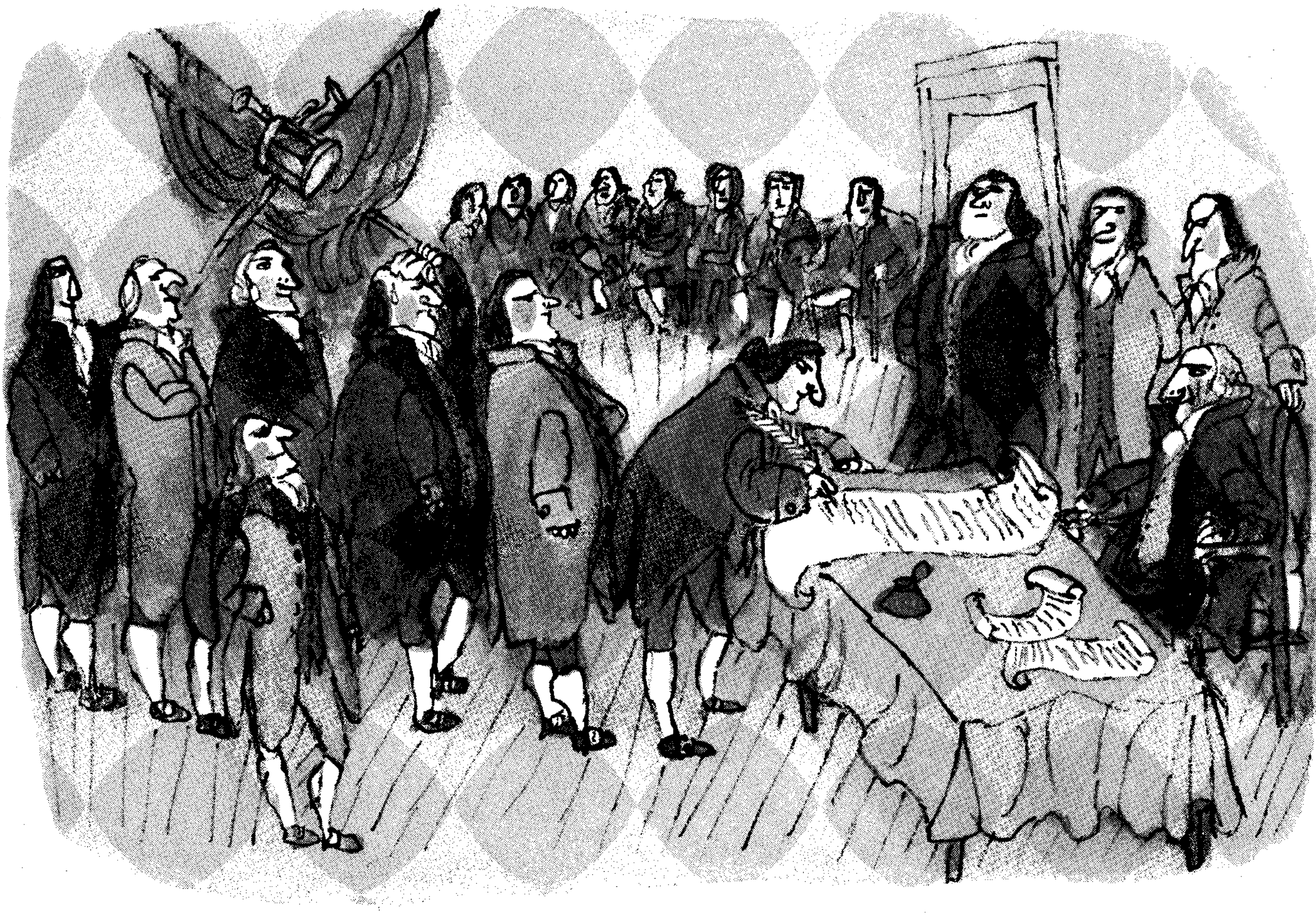
—George W. S. Trow

THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

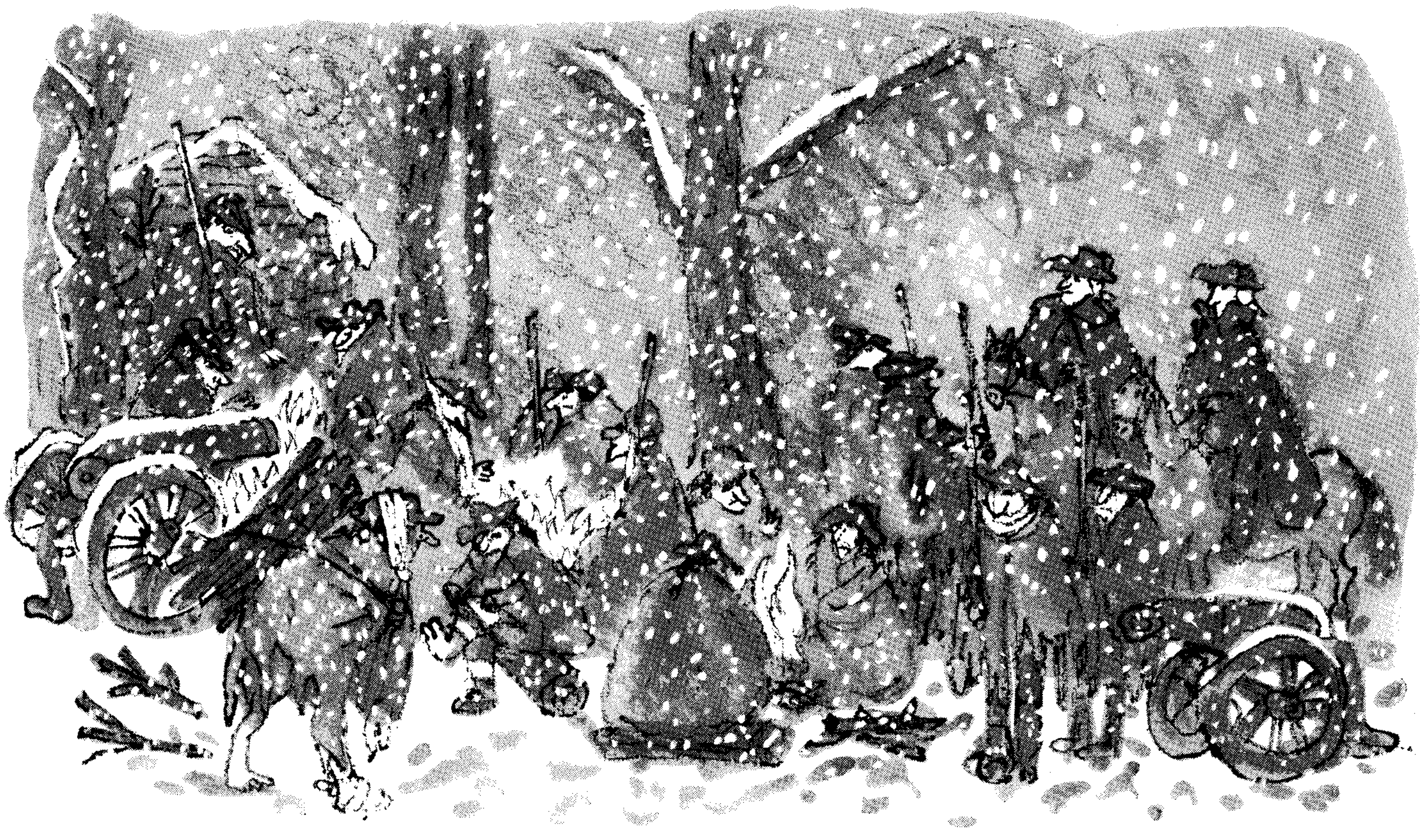
A SCHOOLBOY'S VISION



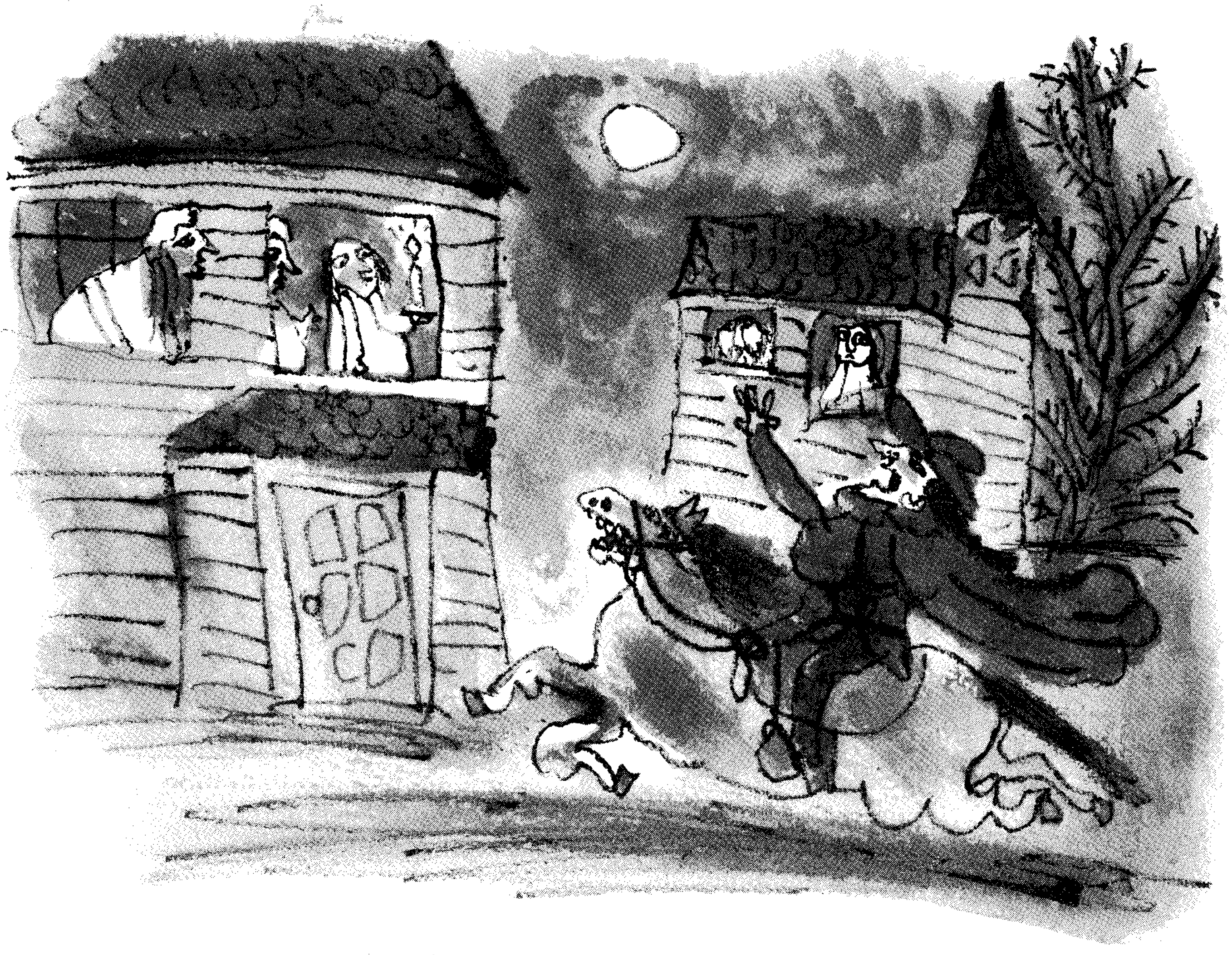
The Battle of Lexington



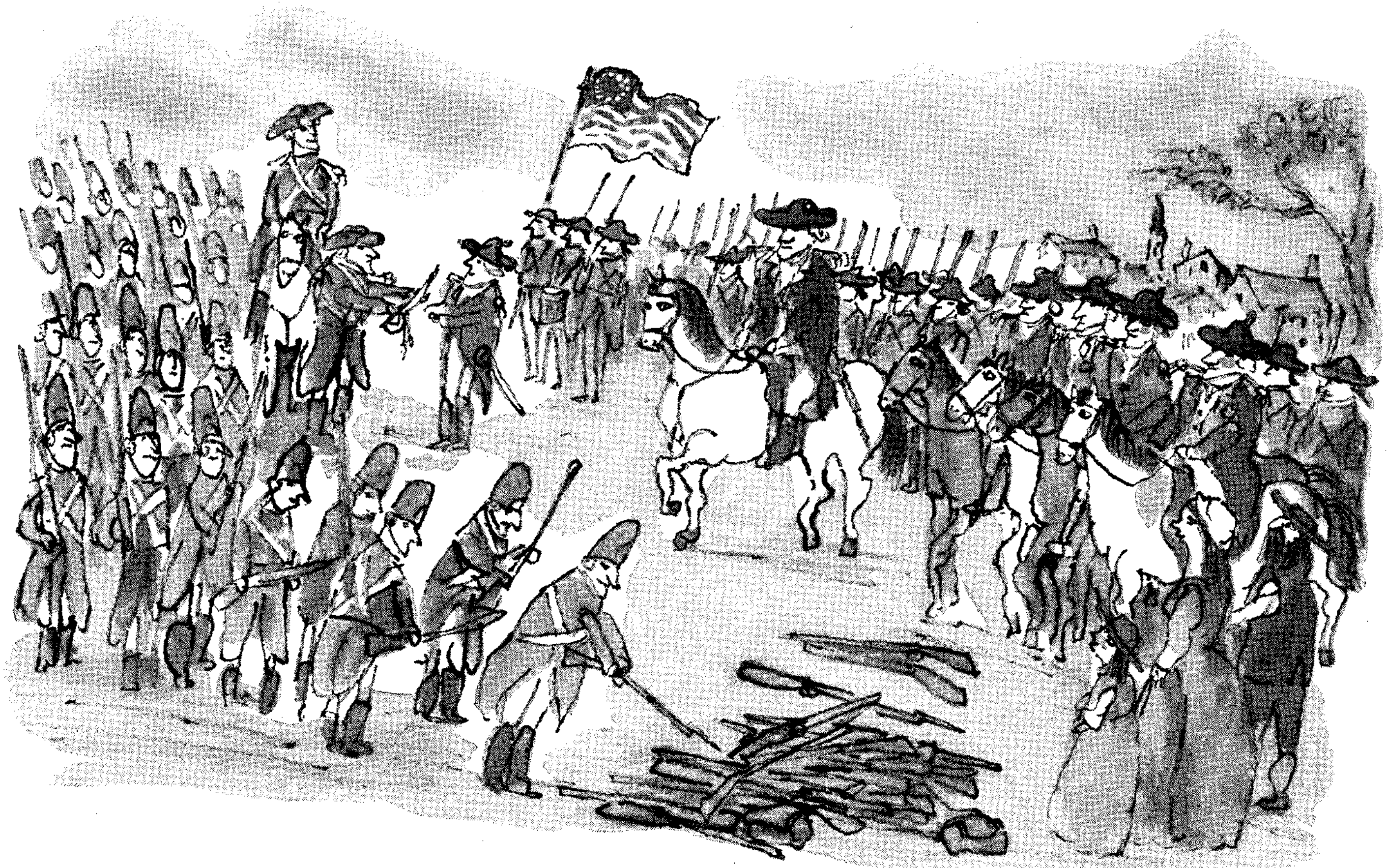
Adoption of the Declaration of Independence



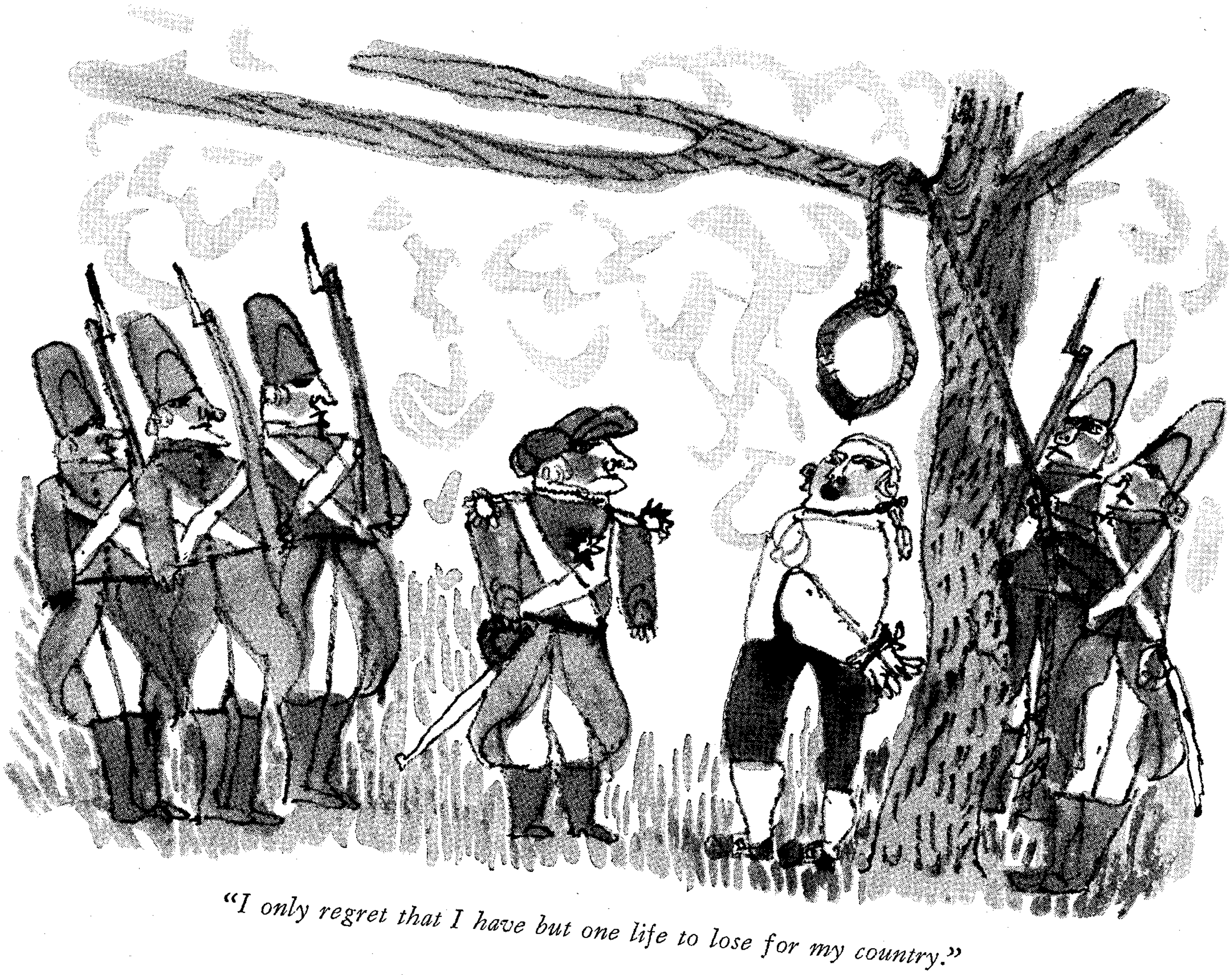
Valley Forge



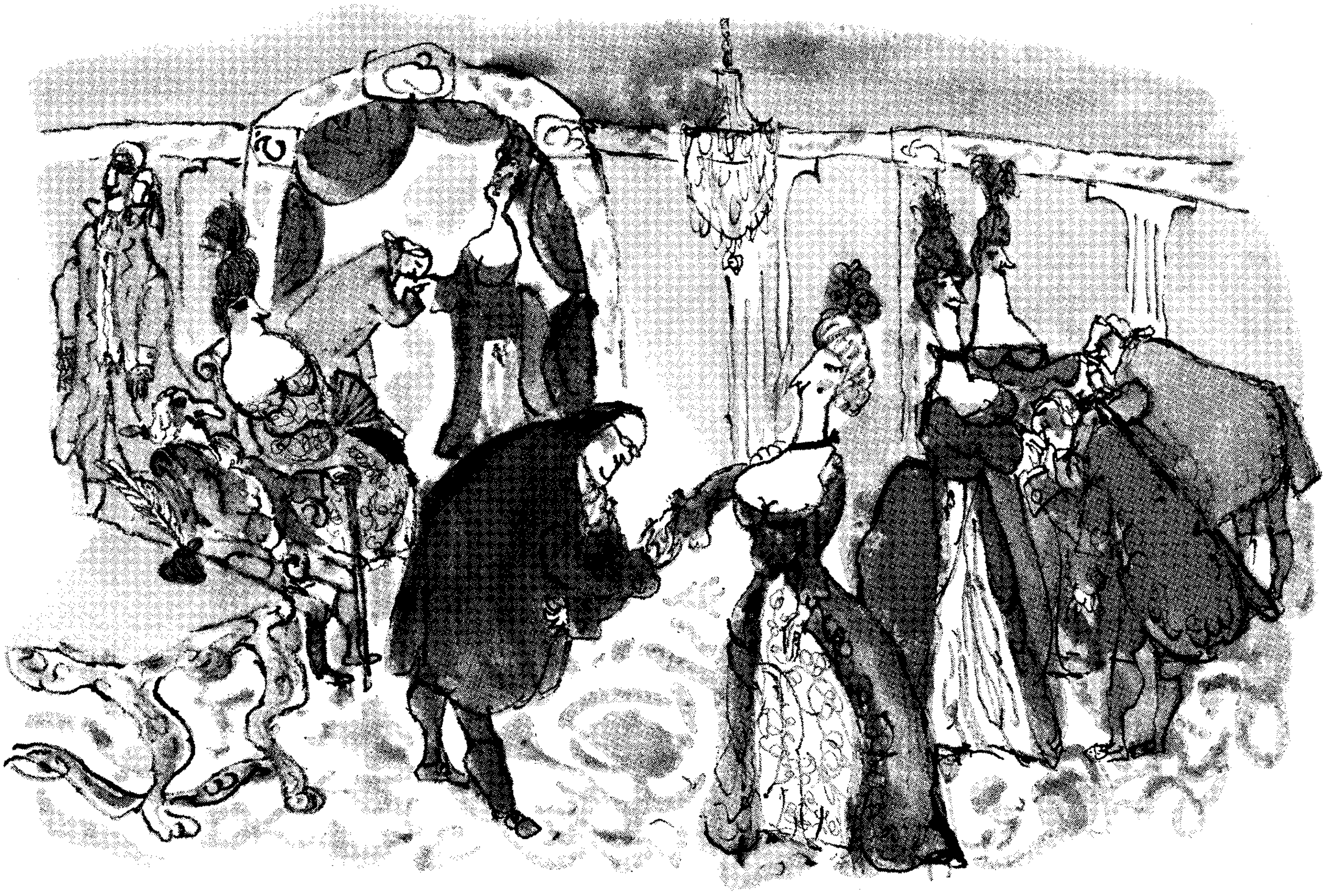
Paul Revere's Midnight Ride



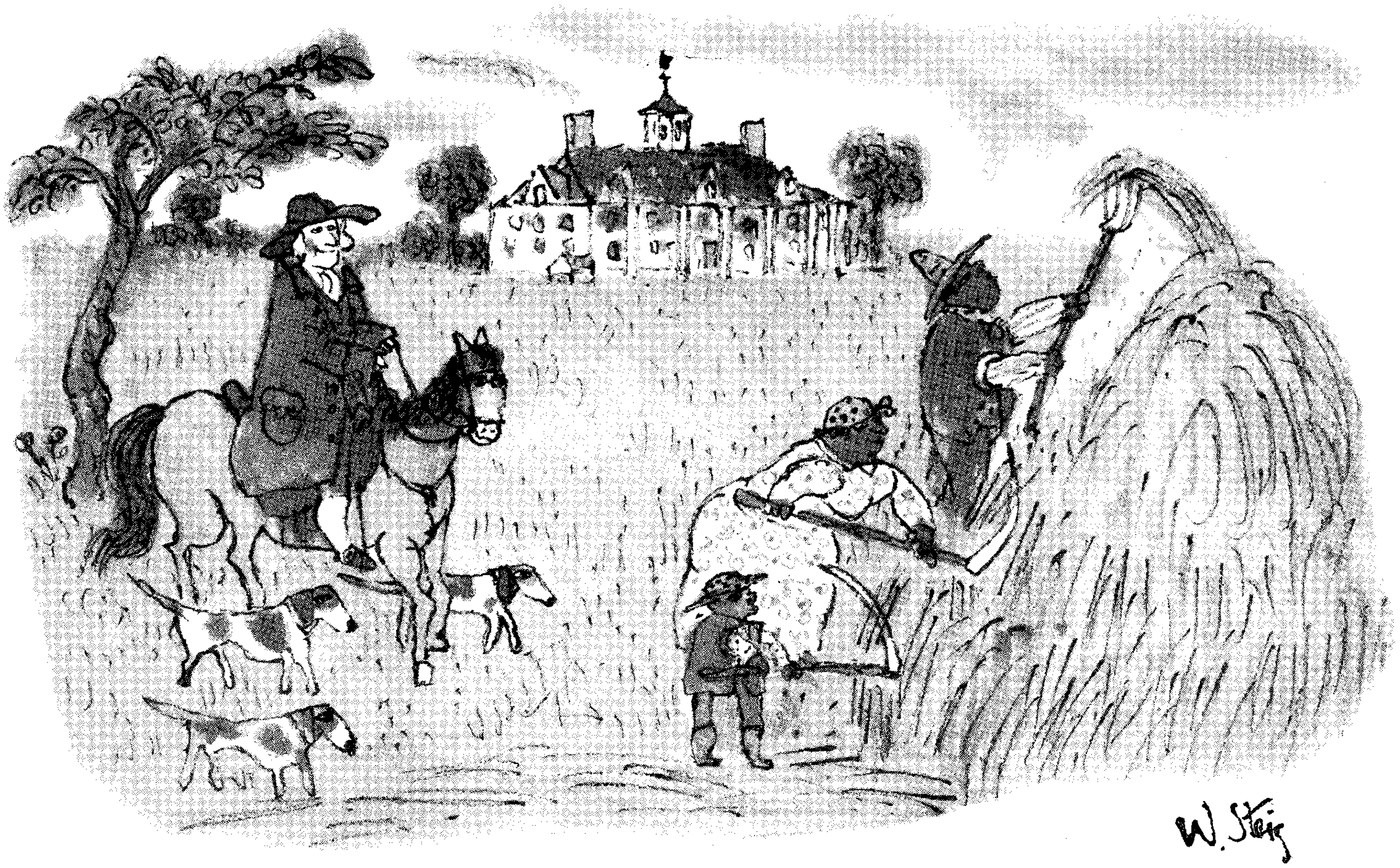
The Surrender at Yorktown



"I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."



Franklin at the French Court



Washington in Retirement at Mount Vernon

GRANGER'S LIFE SO FAR

SIX weeks after Granger's father died, Granger's mother went to a pet store on Second Avenue and bought a Lhasa apso bitch. She had never owned a dog: her husband had been allergic to them and believed that they accelerated destruction of human brain cells. His hatred of dogs was no more passionate than most people's hatred of cancer and he didn't talk about it much, though he did insist that Granger wear rubber boots, whatever the season, when walking in the city.

He was a thoughtful man, troubled by people. He died from a brain tumor when Granger was six and a half, and the only difference, at first, was that Granger's mother seemed to have more money to spend. She now signed her checks with a flourish, as though for posterity. The charge accounts, the apartment, the TV-rental agreement were all in her name. She named the dog Fonda, after her favorite film actor—a man who, unlike her husband, seemed to radiate physical resistance and grace. "And believe me," she would say, with a little giggle, "I get fonder and fonder of her every single day."

Granger's mother was a silly woman, but she was inoffensive. Fonda was the first living creature she had ever deliberately chosen to live with—the alternative to Granger's father had been Pine Bluff, and there had been no alternative to Granger at all. Her friends were all women who wanted to be friendly, her doctor had been recommended by her husband's aunt, she lived where her husband lived, and cooked, without question, the rather curious food he liked to eat; even her cleaning woman was the only one, out of the four she interviewed, who agreed to take the job. At the age of fourteen she would have chosen, if she could, to spend the rest of her life with the amazingly tanned, white-toothed, grey-haired English film star for whom, years later, she named her son; but this fantasy was the nearest she came to any kind of selection, any hint of personal preference. Temperately superstitious, never reading her horoscope first (though never leaving it till last), she vaguely hoped that her son would grow up to be amazingly tanned, white-toothed, grey-haired, and (by some quirk of fate) English. As it turned out, Granger appeared more bloodless each year and finally hid his pallor—and his crooked teeth—behind as much black beard as he could grow, encouraging his black bushy hair to tangle with and outdistance the beard, so that all that could be seen of his face was a pair of tinted spectacles astride an abandoned nose. Even at the age of six and a half, Granger would have been a disappointment to his mother, if she had ever seriously expected anything of him.

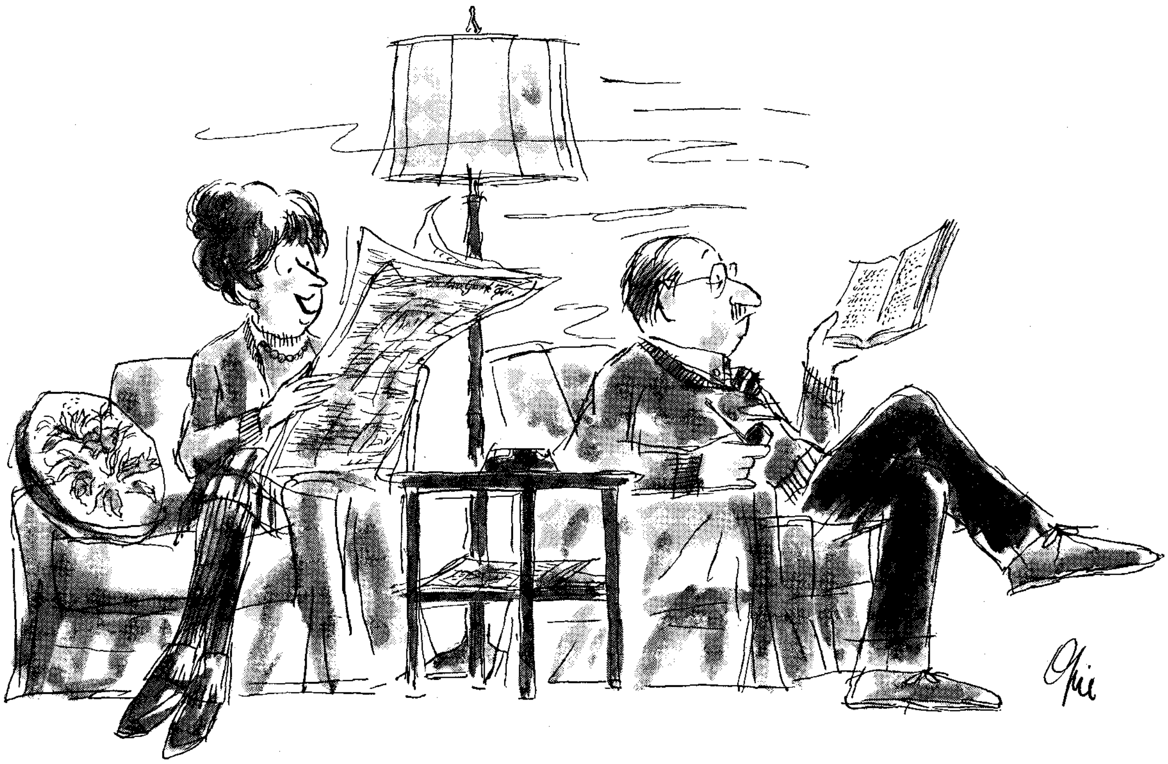
The danger of such expectation, with its attendant demands, pressures, betrayals, and guilt, was prevented by Fonda's arrival. Granger, if he had understood this straightaway, might have been thankful. He did not understand it, and assumed that his mother loved Fonda more than she loved him—which was true. He was not astute enough, as a child, to appreciate his good fortune in being less loved than Fonda. He did not tell himself, as he saw the small animal wilting in the intensity of his mother's virgin passion, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." He was six. He resented Fonda. He was intolerably angry.

For almost a year he wet his bed and yapped and snuffled and begged, as winsomely as he could, for attention. His mother loved him less than ever. He did something Fonda couldn't do—he prayed, with all his heart and soul, night and morning, to a bearded God sitting in a gold armchair: Please let Fonda die. So Hamlet might have prayed, demanding an act of God where an act of will failed. Fonda was puny, and Granger—however unworthy of his namesake—could have battered her to death with a small hammer. He didn't even kick her when his mother wasn't looking, or tweak her ears, or pull her tail, or torture her in any normal way. He treated her with an abject loathing that was mistaken by everyone, except the dog, for love.

"He's a curmudgeon now, but he used to be just a mean old bastard."

DAY by day, year by year, Granger had to teach himself to survive. By the time he was nine he was set in his ways: The most pleasurable of these was the sophisticated and perverse achievement of giving in to the temptation to resist temptation. The excitement of not committing the atrocities that he imagined (huddled over his schoolwork or rigidly staring at TV) was so intense that he would begin to sweat and tremble. His mother—fondling Fonda with her pink, anemone fingers—assumed that it was something distasteful to do with his age, and asked the husband of one of her girl friends to have a talk with him. The husband found Granger uninterested in football, baseball, basketball, golf, or tennis. He assumed that the fatherless child was an incipient homosexual and suggested that he should be sent to a boys' boarding school to straighten him out. Granger's mother was relieved ("Though I wouldn't really *mind* if he was gay," she confided to the friend. "I mean, they're always very sweet to their mothers, aren't they?"), and waved Fonda's paw at him as he set off for boarding school, newly clothed and struck dumb, in the husband's Chevrolet.

Granger, deprived of his passionate hate object, was deprived of grandeur. He became a neurotic like everyone else, succumbing to trivial temptations and passively tormented by trivial guilts. There was no urge in his life splendid enough to resist, no denial worthy of his exceptional powers. A mute inglorious martyr, he slopped through adolescence biting his nails, stammering, worrying about his acne, stealing paperbacks and ball-points from the drugstore, cheating a little, telling a few insignificant lies. In the summers he went to camp, and at Christmas stayed with various newly discovered relatives of his father. When his mother wrote that Fonda had died of pneumonia—a violent yet dignified letter, grief bleeding from every stab of her pen—Granger felt nothing at all. He wrote that he was sorry, and left school that evening, taking a bus to North Dakota, which seemed as good a place as any.



"Why, Clayton! 'Letters to the Editor'! You and C. L. Sulzberger are eyeball to eyeball!"

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PERHAPS because of his precocity—at nine, after all, he had much in common with Proust—Granger matured more and more slowly until, around the age of twenty-five, he stopped altogether. He was in Greece at the time, dangling his feet in a small rock pool off the coast of Poros. He looked at his feet and realized, without shock, that if they were presented to him on a tray or platter, or if he stumbled upon them (but how could he, being footless?) in the rubble of some ruin, he would be unable to identify them or claim them as his own. The shock that he was not shocked by this realization was the nearest he had been in sixteen years to the excitement of resisting the temptation to murder and mutilate Fonda. He felt that his life, such as it was, was over. While he had been perfectly content to live without achieving anything (even the ability to recognize his own feet), he felt that he owed it to himself—he was too honest to consider his mother or dead father—to die successfully. He had his hair and beard trimmed by the local barber, and returned, plodding much of the way, to New York, where he telephoned his mother, who told him that she had a cat called Astaire. She agreed to give him a little of his father's money, but she didn't ask to see him. He felt a twinge of sadness and decided to become a banker.

As Granger was not a man whose occupation was of primary importance to him or to anyone else—his most fitting employment would have been to do nothing at all—it hardly mattered that after six months of studying banking he decided to take up the law, and that after a year of studying law he decided that his real vocation in death was to become a social worker. Only his appearance and his circumstances changed. The beard and hair rioted again. He wore workmen's boots, which he greased and polished each night, protecting his unidentifiable feet from the pollution of city sidewalks. He took a room in the East Village, where he slept on an arrangement of planks, drugged each night by the gas escaping from the ruined stove. The only decoration in this place was a snapshot of Fonda, stolen from his mother's apartment on the morning he had been taken away to school. He tacked it up over the stove and stared at it sometimes while waiting for water to boil.

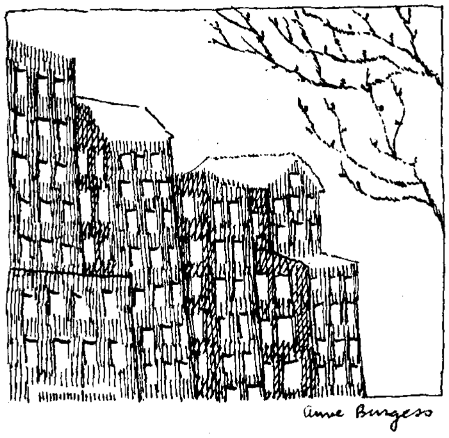
GRANGER had not become a homosexual. He was attracted by women, though bored and frightened by girls. Since his departure to North Dakota he had moderately enjoyed or suffered a number of what he assumed to be relationships, always with young mothers, married schoolteachers, or women temporarily separated from their husbands. While he was living, the transience of these affairs hadn't worried him; but the process of dying seemed to require something more companionable and less time-consuming. He tried to overcome his boredom and fear and to love the few women he met who didn't love anyone else. To his horror, he found that the prospect of receiving anyone's undivided attention made him impotent. Desperate fantasies of children returning from school or husbands from work, telegrams demanding instant homecoming for fathers' funerals or brothers' bar mitzvahs, the hope of hearing footsteps on stairs, keys turning in locks—they were all useless. He considered joining a commune, but the idea of conducting his death in public was repugnant to him. Finally he blurted it all out to a kindly forty-year-old hospital nurse, whose husband was a purser on a Caribbean cruise ship. "You need help, honey," she said. Granger, convinced of the seriousness of his situation, looked for help.

He didn't have to look very hard. All his colleagues were in therapy or analysis of one sort or another, and all of them seized on Granger as though by procuring him for their particular idol they were going to earn a rich commission. This seemed odd to Granger, who knew that they weren't. He returned to the hospital nurse. "Who?" he asked, his beard spread over her trim breasts. Her friend Molly, she said, was a sex therapist, and she would have thought of it before if there had seemed anything wrong with Granger beyond the fact that he hated to take his boots off. She telephoned Molly immediately, referring to Granger as "a very good friend of mine"—which pleased him more than all the tepid endearments of their lovemaking.

Molly O'Brien, she was called—an Irish renegade with cropped grey hair and a hearty fist, who wore ski pants all the year round topped with a jumble of blouses printed with parakeets or palm trees. In her sprightlier moods—and she was never less than sprightly—she added dangling plastic earrings to the ensemble, and a harness of beads like jelly beans.

None of this mattered to Granger. Indeed, if his reactions had been quicker and his confusion less, he would never have seen Molly O'Brien at all. His gloved finger had no sooner pressed the chiming doorbell than a racket of yapping and asthmatic barking broke out that, after one startled instant, sent him racing down the corridor toward the elevator, which by now had sunk to the ground. Molly O'Brien called "Come back!" as though he were an escaping thief. They were on the fourteenth floor; the corridor was a dead end; he couldn't see the stairs; he was trapped. Two Scotties danced round him, nimble as bantamweights, yelping and snapping. They wore butterfly bows in their hair, one pink, one blue. "Bernie! Devlin!" Molly cried. "Come back here!" She aimed a piercing look at Granger (who was to learn, during their brief acquaintance, that she had two looks, one piercing, the other merry as a neon leprechaun). "Got something against dogs?" she asked. Granger marvelled how shrewd she was. He could hardly have made a better choice if he had actually chosen her.

Molly believed in therapeutic games. She could impersonate anyone's mother, father, boyfriend, girlfriend, husband, wife, employer, or babysitter. She could even manage to play the part of a three-year-old spastic, and the more abuse that was hurled at her, the better she liked it. But she could not impersonate a dog. Neither the piercing look nor the merry look was appropriate. Though she didn't believe that Granger's sexual troubles had been occasioned by Fonda (if his hair was cut and he bought a few cheerful shirts, he would, she was certain, feel much better), she believed him when he told her that he had never before spoken to anyone about Fonda; indeed he was not sure that he had ever actually uttered the dog's name before, even to his mother. This gratified Molly O'Brien, whose collection of secrets was almost large enough to be copied out and sold to a publisher. She decided to experiment with Bernie and Devlin.



They were frisky little creatures, and they enjoyed Granger's visits. "Tell 'em what you think of 'em!" Molly commanded as they clawed at his sober jeans, leapt on his lap, frantically licked those few inches of his face that were not protected by glass or hair. "Where's your goddam hostility?" Molly yelled. "Sock the little bastards! Wring their goddam necks, why don't you?"

But Granger could recognize love a mile off, and he knew that Molly O'Brien didn't love Bernie and Devlin. She might pretty them up with bows, dose them with vitamins, prance them round the block on their tartan leashes; but she didn't, as he remembered or imagined he remembered the phenomenon, love them. Nor did he want Molly to love him. He simply

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SAINT FRANCIS AND THE SOW

The bud
stands for all things,
even for those things that don't flower,
because everything flowers from within, of self-blessing.
Though sometimes it's necessary
to reteach a thing its loveliness,
to put a hand on its brow
of the flower
and retell it in words and in touch
it is lovely
until it flowers again from within, of self-blessing.
As Saint Francis
put his hand on the creased forehead
of the sow, and told her in words and in touch
blessings of earth on the sow, and the sow
began remembering all down her thick length,
from the earthen snout all the way through the fodder and slops
to the spiritual curl of the tail,
from the hard spininess spiked out from the spine
down through the great, unbreakable heart
to the sheer blue milken dreaminess shuddering and squirting
from the fourteen teats into the fourteen mouths sucking and
        blowing beneath them:
the long, perfect loveliness of sow.

—Galway Kinnell

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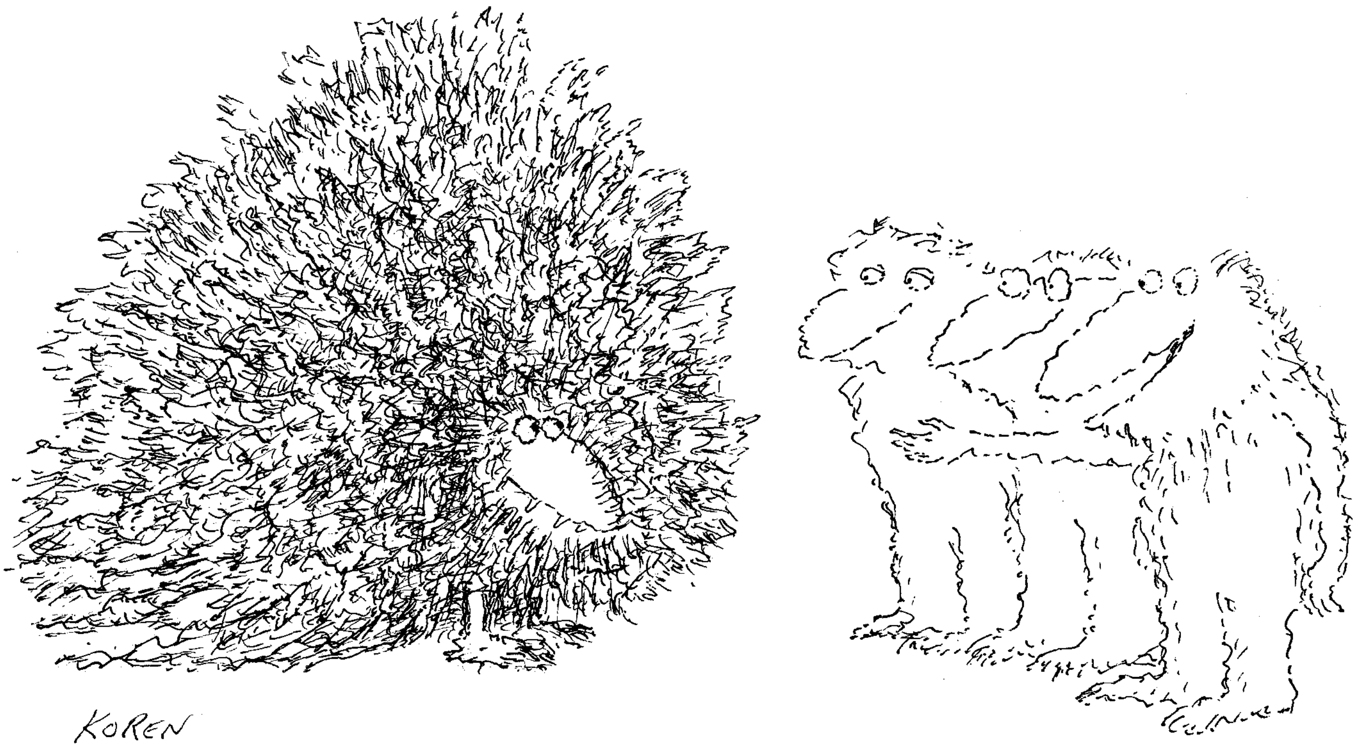


"I'd like you to meet our friend the protein."

• •

wanted her to cure him. Therefore—although he found them a profound nuisance—he didn't hate Bernie and Devlin. He was rather sorry for them, in fact, deprived as they were of most of the advantages of being animals and all of the advantages of being human. He had long ago stopped expecting the amazing intoxication of self-restraint—that, he thought, was too much to hope for in a dying man—but he would like to be able to lay just one wholesome single girl without tormenting his imagination or facing his failure even before he took his glasses off.

Bernie and Devlin were a waste of time. He slumped back into his old ways, sadly aware that, unless some miracle happened, he would die alone.

ON the Monday following his thirty-second birthday, Granger was crossing Central Park. It was late October, and his heavy boots drove through the leaves like tanks. His hands were in his pockets and his head was down, and he didn't care which way he walked, provided it was in an approximately easterly direction.

He bumped into the woman, who was walking straight at him, but with her head turned as far round—backward—as it would go. They collided. She was wearing a dun-colored parka with a fur-trimmed hood, and when her head sprang round to face him he saw nothing inside the hood but frightened, or angry, eyes. He stepped to the left, she stepped to the right simultaneously. He apologized and stepped to the right, as she moved smartly to the left. It was a momentary impasse, and Granger, surprising himself, smiled. The woman's eyes changed, the lids dropping to their natural position. "I'm sorry," she said. "Excuse me," Granger muttered, and took a great stride eastward. Acknowledging this with a gracious bow of her hood, she walked on. So did Granger; but after a few minutes—surprising himself again—he turned and saw that the woman had been joined by two undistinguished brown dogs, which pattered along beside her as though they were in a hurry. The woman walked fast and her shoulders seemed, to Granger, hostile.

He saw her again and again in the Park; their accidental meetings continued until the raw New Year, passing, for Granger, through embarrassment—a painful phase, when he would lope, often inconveniently, in the opposite direction—to positive hope. The dogs were always with her, hurrying along rather fussily, as though they had no time to waste. She always wore the parka, and the dogs' leashes were half stuffed into her right pocket, secured by her gloved hand. He supposed that since she never had a human companion, she was unmarried and unattached. Then he supposed that since she walked the dogs during the day—and every day, as far as he could tell—she was married, for otherwise why wasn't she at work? Then he supposed that she worked in the evenings, and had a lover. He supposed that she was foreign, because of the frightened eyes and the way she had said "I'm sorry." Then he supposed that she had been to Radcliffe or Vassar, because of the hostile shoulders. He supposed that she was called Juanita or Melanie or Marguerite, and that she was a country girl forced, for some reason, to live in the city. Whatever she was, he began to feel a premonition that almost amounted to happiness.

In January there was a heavy fall of snow. They approached each other over a footbridge, both marching to the summit of its little arc as though meeting to discuss terms or hand over a ransom. It was around four in the afternoon, almost dark. The snow aged the fur on her hood and the backs of her dogs. Dry-mouthed, his heart unsteady, he heard himself say, "It's too cold to be out."

She stopped, turning her head and shoulders toward him but keeping her feet planted forward. "I like the cold."

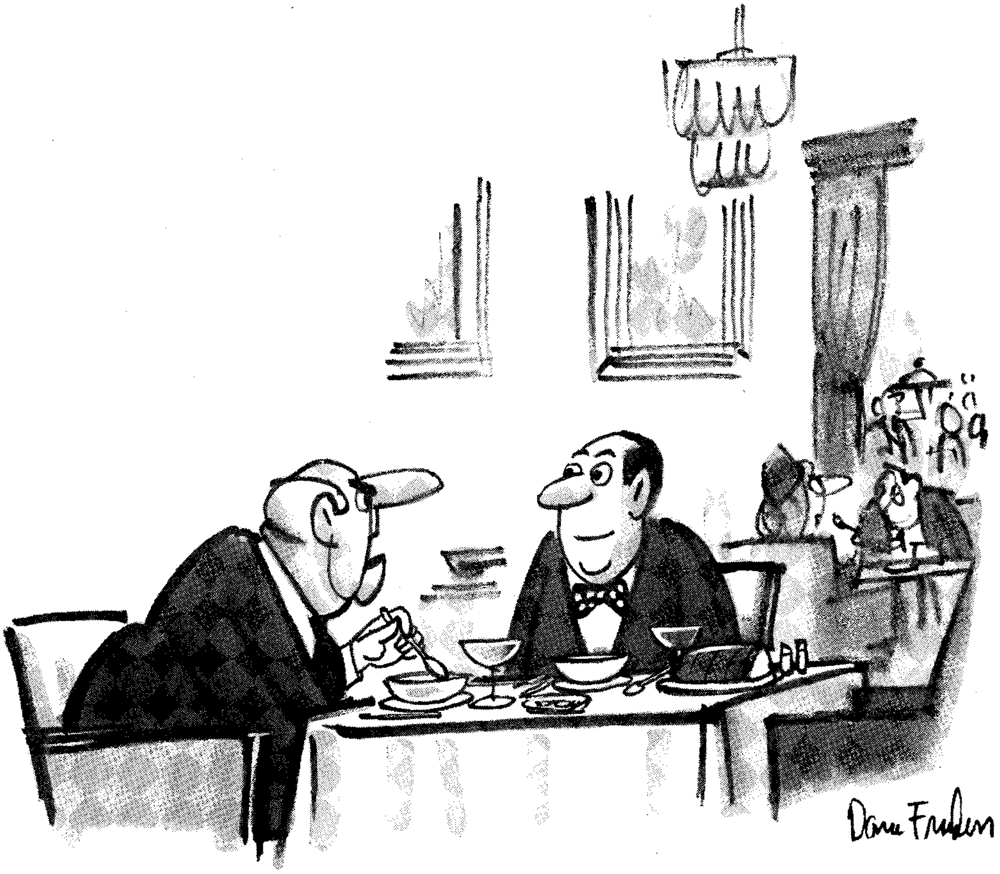
"It's getting dark too. Don't you mind?"

"No."

"I'll walk you out of the Park."

"All right," she said. "If you like."

As he turned and joined her—incredulous, unable to recognize himself at all—the larger dog, which all these months had seemed mute and disdain-



"*Damn it, Felton! Stop passing me money under the table while I'm eating!*"

• •

ful, began to bark with the crazed urgency of a dog shouting for help. It crouched on its elbows, with its rump in the air, and refused to let Granger pass. Its friend or relative, which had the appearance of a very small long-haired hippopotamus, leapt, presumably for Granger's throat, though it only reached the hem of his sombre lumberjacket, from which it swung by its teeth, bumping against Granger's legs.

"Fanny!" the young woman said. "Remus! Stop it!" Her voice had the blurred edge of a doting mother who sees her toddler reaching for its grandmother's Meissen.

Granger said and did nothing. The snow and the smaller dog whirled.

"Remus! Fanny! Stop it!" the young woman cooed again, lunging toward both animals. The hood turned briefly toward Granger. "They're jealous."

"Of me?" Granger asked, puffed up.

"Well. Of strangers."

It took five minutes to reach a compromise. Fanny walked beside them, barking imprecations; Remus trotted behind, speeding up every few yards to snap at Granger's boots.

"You come to the Park every day," Granger stated.

"There's nowhere else to take them, is there? People complain about the mess, but there's just nowhere to take them. Stop it, Remus," she added idly. "Fanny, will you be quiet!"

"I've seen you very often," Granger said. "All winter."

"I've often seen you too." From the sound of her voice she was smiling.

"Granger Harriman."

"Barbara Breitner."

"I'm glad to meet you, Barbara."

"It's a pleasure, Granger." She was mocking him, but he wanted to dance all the same, to jump in the snow and hug her and run in the streets, away from her if necessary.

They reached the Grand Army Plaza. Barbara had leashed the dogs outside the Children's Zoo.

"I'll walk you home," he said.

"All right. If you like." She handed him a leash. "Here—you can take Remus."

She lived in a duplex apartment that had a small garden surrounded by high fencing. Her lover, whom she appeared to care for, was in the pop-record business and had been posted to England for a year. His name was, or had become, Rocky. He was not Barbara's husband, because he didn't believe in marriage. In fact he had been twice married, and was afraid that if he married Barbara she would want to have children, and he didn't believe in having children. They had lived together for eight years, which, Rocky said, proved the soundness of his argument. Barbara painted a little. Eight years ago, she told Granger, she had a one-woman show in the Village.

By Granger's standards Rocky was obviously very wealthy: it seemed that whatever the state of the economy people continued to buy Frank Sinatra and "The Heavenly Hits of Franz Liszt." The apartment was decorated with dark-red walls and such very early American furniture that Granger assumed it must have come over in the hold of the Mayflower—ponderous pieces treasured by the seventeenth-century bourgeoisie, humorless chests and dressers, a dining table like a coffin lid, and a canopy bed suitable for long, incurable illnesses. Barbara seemed to camp rather than live in this jungle of junk. She sat on the floor in a litter of old bones, pouring strong tea out of a china teapot. There was an overpowering smell of stewing meat: not herbs, onions, garlic, or wine, but simply meat. It reminded Granger of prison or hospital kitchens. The dogs lay on their sides, apparently inert, but each time Granger moved—to drink his tea or fumble for his pipe (a recent acquisition)—they jumped up and barked for at least three minutes before subsiding. Granger sat very still. He didn't finish his tea or fill his pipe. He looked steadily at Barbara, who looked at the fire.

"Why didn't you go with him?"

"To England? Six months' quarantine. Impossible." It had obviously been a foolish question, hardly worth answering.

"Ah," Granger said. "I see." He hoped, passionately, that he would be given time to know her better. "I expect you have a great many friends?"

"Not really. Not when Rocky's away."

"Why is that?"

"Why ask so many questions?"

Now he could see her smiling, and was delighted. She wasn't pretty, her clothes were careless—mud on her pants, a hole in the elbow of her sweater—and her hair needed washing. But he wished that he, Granger, had lived with her for eight years. He wondered if he was falling in love, and was frightened again. When she went to the kitchen, followed by the dogs, he looked at his boots and prayed to them: Stop me dying. He felt sick, and was unable to imagine his future.

She was a long time in the kitchen, snipping or chopping something. He supposed she was preparing dinner for her few friends. He mustn't appear presumptuous or demanding; on the other hand, he mustn't let her escape, this rare woman who lived in a cave, this placid savage. By the time she came back his palms were sweating. He wiped them on Fanny's curly head, pretending to pet her, and amazed that she was deceived.

"What are they? Terriers?"

"Mutts. Remus is Fanny's son. His father was a corgi—I mean, is a corgi."

"Good grief," Granger said, meaning that bulky Fanny was an unlikely mate for a dog he knew to be small, snappy, and connected with royalty.

"Yes," Barbara said, with pride. "It wasn't easy. I had to help. They did it on the stairs."

Bewildered Granger. He wanted to make some declaration, but was in such a turmoil that he had no idea what it was that he wanted to declare: love, lust, concern, astonishment, gratitude? He gathered himself together and, raising his voice above the dogs' din, said, "Maybe we could go to a movie one evening—if you like going to the movies?"

He had never seen a metaphorical shadow cross anyone's face before: a cloud of trouble moved and settled. But her voice was bright. "That would be nice. I'll see you in the Park."

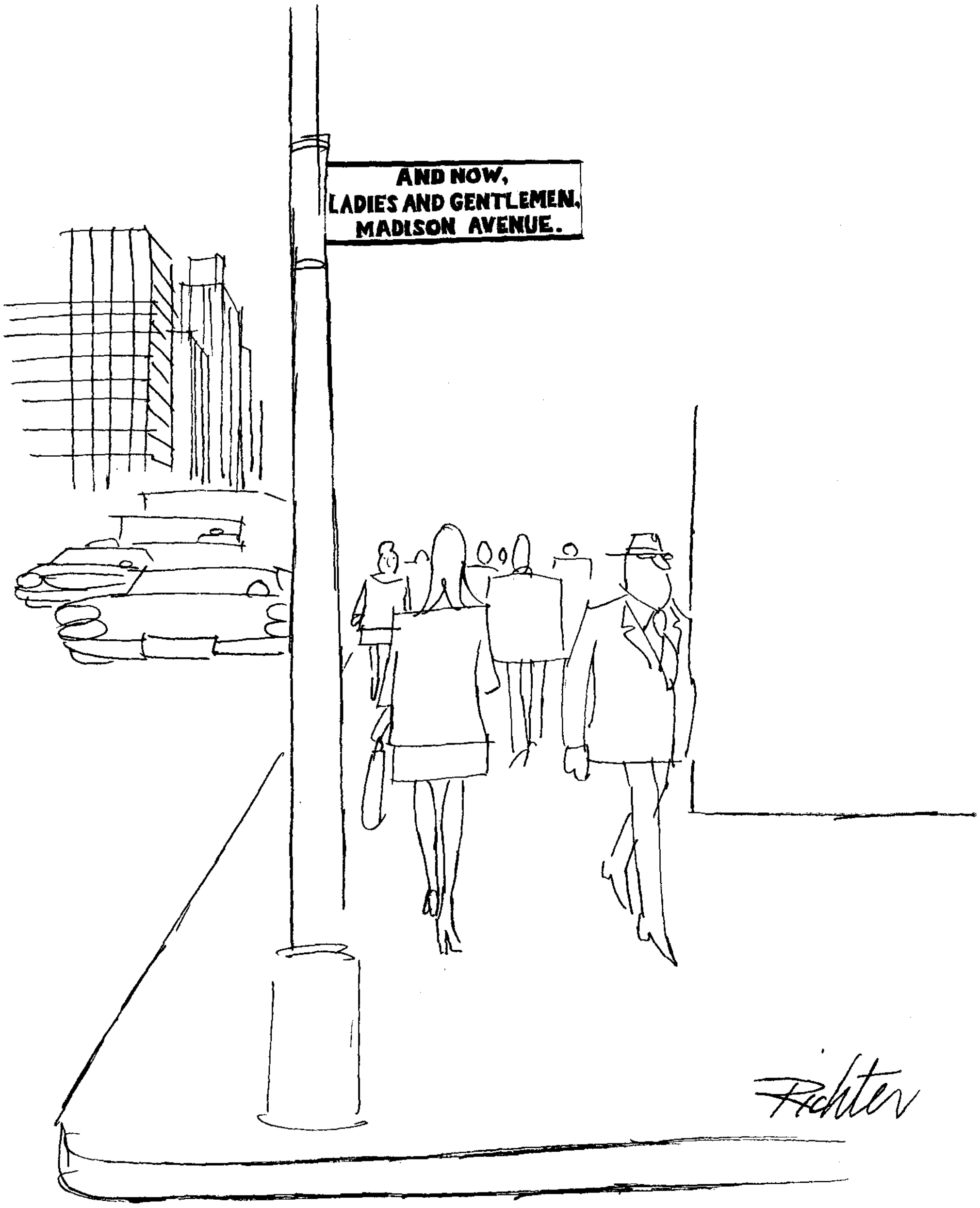
"Tomorrow?" He knew he had to take a ten-year-old criminal to court, but the child was doomed anyway.

The cloud lifted. "All right," she said. "Tomorrow. If you like."

FOR two weeks they walked together every afternoon. Granger would stamp his feet by General Sherman until he saw her waiting to cross, or crossing, Fifth Avenue, pulling back on the leashes to restrain the gasping, skidding dogs, always waiting for a second after the "Walk" sign to make sure it was safe. Then he would hurry to meet her, try to peer inside the hood to find out whether she was glad or indifferent, take over Remus, and sometimes stand, with patient loathing, while the dog squatted in the gutter or lifted its leg at each end of every bench. He was sure that his premonition had been right: he was destined for Barbara, and she for him. If Rocky hadn't taken priority over the dogs, neither would he—that was certain. But it was also increasingly certain, as the days went by, that he could give Barbara an indirect devotion, care, and passion of which Rocky, with his genial ditties and gleaming smile, was incapable. He, Granger, understood Barbara. He knew she was strong enough to breed any number of sons, daughters, animals, and other dependents. Secure in the knowledge that she would never love him best, he would be glad for her to have children—anyway, a child. There would be financial problems—the dogs' fresh steak and kidney must cost more a week than he spent on himself in a month—but he would overcome these somehow. "Somehow," in the very back of his mind, meant a handsome settlement from Rocky, who would surely, after enjoying the best eight years of Barbara's life, see the justice of such an arrangement.

These plans glowed in his head while they walked through snow and rain and Barbara spoke to him of the importance of territory, the instincts of the pack, the survival of the fittest, and the naturally vegetarian inclinations of man-eating lions. Intellectually, it seemed to Granger that she was describing all the more loathsome aspects of Fascism, but her passion was so powerful that he was enchanted and quite willing, in his heart, to accept her view that he belonged to an inferior species. She was unique, so precious to him that he was terrified of frightening her by any display of human affection, let alone desire. For over a week, feeding his restraint, nourishing this ember of self-denial, he didn't touch her. The dogs, she remarked—puzzled?—had accepted him amazingly well.

Then one afternoon, knowing that they were watching, he took her hand. The attack was savage. Fanny, like the frustrated old bitch she was, barked murder and rape; Remus, possibly because of his sex, preferred to bite (each rip in Granger's jacket became a ro-



mantic memory). While Barbara crouched on her muddy heels and petted them severely, Granger waited, smiling and humming to himself. Up until now, remembering his apathy toward Bernie and Devlin, he had tried to encourage his murderous feelings toward Fanny and Remus by concentrating for at least five minutes each day on their disgusting habits, unattractive appearance, and neurotic natures. Now he knew that he hated them effortlessly, and had become a man again.

Barbara, unlike Granger's mother, was neither silly nor inoffensive. Her character, or as much of it as was relevant to Granger, was very complex, and, when she met it face to face, frightened her. The only other person she was at all frightened of was Rocky, whose kindness, like that of a loving father, was so often for her own good, and took the form of cruelty. While Granger had seemed content to be her friend she was quite fond of him, allowing for the fact that he walked upright and asked too many questions. But she could track his real feelings on the wind, hear the inaudible scrapings of his nerve ends, follow the scent of his intentions far more swiftly than he could, and she had known—long before he spoke to her on the bridge—that he would eventually want to make love to her. While one part of her felt this to be a nuisance, another part felt obliged to make some sort of demonstration to Rocky, who wouldn't notice it or, if he did, care very much. With an impatient sigh, she accepted human nature. One evening she added seasoning to the stew and changed into her dressing gown.

They had obviously not been able to kiss very often, or touch without interruption. Physically, therefore, they had only the slightest acquaintance with each other. It was Barbara, longing to get it over with, who suggested that Granger stay the night. He felt very little apprehension and much honor. As they went upstairs the dogs tore past them and leapt on the bed, where they sat bolt upright, carrying on as though it were a manger. Calmly, Granger undressed. After much unconvincing scolding and wheedling, Barbara dragged the dogs out of the room by their collars. When, with difficulty, she shut the door, her face was sour with distress. Granger thought he would comfort her. Since the noise was so prodigious, she couldn't hear a word he said. It didn't matter. He loved her with an intensity he had never before experienced, to the accompaniment of Fanny and Remus going out of their minds. Eight minutes later, Barbara hurried out of bed and opened the door.

With the dogs sleeping in the middle of the bed and Granger and Barbara clinging to the sides, she asked him a question.

"Did you ever have a dog, Granger?"

"No. But my mother did."

"What kind?"

"Lhasa apso."

"What was it called?"

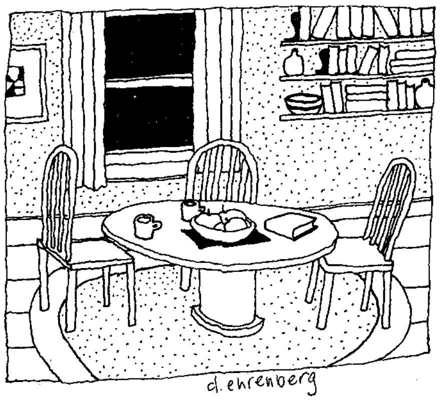
He reached out to her over the mounds of fur. "Fonda."

"That's a good name for a dog. I like that."

"Barbara—"

"Don't wake them, Granger. I'm tired."

She turned on her side, balancing her head and knees over the edge of the bed. When it began to get light, Granger slid to the floor, where he slept soundly for a few hours.



GRANGER loved, was in love, for the first time in his life. His nobility was restored. He sprang along in his magical boots, proofed against the weather and contamination. He sang favorite arias from Puccini and the love songs of Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett. Barbara, trying to protect herself from this onslaught, insisted that he return to work and stay with her only on weekends. Granger relished the enforced temperance. His colleagues jealously assumed that whatever therapy he had found had been successful. The children and old people, the alcoholics and addicts, all his wayward underdogs, sensed a strength in him, a new vitality. He felt for them as he felt for Fanny and Remus: his fingers burned when he touched them, his hidden feet (his own once more) itched; a flawless compassion sturdily contained his disgust and rage, not so much as a crack at the edges to betray the curious dynamo pounding inside.

To anyone but Granger, it would have been a dull life. The part of Barbara that genuinely tried to accept human triviality agreed that it would be nice to visit a gallery, see a movie, go to a restaurant occasionally. She even appeared to consider the idea of a weekend in the country. However, if he gingerly pressed these suggestions, there was always some reason why they

READING THE WATER

Three steps into myself I imagine a blue window, vacant chair,
A bone-china cup on the iridescent wood of a table set in view.
Beyond this a stream is cut into the snow

As if a heavy branch had fallen to create a direction
For the water, and the whole length of it shines as it's pulled away.
The moon slips down to the horizon leaving a long tail of light.

Here and there, a rod of birch stirs the marsh that thickens near
The cold bank. White stones roll soundlessly along the bed.
Pine needles prick the skin of frost upon the ground.

Perhaps a deer will come by, cracking the ice with tough hooves.
What would it think of a woman caught behind the trees, one hand
At her own neck, who gazes into the plates of black, blue,

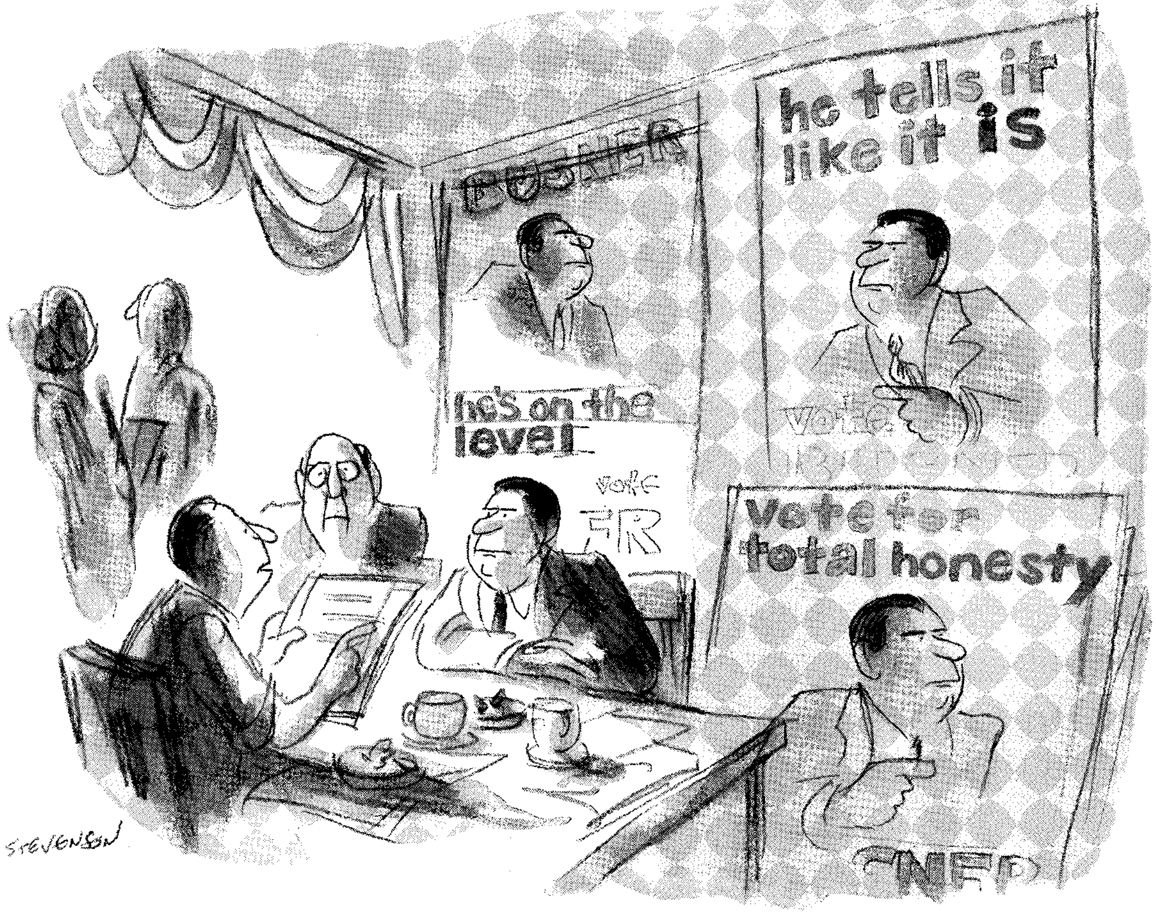
And yellow ice as if they were the old newspaper of her life?
Early tomorrow morning, the temperature will drop below freezing
And then this, too, will be locked up in the imagination,

The cup tipped over, its own half-moon,
A bowl of apples and shadows on the table, the image of
A window laid flat on the water's surface like a box for stars.

—VICKIE KARP

• •

should stay home and eat stew. Granger, of course, knew the real reason: she couldn't bear to be parted from Fanny and Remus, and finding a hotel that would take dogs was far too difficult, particularly since they wouldn't eat portable food, and they couldn't travel on a bus or a train, and car rental was impossibly expensive. . . . So Granger and Barbara sat by the fire among the bones, and drank Rocky's wine and played Rocky's recordings of "My Fair Lady" and "The Sound of Music," the sleeping dogs' eyes always alert, a growl rumbling in Fanny's great chest every time Granger took their mistress in his arms; and every Friday and Saturday night they made love in bedlam, and Granger slept contentedly on the floor among fossilized turds and old rubber toys.



"Couldn't you at least take out 'Frankly, none of our problems lend themselves to solutions'?"

Granger knew that change must come, and believed it would be something to do with Rocky, and tried to prepare himself. But he couldn't imagine Rocky's actual presence, though Barbara talked of him a great deal. Nor, at this time, could he imagine life without Rocky—living alone, as it were, with Barbara and the dogs, the enormous practical problems that might arise.

"Does Rocky like Fanny and Remus?"

"They like him."

"Do they sleep with you when Rocky's home?"

"Sometimes."

"Are you in love with Rocky?"

"For Pete's sake!" she barked. "It's nothing to do with you! Sometimes you're too much, Granger, really you are!"

Her bitterness, so seldom relieved by a smile, had no effect on him at all. He continued to woo her, to bask in the soft inflection of her voice when she talked to Remus, to tremble when she put her arms round Fanny, stroking with her cheek, mumbling nonsense against the creature's quivering nose. He was not so much reliving his childhood as understanding it, triumphantly, for the first time.

The change started one Friday evening, when it seemed at last to be spring. She was blowing her nose on a large mauve tissue as she opened the front door for him. Her eyes were full of tears, her face more sallow than usual. He had heard, the moment he put his foot on the doorstep, that the dogs were all right. Rocky dead, then? Returning? He was frightened.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing." She knelt on the floor, leaning her head on Fanny's shoulder.

"You've been crying." He was shrill with uncertainty. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. A book, that's all." She read a great many paperbacks, since she couldn't go to the library.

"A book? What book?"

She sat up and said defiantly, with something of her usual spirit, "It had a happy ending."

Granger gaped.

"You wouldn't understand. You don't understand anything. I always cry at happy endings." Recovered, she used this curious information as a challenge.

"Why?" Granger asked, not wanting to know.

She shrugged, got up, and went to the kitchen to do her chopping and snipping. Granger heard her blow her nose a couple of times. He sat staring at his boots, trying to work it out. Now he thought of it, he remembered that she had often been inexplicably silent at the end of movies on television—movies in which a quarrelling couple was reunited, a prodigal son returned home. The slightest indication, in fact, that human life was anything but difficult and cruel disarmed her; she was defenseless against any threat of happiness. Granger realized that if he ever made her cry it would mean that she loved him more than anyone or anything else. It was a very disturbing thought. He really wanted her to love him—didn't he? He really wanted to be kind to her and cherish her and watch her frightened heart grow and her shoulders become more amiable—didn't he? But not if it was going to make her cry.

She was quiet that evening. She

even opened a can of Chicken Supreme, though Granger was relieved to see that she gave most of hers to Fanny. When they went to bed she must have willed some extraordinary command, for the dogs curled up on the floor without a sound. Granger said he felt very tired, and slept badly.

The next day, Saturday, she seemed her normal self again. All morning she hacked at the ivy in the garden, apologizing to it as she did so. At noon, Granger, afraid of appearing too considerate, made himself a bacon sandwich. They set off for the Park. Barbara still wore the parka, but without the hood. With her hair blowing about she looked different: younger, less martial. Her cheeks were a little flushed, and, for at least four blocks, she held Granger's arm. He was uneasy.

Once in the Park, with the dogs unleashed, it seemed all right. Barbara hated the Park over weekends—other people stamping all over her territory, getting in the way. This Saturday, as usual, she strode along in extreme fury, avoiding the paths, mountaineering, and cutting through undergrowth whenever possible. The dogs trotted in front and Granger plodded along behind, addressing his questions to her angry back.

"What was the book about?"

"What book?"

"The one with the happy ending."

"Nothing. It was stupid."

"Did it make you think of you and Rocky?"

"What do you care?"

"Do you want Rocky to come back?"

"I don't know!" She wheeled round on top of the rock Granger was trying to climb. "Yes! No! What do you *want* me to say? Why don't you stop *pestering* me?"

"I love you." He blurted it out, dismayed, for the first time.

There was a moment's silence while they stared at each other, he up, she down. Even the dogs seemed frozen. Then Barbara burst into tears. The dogs didn't know what to do. They looked at Granger. Barbara stood alone on top of the rock, her hands over her face, weeping. Granger, in slow motion, hauled himself upward.

She threw herself against him, whimpering "Granger, oh Granger," nuzzling into his jacket, soaking and smearing it with all her grief. He held her, but his arms were feeble. He could feel nonentity seeping through him until it filled his boots. He was a scarecrow. He stared over her head, his hair flapping.

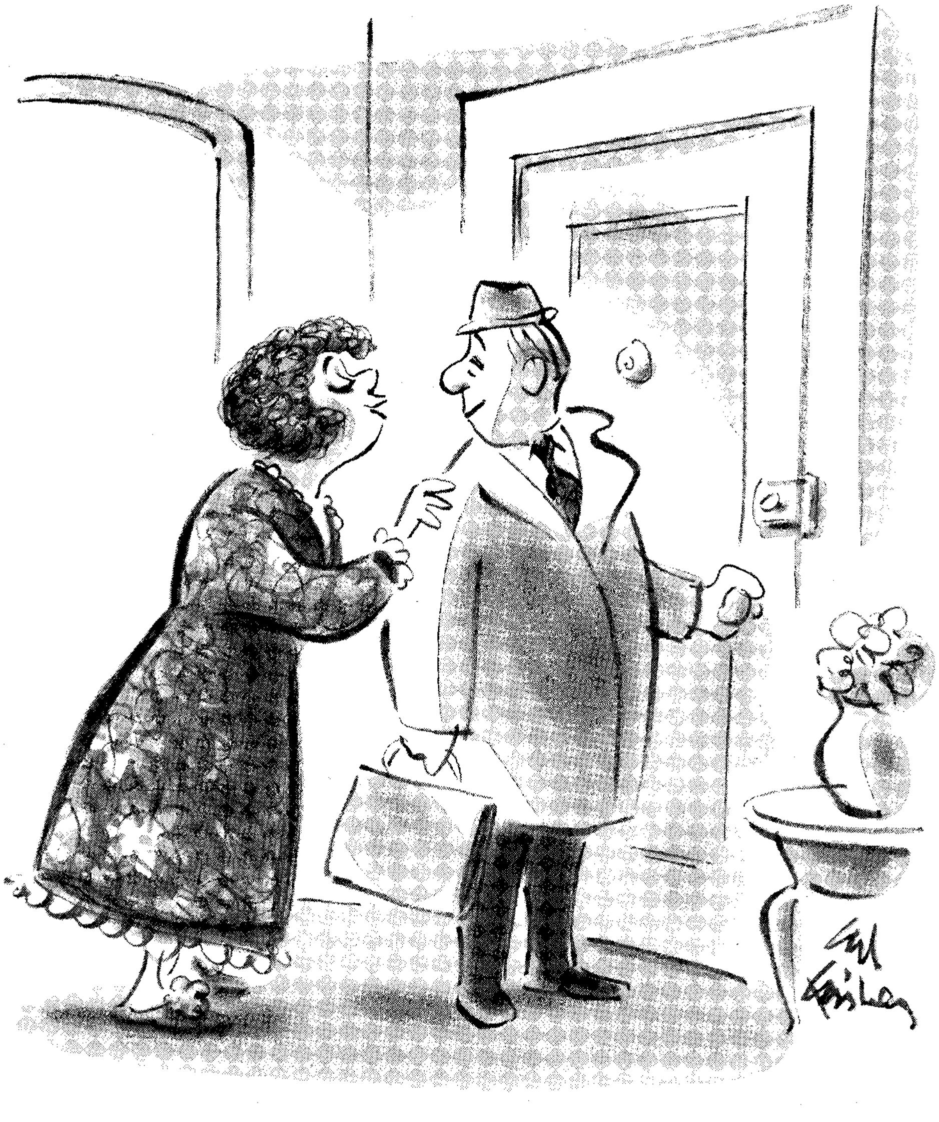
The dogs had begun their uproar. Barbara turned for a moment out of the nest of his jacket. "Shut up, you goddam dogs!" she yelled, then burrowed back. Granger appeared to be rocking her, but it was he who was unstable.

"NEVER mind, dear," the hospital nurse says briskly.

"It's hopeless," Granger mumbles. "I wish I were dead."

"You poor boy," she says. "You are in a bad way."

He hasn't seen Barbara again. He spends his spare time alone, indoors. The picture of Fonda is still over the stove, but so covered in grease that it might be the picture of a parrot or a person. It is no comfort to him that at the age of thirty-five he is thought of (by those few people who think of him at all) as a good man, a kind man, absolutely reliable when it comes to taking immigrant orphans to the zoo or a bunch of delinquents to a matinée at Radio City. He is gentle holding old men's hands or visiting the wives of convicted murderers. He is full of sorrow, which gives him an air of understanding and tranquillity. When his mother dies, it is unnecessary for Granger to change the expression on his face or the melancholy in his heart, which is enough for a dozen dead mothers. —PENELOPE MORTIMER



"And you can tell your shrink you were very warm and loving all this week!"

•

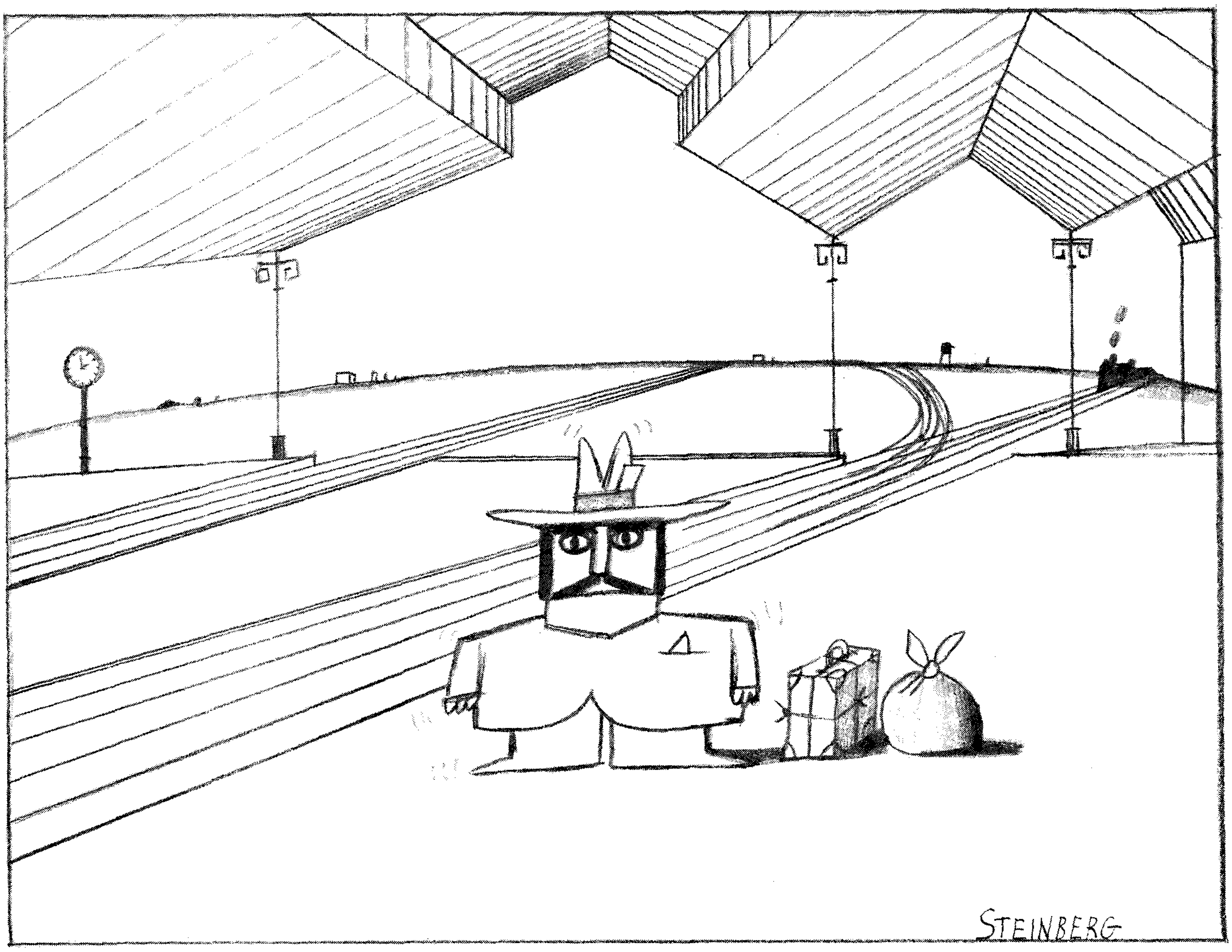
Announcement was made Tuesday by Corporal R. L. Johnson, of the Charles Town State Police detachment that a change has been made in the learner's permit issued to persons desiring to become qualified motor vehicle drivers. And Corp. Johnson said as a result of the new learner's permit applications, persons planning to take their driver examinations on Wednesday, Jan. 28, must report to the State Police Barracks and pick up the new applications which are yellow in color instead of pink.

Kissinger refuses to give up documents. —*Charles Town (W. Va.) Spirit of Jefferson Advocate.*

Book him, Corporal.

PROFILES

THE INVANDRARE



PREDRAG ILIĆ began to build his house in Yugoslavia eight years ago. Predrag was twenty-one then. He had already served his eighteen months in Marshal Tito's Army. He had a steady job loading trucks at the bottling factory just outside his village. And his bride, Darinka, was about to present him with their first child. Building a house was simply what was expected of him next. A house is an important matter for a Serbian villager. Predrag says that a man at home is nothing without his own house—the way he is nothing without a strong, healthy son and a few hectares in orchard for his plum brandy. This was true enough when Predrag's father built a house, but it was quite literally true when the time came for Predrag to build his, since by then nobody in Yugoslavia was permitted to own more than ten hectares, there were no jobs for well over a million of the country's twenty-two million people, and a house was often the only thing that a poor young man from a peasant village, without ties to the Party or any special education, had to show for himself. It rankled Predrag to be living with a pregnant wife in his father's old wooden farmhouse. Predrag—his name is changed here, and so are the names of all the other Yugoslavs—is a tiny man, barely five feet two, and, like many tiny men, he suffered his humiliations keenly, believing as he did that life rewarded taller men. He already had a long list of grievances. In the Army, in Croatia, he had lost the arm-wrestling championship of his barracks to a strapping blacksmith from Macedonia. Back home, he had lost his best girlfriend to a tall butcher from the market town. Now he was a married man—almost a father—without a house.

Predrag suffered enthusiastically, in the best Balkan tradition. He exhausted himself suffering, and when he was bored with that he exhausted himself manufacturing bravado. He took on outrageous drinking bets with old, seasoned village guzzlers. He greased his hair, buffed his chewed fingernails, dressed up in fancy city clothes. He preened himself and strutted around the village like an agitated bird while Darinka stayed at home, heating the family flatiron to press the ruffled pink shirts that he had ordered by the half dozen from a Belgrade catalogue. At night, he sat, conspicuous, in one of the village's three cafés and made mysterious jottings in a schoolboy's copybook, telling everyone who asked that he was hard at work on a set of complicated mathematical problems. He wanted his neighbors to know that he was somebody—a man of great gifts and bitter disappointments whom an unkind, unjust fate had squeezed into a life and a body that were too small for him. But his neighbors did not pay any serious attention to Predrag. The old men outdrank him every night and took his money, and the young men laughed at his nonsensical jot-

THE
HOLLYWOOD
CAFE

"Two Cagneys and a side of Garbo to go. Hold the Bogart."

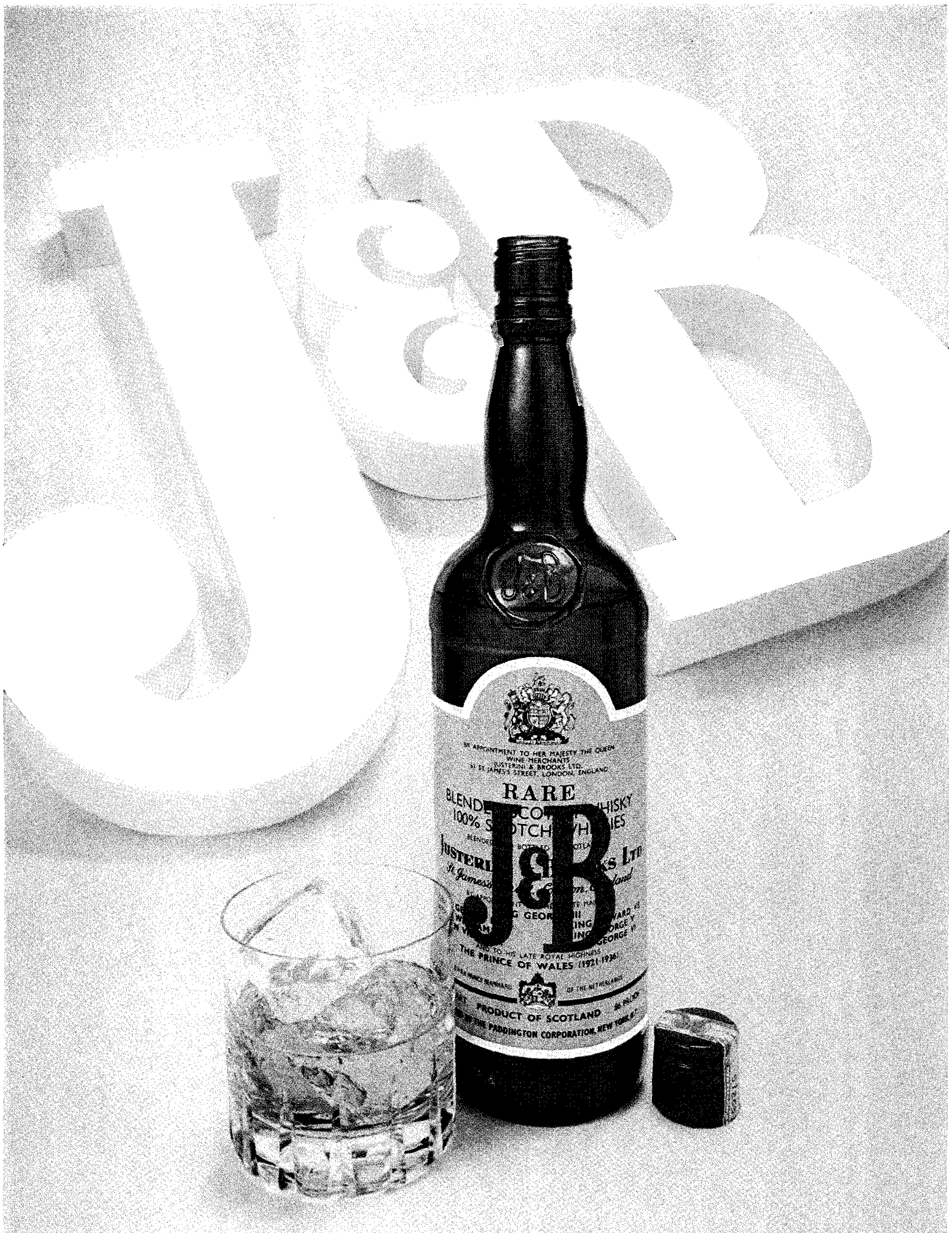
• •

tings. Predrag's copybook became the village joke.

Predrag planned his house as if he were plotting revenge. His house was going to compensate for every indignity that he had suffered. It would be a modern house, a villa, like the villa of the foreman at the bottling factory or of the market-town doctor. It would be built of fine cement from Belgrade—not of wood, like an old Serbian homestead—and it would have four big rooms, a modern kitchen, a bathroom with a flush toilet, and hot and cold running water. No one would be able to say that Predrag lived like a peasant, on wooden floors. His floors would be American linoleum. His cushions would be stuffed with fine foam rubber instead of common goose feathers. His rooms would be brightly lit by fluorescent light bulbs, warmed by electric heaters. Tall men would be humbled by the sight of the plastic hose in his kitchen garden. The wives of tall men would be old at twenty-five, bent and worn from carting water, but Predrag's wife would stay young and plump, sitting in her shiny kitchen, pushing the buttons on an imported washing machine.

Predrag does not live in the village anymore. He lives, with Darinka and their three children, in a Swedish factory town called Södertälje, on the Baltic, and he works on an assembly line at Saab-Scania, earning the money to complete his house. He has been in Sweden for nearly eight years now. There was no way in the end, he says, for him to stay at home and build a proper house—not with what amounted to a weekly wage of less than twenty dollars, not with the price of almost everything he needed for the house going up each year. And no other sort of house would satisfy Predrag. He had been born a peasant, to a peasant's life, but before he was out of grade school the world had intruded on that life, first with a paved road to the market town and then with a bus that made the long run to Belgrade every week, returning with glossy magazines and catalogues and all the propaganda of material progress—leaving the young men of the village ashamed of themselves, ashamed of their fathers, and desperate for the symbols of a worldly life. Some of them had already left for factory jobs in Western Europe at the time Predrag moved to Sweden, and were planning, like him, to save money for their own villas, figuring that once they had their villas they would somehow find a way to live at home. By now, so many have left—and so much building has begun—that the village has grown into a small town, a kind of Slavic Levittown, with the ghostly look of having been deserted in haste at various stages of construction. The new streets, unpaved and overgrown with weeds, are lined with the foundations and shells of the villas the young men dream about in the factories of Germany and Sweden, and they are virtually abandoned from summer to summer, which is when the men come home for a month to spend their year's savings on a new floor or a septic tank or tiles for a roof. The village thrives in summer. It is crowded with children rediscovering the southern sun, young couples showing off their foreign money, and a battalion of carpenters, plumbers, masons, and electricians from the market town. But in September the potlatch ends and there is no one left but old men and women caring for babies whose parents cannot afford to keep them abroad.

In August of a good year, Predrag comes home with ten thousand kronor. Augusts, he *is* somebody, a gentleman on holiday with his family, a gentleman with a wallet full of cash and a 1967 Peugeot. But in a month the money is gone, and he flees—with barely enough to pay for food and gas on the long drive north to Södertälje—before the confidence he has shored up over a month of spending is gone, too. He figures that he will be "commuting"—a word he learned in Sweden—for five more years before his villa is finished and he can consider coming home to stay. The work is slow, because even ten thousand kronor does not buy much in Yugoslavia anymore in the way of material or labor. And none of the artisans from the market town will work on credit; as soon as Predrag goes, they simply stop in the middle of whatever it is they are doing and wait till the next summer to take it up again. The walls of the house are up now, and there is a temporary roof, to protect it from winter storms that blow out of the mountain range behind the village. The sitting room has a floor of black-and-white linoleum, and Darinka has just moved her dowry furniture in, bought white nylon curtains, rimmed



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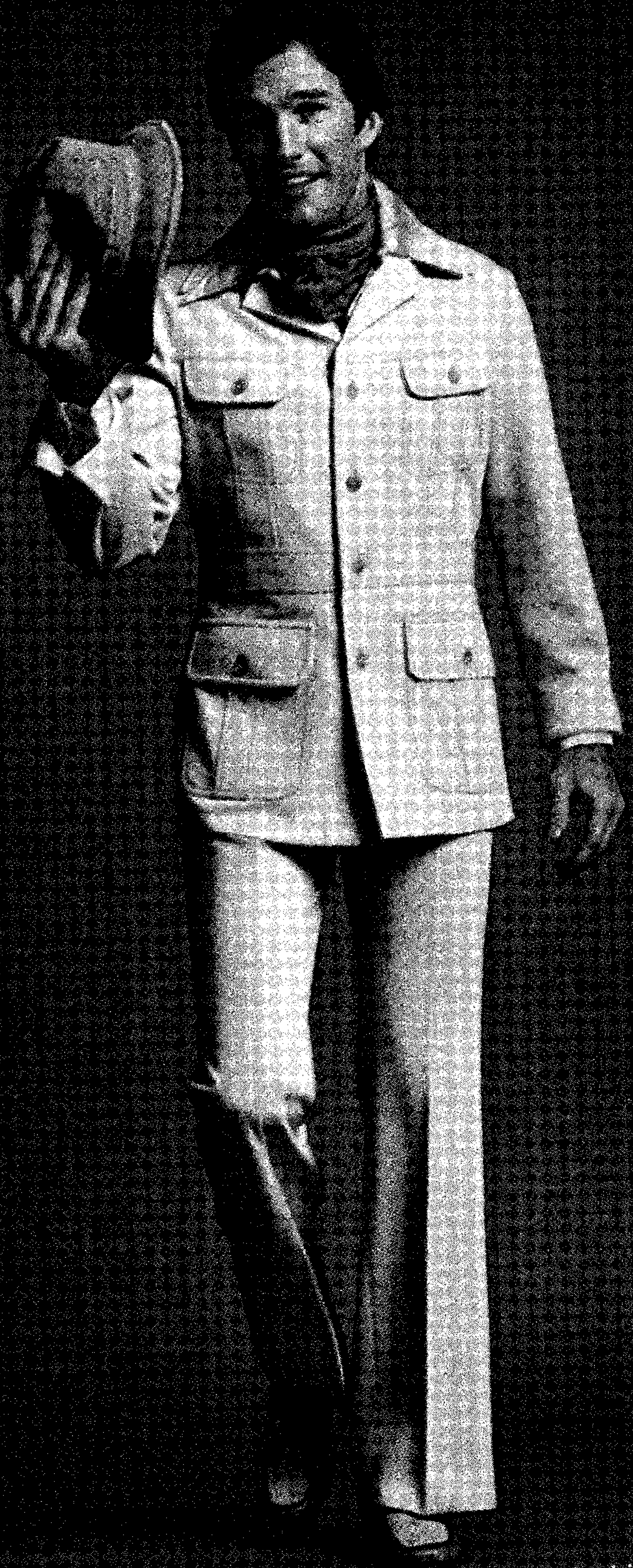

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with pink rosebuds, for the windows, and ordered straw mattresses, so that the family can sleep there when they come home on holiday this summer. But good linoleum costs so much in Yugoslavia that Predrag has not been able to lay the other floors, and he still must save several thousand kronor for electric wire and a plumbing system before any work can begin on the kitchen or the bathroom.

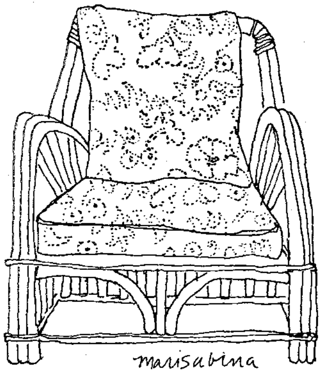
Winters in Södertälje, Predrag lives a kind of half-life. He says that in his mind he does not live there at all, that in his mind he is always home. He sits by the kitchen window in his little flat, listening to Serbian music on a secondhand shortwave radio, staring at snapshots in a family album that by now is entirely given over to the villa under construction, nibbling on chunks of Yugoslavian cheese and sausage that he buys, Saturdays, at the Haymarket in downtown Stockholm, drinking the slivovitz he smuggles into Sweden each September in carefully emptied beer bottles. He has grown testy and despondent in Södertälje, like the young man who in the space of a few months lost his arm-wrestling title and his favorite girl. He complains a lot that he is losing his best years in a cold, dark, unfriendly country. But he does not consider the possibility of going home to the country that in his winter memory is always warm, sunny, and abundant. Instead, he broods, dressed up in one of his old ruffled pink shirts, consoling himself from time to time with a new copybook for his imaginary mathematical problems. The fact that most of his neighbors in the enormous housing project that the Swedes, pleasantly, refer to as a *förort*—a suburb—are also foreign and homesick does not console him at all.

THERE are ten million foreign workers in industrial Western Europe. They come from abandoned farms in Portugal and Spain and the Mezzogiorno, peasant villages in Greece and Yugoslavia, tribes in the Maghreb, and remote settlements in Anatolia to work in the factories of the north, and together they represent the human matériel with which the great states of postwar Europe have industrialized. Together, in fact, they represent a new kind of European nation—a polyglot diaspora, a vast migrant proletariat, with no precedent in Western history since the days of the Roman Empire. One of every six workers in industrial Western Europe today is a foreigner—not an immigrant settling in a new country but an *homme déraciné*, as the French say, driven by poverty and dreams to hard, demoralizing work in a strange, hostile northern city, where he survives at a bewildering distance from the life around him, counting the years, and often the decades, until he can return home to the imagined glory of a completed house, a little shop or café that has been fully paid for, the respect of old neighbors who have stayed behind. He is a symbol, in a sense, for every Mediterranean village whose isolation has been shattered by a world of high technology and complex economics, a world that the village is powerless to reject and powerless to accommodate.

By now, the postwar immigration of labor to the north accounts for the greatest human uprooting that Europe has experienced since the great waves of emigration to America in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, and it has bound the north and the south in an intricate and desperate symbiosis. The new migrants are the labor by which northern industry survives and dominates—and they are, equally, the source of the foreign-exchange capital with which their own countries manage to survive the domination and the unemployment that domination has produced. At the peak of the emigration—it was two and a half years ago, just before the first winter of the oil crisis—nineteen per cent of Switzerland's workers were in fact Italians who spent their salaries in Italy. In France, a million Portuguese workers in the factories of Paris and Clermont-Ferrand were sending home twenty-two billion escudos a year, making cheap labor Portugal's most profitable export product. Nearly a million Algerians supported their families in the *bled* on French salaries and pensions, sustaining a domestic economy that might have collapsed without them. West Germany, with more than two and a half million foreign workers, supported three-quarters of a million Yugoslavs—which meant that up to fifteen per cent of Yugoslavia's labor force went to work each morning in West Germany. The benefits were ambiguous for both sides. On the one hand, an unlimited supply of

"That's good old Ralph for you. Even when he's with the girl he loves, he loves the girl he's near."

cheap industrial labor had guaranteed the flashy, shaky successes of Western Europe's postwar growth economies; but the growth spiral was already inflationary by the nineteen-sixties, and by the nineteen-seventies, with an oil crisis and a world recession blocking export outlets, most of industrial Western Europe was in a state of overdevelopment that it could no longer support. On the other hand, twenty-five years of constant emigration had done a lot to keep the countries of the south underdeveloped. The emigration had a placebo effect on fundamental social and economic problems, offering temporary solutions to unemployment and encouraging illusions of domestic wealth, based on returning salaries that were most often invested unproductively, as the economists say—invested, that is, in houses, cars, and small cafés and garages; in land held for investment and left fallow; and, especially, in goods and materials imported from abroad. It has subverted what was once at least a functioning agriculture, draining the southern countryside of young men until there are now vast farm areas in the south with virtually no farmers. And it has kept the governments of the south from having to make decisions about their own development—decisions already complicated by the fact that businesses and governments in Western Europe had little reason to risk investment capital in politically unpredictable southern countries when they could profitably employ the best workers from those countries at home.



Now, with Europe in trouble, the migrant workers are the first to suffer. The thousands who have been laid off since the recession started are returning to countries that are unable to reabsorb them. The millions who have stayed abroad *are suddenly usurpers.* Ten years ago, they were welcome to jobs that no one else wanted; today they are the villains of the recession, feeding their families with money that by rights belongs to decent northern working men and women. Germany banned the importation of additional foreign labor in 1973, France in 1974. Countries like the Netherlands and Sweden enforced complicated laws and union agreements that read like progressive social legislation but accomplished the same thing. In 1974, the Swiss actually took a vote on expelling foreigners; more than a third of the voters came out in favor of a deportation plan. With jobs scarce, money tight, and all the tensions of recession high, a backlash that for years went officially unacknowledged is now respectable, in the name of Western Europe's new "crisis economics."

Every country has a name for its foreign workers, and usually treats them accordingly. The French, calling them *les déracinés*, keep them underpaid and literally uprooted, in huge, desolate communities of squatters in the slums of Paris or in the filthy *bidonvilles* that ring their big industrial cities, looking curiously like sets for a French protest film about workers' conditions in Rio or Casablanca. The Germans call their foreign workers *Gastarbeiter*—guest workers—and as workers they are paid well to perform well but as guests they are discouraged from making themselves at home in Germany and are urged, instead, to take up a sterile, temporary sort of bachelor housekeeping in corporate dormitories built to keep them efficiently close to their factories and effectively removed from Germany itself. The Swedes, however, call them *invandrare*, which means simply "immigrants" and is used in a welcoming way for everyone who comes to settle in the country. They pay their foreign workers handsomely, house them comfortably, encourage them to bring their families, educate their children, study them with the earnest curiosity of anthropologists, chart their happiness with psychiatric concern, fight for their rights, and write endlessly about their problems. And this means that, for all practical purposes, Sweden is the most tolerable—and tolerant—place in Europe for a southern worker to live. There are only eight million people in Sweden, and more than four hundred thousand of those people are foreign workers and their families—half of them Finns, who can come and go without restriction because of a common-labor-market agreement among the Scandinavian countries. Until the recruitment of workers from the south was stopped, in 1972—ostensibly as part of a full-employment scheme to protect Swedish jobs and provide new ones for women and for elderly or disabled people—a work contract from a Swedish company was considered a plum by any southern laborer educated or informed enough to know one northern country from another.

Southern *invandrare* came to Sweden in such numbers—ten to twenty-five thousand of them a year in the late sixties and early seventies—that by the time immigration was restricted, southerners and Finns accounted for half the assembly-line workers in most of the country's heavy industries. They came because Sweden, more than any other country in the industrial West, is a workers' state—not a Socialist state (which is the myth about Sweden in America and most of Europe) but a stunning experiment in welfare-state capitalism. It is an experiment, really, in profitable collusion between a few powerful industrialists and the enormous federation of labor unions called Landsorganisationen, which dominates the country's institutions, to nurture the Swedish worker into a state of such extraordinary contentment and complacency that he becomes that perfect industrial servant—a man with no ambition beyond the working class. The Swedes seem to have achieved a society in which the highest good is a new Volvo and a color-television set. The country today is a triumph of materialism, and the Yugoslavs and Turks and Greeks who cross the continent to work there are dazzled and confused, at first, by the prosperity and the apparent decency of life around them. They find themselves in a kind of never-never land where curious notions of the social contract have replaced the old, easy etiquette of corruption by which so much of life proceeds in southern Europe. There are no workers' slums in Stockholm, no *bidonvilles*, none of the guilty tensions of exploitation. Most *invandrare* in Sweden work in clean, progressive factories, and they work, by law, for Swedish wages. Predrag takes home eighteen hundred kronor a month after taxes—about four hundred and ten dollars—which is more than five times what he used to make in Yugoslavia. When he is out sick, he automatically collects ninety per cent of that salary. When Darinka gives birth, she is guaranteed a paid postnatal leave from *her* factory of up to six months. The money is dispensed with obligatory cordiality. So is every service of Sweden's elaborate and bountiful welfare state. The sort of racist hatred that prompted *soi-disant* respectable Frenchmen to murder Algerian workers in Marseilles a few summers back would be unthinkable in Sweden. The open contempt of the Germans for their *Gastarbeiter* would not be tolerated. The Swedes are appalled at the thought that the Swiss could publicly debate

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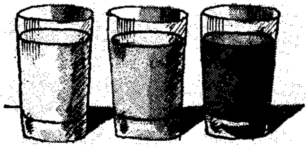
Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

The first fact of rum. Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

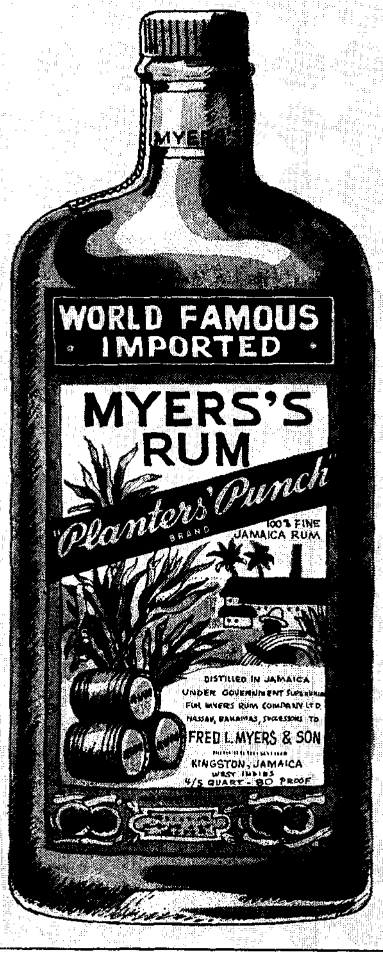


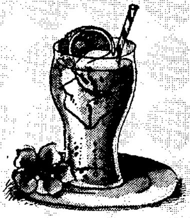
Another surprise. Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations. Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact. Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch: Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



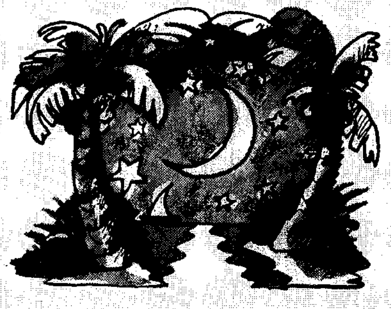


Myers's Rum and Cola: Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point. Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

Because if you like rum, it's time you discovered the pleasures that wait for you in the dark.



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"Oh, it's great here, all right, but I sort of feel uncomfortable in a place with no budget at ***all.****"*

expelling foreigners for the simple offense of being foreign. Swedes regard foreigners with a calmer, quieter disapproval. They simply treat foreignness as some sort of congenital indiscretion—as a kind of psychic social disease that by rights should embarrass anyone afflicted with it into lying low until the symptoms have disappeared. The *invandrare* in Sweden soon discover that they are isolated—and they sense that, somehow, their isolation goes deeper than the volatile, defensive separateness of foreign workers in, say, France and Germany. If those workers are "the niggers of Europe," which is how they have described themselves lately, then the Swedish *invandrare* are a little like the sad, nervous boys in a Strindberg book—well fed, well groomed, well cared for, but unacknowledged as fellow human beings until they have managed a reasonable approximation of grownup attitudes. The confusion the *invandrare* feel is deep and bitter, because they have so few practical complaints to corroborate their eerie sense of being in terrible error by being themselves. Predrag, for all his grudges, says that no one in Sweden treats him badly. The problem, he says, is that no one seems willing to admit that he is really there.

Sweden, of course, is a notoriously provincial country. It has no history of cultural multiplicity and no real tolerance for it, and the stolid conformity that confounds tourists who come expecting a nation of sexy girls and broody, philosophical drinking partners is really a reflection of the Swedes' profound uneasiness with difference. Sweden may produce its Strindbergs and its suicides, but the Swedes themselves seem to regard genius and madness alike as object lessons in the lamentable inability of some people to suppress their eccentricities and become cheerfully, comfortably, the same as everybody else. Most Swedes, in fact, protectionist for centuries and secure by now in a benign but stultifying xenophobia, seem to regard foreignness itself as something insulting. Over the past forty years, they have adopted the most liberal and humane refugee policies in Europe. But those policies, drafted in the name of a new social-democratic ideology, were based in large part on their conviction that the Swedish character and Swedish values, being the proper character and the proper values, would instantly convert any foreigner—and that in admitting foreigners they were really adding to their sparse population hundreds of thousands of potential Swedes. They had none of the Americans' hard, practical dread of immigrants, nurtured by long and chaotic experience with melting-pot culture. And they had none of the cynicism about immigrants that a history of colonialism in Africa and Asia had developed in people like the French. The Swedes' only serious colonial adventure in a millennium was a seven-hundred-year occupation of Finland, right next door. They were certainly not prepared for what they got when they began recruiting *invandrare* from the Mediterranean, and what they got they found unacceptable. They are uncomfortable with their new prejudice, which they suspect contradicts their image of themselves as flawlessly egalitarian, and so for the most part they do not express it. They simply defend themselves against the presence of so many stubbornly foreign foreigners with a kindly but invincible disregard.

Even the landscape seems reluctant to admit that there are southern Europeans in Sweden. The modern workers' suburbs, full of *invandrare*, that ring the big cities like Stockholm, Gothenburg, and Malmö and the industrial towns like Södertälje are a bland but effective camouflage on lives and customs that most Swedes find at best grotesque and at worst savage. There are no quarters of Stockholm that would announce to a visitor that Greeks, say, or Yugoslavs lived there—not even the few small neighborhoods where nearly everyone by now *is* a Greek or a Yugoslav. In fact, the only exotic place in Stockholm is a vast, white-tiled subterranean market, underneath the old haymarket—Hötorgshallen—most of which has been gradually taken over by Greek, Turkish, Italian, and Yugoslavian concessionaires hawking native food. All the *invandrare* within a couple of hours' drive of Stockholm show up there Saturday mornings and spend more money than they intend to on expensive imported olives, cheese, and sausages—simply because Hötorgshallen is a bustling, odoriferous place with the sort of cheerful chaos that reminds them of the weekly markets at home. There is not much else in Sweden to remind them of home. Walking through the streets of a Swedish city, they have the furtive presence of a people in mufti—clumsy, embarrassed shadows in a world where rage is con-

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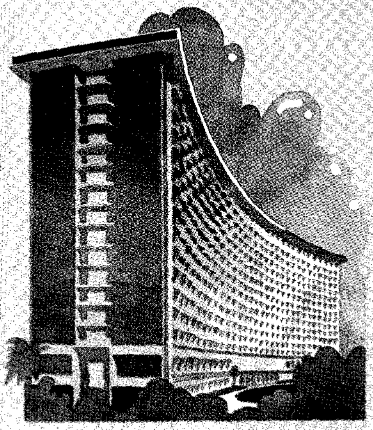

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We're spending $8 million to restore the glory of The Plaza for you.

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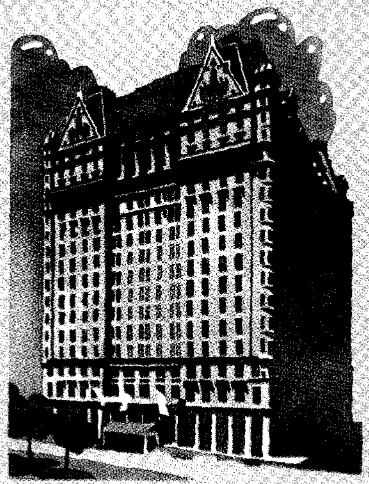
Fifth Avenue at 59th Street overlooking Central Park. The Plaza *is* New York.



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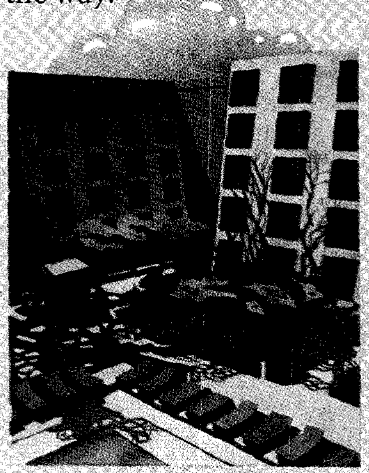
as low as $34.40*

Camino Real. On seven and a half spacious acres, the only complete resort hotel in the center of Mexico City.

Four swimming pools. Two rooftop tennis courts. Ten exciting restaurants and night spots. Complete meeting facilities.

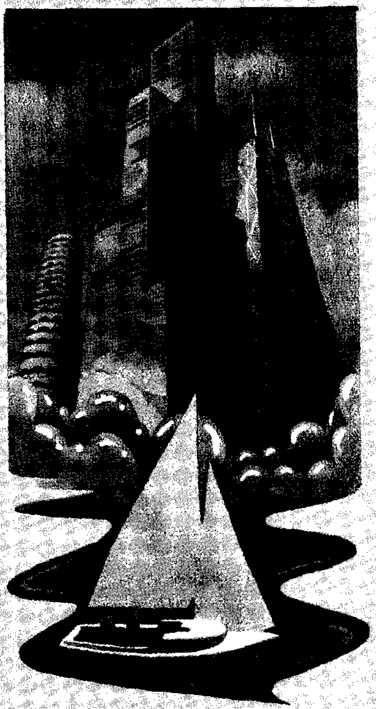
Chapultepec Park with its famous National Museum of Anthropology is just across the way.



Great destinations.

**Price based on single occupancy, per night. Subject to applicable taxes.*

CHICAGO



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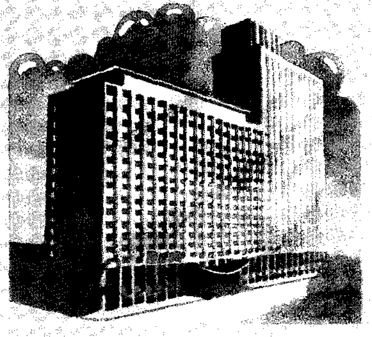

ATLANTA

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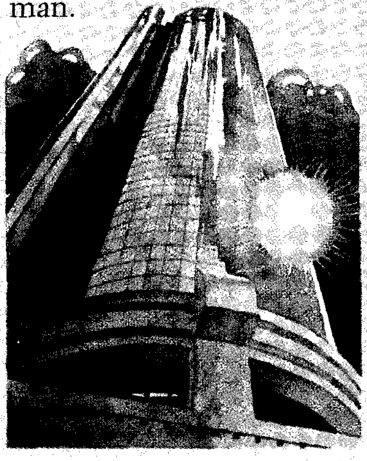
World's tallest hotel. 1,100 guest rooms. 39 meeting rooms and a grand ballroom for 2,540. Pool. Health club. Shops. Even a half-acre lake in the lobby and a revolving restaurant up top.

A super hotel in the heart of Peachtree Center. Designed by architect John Portman.



THE WORLD

UNITED STATES	
Anchorage	Anchorage-Westward
Atlanta	Peachtree Plaza
Chicago	Continental Plaza
Costa Mesa, Southern Cal.	South Coast Plaza
Denver	Cosmopolitan
Detroit	Detroit Plaza (Feb. 1977)
Detroit (Southfield)	Michigan Inn
Honolulu	Ilikai
Houston	Houston Oaks
Kansas City, MO	Crown Center
Los Angeles	Century Plaza, Los Angeles Bonaventure (Jan. 1977)
New York	The Plaza
Pittsburgh	Carlton House
Portland, OR	Benson
San Francisco	Miyako, St. Francis
Seattle	Olympic, Washington Plaza, Space Needle Restaurant
Washington, D.C.	Mayflower
AUSTRALIA	
Sydney	(Affiliated) Wentworth
CANADA	
Calgary	Calgary Inn
Edmonton	Edmonton Plaza
Montreal	Bonaventure
Toronto	Hotel Toronto
Vancouver	Bayshore Inn
Winnipeg	Winnipeg Inn
DENMARK	
Copenhagen	Hotel Scandinavia
EL SALVADOR	
San Salvador	Camino Real
GUATEMALA	
Antigua	Hotel Antigua
Guatemala City	Camino Real
HONG KONG	
Kowloon	Miramar
JAPAN	
Kyoto	Miyako
Tokyo	Takanawa Prince, Tokyo Prince
MEXICO	
Cancun	Camino Real
Guadalajara	Camino Real
Mazatlan	Camino Real
Mexico City	Alameda, Camino Real
Puerto Vallarta	Camino Real
Saltillo	Camino Real
Tampico	Camino Real
NORWAY	
Oslo	Hotel Scandinavia
PHILIPPINES	
Manila	Philippine Plaza (Sept. 1976)
SINGAPORE	Shangri-La
SOUTH AFRICA	
Johannesburg	Carlton
THAILAND	
Bangkok	Dusit Thani

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You're about to order your usual drink, but you feel like having something a bit lighter. So you order Campari & Soda instead.

After a century of popularity in Europe, Campari & Soda is now being discovered in America. It's the perfect light drink before lunch or dinner. And a satisfying thirst-quencher in the afternoon or evening.

That unique, tongue-tingling flavor of Campari is a refreshing change from the drink you order out of habit. Before long, you may even find yourself getting into a new habit: having Campari instead.

ITALY
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Aperitivo
Schweppes
Schweppes
Club Soda

Campari & Soda...Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Add 4 ounces of **Schweppes Club Soda.** Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime to taste, if desired.

CAMPARI & SODA.

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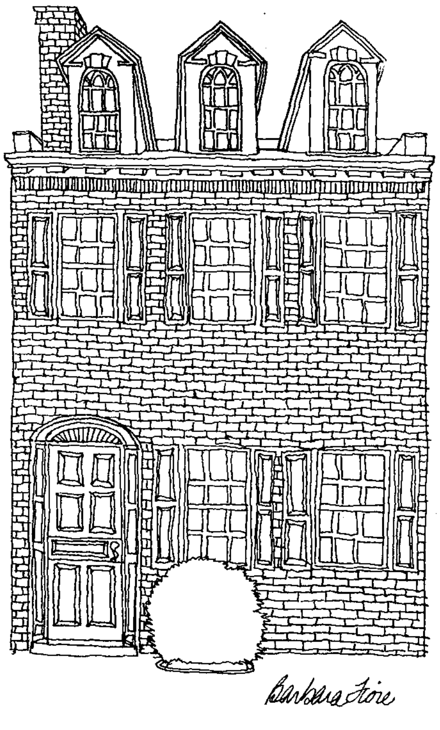
fined to the closet or the sanatorium, where drunks are solitary, intimacies are meticulously ordered, and people live by an etiquette of absolute discretion.

It is not really surprising that the Swedes—even the Swedish workers, only a generation or two from their own peasant villages—are so alarmed by these Turkish tribesmen, Serbian peasants, Neapolitan and Sicilian slum children. The *invandrare*, to them, are rowdy, vulgar people, shamelessly devious, unnaturally hostile—and almost everything else a decent Swede is not. More often than not, they are also the perpetrators of a prickly, easily brutal machismo that is exaggerated by life in a country where machismo has no prerogative. Ten years ago in Sweden local jurors, elected by their town councils, used to meet a couple of times a month and rarely heard a charge more ominous than "loitering" or "public nuisance." Today, these jurors meet daily, with a full complement of interpreters, and are trying cases that involve ugly street fights, armed robberies, rape, wife-beating, and child abuse. The *invandrare*, by refusing to become Swedish when they crossed the border, have carried the violence of poverty into a country where there has always been more suicide than homicide—a country where neighbors are apt to call the police when a parent spanks a naughty child.

A THOUSAND years ago, the Vikings established Södertälje to protect themselves from foreigners. It stood on a narrow, barely navigable channel that linked a finger of the Baltic to the great Lake Mälaren, where the Vikings had their island capital of Birka, and they made it their habit to keep a few warriors posted at the channel, guarding the entrance to their territory and to their ships, anchored in the lake. Eventually, they built a garrison, then a small settlement. By the thirteenth century—Birka had long since been abandoned—Södertälje was a village of a few hundred merchants, artisans, fishermen, and farmers, and it was curiously well known throughout the country—being by then a kind of ecclesiastical depot, supplying goods to the clergymen who used to meet there, arriving by boat from the Baltic coast towns and from the thriving new town of Stockholm and the old bishops' townships that had been established on the lake. It stayed small for the next seven centuries. Sweden, emerging from the Ice Age fourteen thousand years ago, was slowly rising, and the Södertälje channel, rising with it, had been impassable since Viking days. Once, in the fifteenth century, work on a canal was started and abandoned. No one had the courage to try again until some merchants and noblemen got together in 1806, hired engineers, and sold stock to finance the construction. The new canal opened Lake Mälaren to the big boats that sailed the Baltic archipelago, and then to steamships, and it turned Södertälje into an important town. A rich new bourgeoisie from Stockholm, aping the German burghers, with their Baden-Baden and their Karlsbad, decided that the water in Södertälje, drained from a hill above the town called Torekällberget—Thor's Spring Mountain—was perfect for curing the rheumatic aches and the postnasal drips of the cold, wet Stockholm winters, and so they took up Södertälje. They came summers, by paddle steamer or on the new railroad, which passed through Södertälje on its way to Gothenburg. They built elaborate villas on the banks of the canal. They kept little sailboats in the harbor for picnics on Lake Mälaren; sponsored band concerts and arranged marriages; danced in the restaurants of the new resort hotels. Workshops went up around the town to manufacture fancy bicycles and coaches for them. In 1891, a small company called Vabis started to make carriages for the railroad. Thirteen years later, a factory called Södertälje Verkstäder delighted the rich summer people with Södertälje's first automobile.

Fashions in resorts change, and with the First World War the rich abandoned Södertälje. But the factories stayed, and so did fifteen thousand people who had settled in Södertälje to work in them. Vabis acquired Scania, which was then a small bicycle company in Malmö, and in time Scania-Vabis merged with Saab to become Saab-Scania, Sweden's second-largest automotive company, and build the enormous plant where Predrag and some fifteen hundred other *invandrare* work now. The canal was deepened again, and its thick, beautiful wooden locks were replaced, to accommodate ships that carried steel, coal, and lumber to the region's factories. And the town spread across the canal and out past Torekällberget, in tidy rows of workers' cottages.



The new workers were in a sense Södertälje's first immigrants. They were the sons of farmers, regretfully abandoning a life and a land that could no longer support them, and over the next few decades they saw Sweden change from a country of farmers, ruled by a propertied élite—until 1921, Swedes voted in local elections in proportion to their wealth and property, forty votes to the richest, one to the poorest—into a social democracy carefully grooming for development. While most of Europe suffered one world war and mobilized for another, Sweden experimented with what the government called a "survival economy"—an economy based not on the expansion of industry for export markets but on a diversification of agriculture and essential industry comprehensive enough for the country to achieve and maintain a level of peacetime self-sufficiency that in wartime, with rationing and a proper sense of sacrifice, would become total. Sweden's stubborn neutrality depended on it. And so did the fact that in 1945, with the rest of Europe destitute, Sweden entered the world market with the greatest immediate export capacity on the Continent, its factories already producing a full repertoire of sophisticated consumer and industrial products, and its currency sufficiently undervalued to insure its export markets and at the same time discourage Swedes from importing anything themselves. By 1949, Sweden needed labor. More than a hundred thousand political refugees—Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, and Poles, mostly—had entered the country during the war and directly afterward, and most of them had gone to work in Swedish factories, but by the late forties even a steady stream of refugees could not keep pace with the country's development, and Sweden cautiously began looking for *invandrare*. Italians came first; then Finns, once the Scandinavian labor-market agree-

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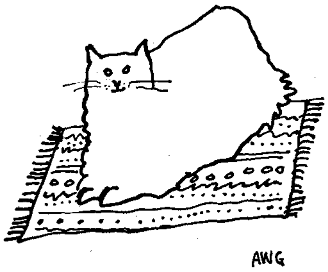
ments were ratified, in 1954. Greeks and Yugoslavs began arriving in the middle sixties, and finally, in the late sixties, Turks and Arabs and drifters from a dozen countries. Industries recruited foreign workers, and the government helped them, setting up labor centers in Greece, Turkey, Italy, and Yugoslavia. By the time the recruitment stopped, Sweden had industrialized so thoroughly and efficiently that it could export some fifty per cent of its factory products and still maintain its nearly total domestic self-sufficiency. And Södertälje had grown from a passé resort town of fifteen thousand people into a small industrial city with ten important factories and a population of eighty thousand people—ten thousand of whom were *invandrare* from over fifty-five countries.

THERE are forty-one thousand Yugoslavs in Sweden now. There are Yugoslavs unloading cargo on the docks at Malmö, a few miles across Öresund from Copenhagen; Yugoslavs slicing up trees in Lapland; and Yugoslavs working the assembly lines of every factory city in between. Six hundred of them live in Södertälje. Some, like Predrag, left jobs at home for better ones in Sweden. Most left because there was no work of any kind for them at home. They are all, to some extent, casualties of a single event in Yugoslavia's shaky postwar economic adventure—Tito's famous Economic Reform of 1965, which officially converted Yugoslavia from the federally subsidized planned economy of a rigid state Socialism into a Western-oriented market economy, with factories operating directly under workers' councils and responsible for their own survival in a free domestic and world market. The reforms were critical for Yugoslavia, which was going broke supporting padded employment in factories that could not begin to meet their costs, but the result was that those factories, suddenly on their own and forced to support themselves, stopped hiring. Soon they began to lay off workers and office employees, and in some cases—unable to compete profitably—to shut down. Tito, to ease the economic shock and generate some urgently needed capital, had no choice but to issue passports to workers and open the country's borders, which for all practical purposes had been closed to labor emigration since the war. Unlike Predrag—and unlike the *invandrare* from most other countries—the Yugoslavs who lost their jobs, or their prospects for jobs, and had to emigrate were often educated and experienced. At least a quarter of them had finished high school; some had been to universities and were professional people—plant managers and accountants and engineers. They knew Europe in a way that workers from the Mediterranean did not. They knew that German factories paid the best salaries in Europe, and so they went to Germany. They knew that Sweden, whose biggest recruitment drive had coincided with the reforms in Yugoslavia, offered them the best life, and so they went to Sweden, too. Most of them left home surprisingly cheerful, given the circumstances. They had confidence in the reforms that had put them out of work; confidence that they would be back in Yugoslavia within a few years. Even the government reassured them—their official status at home, on the record books, was "Yugoslav workers temporarily at work abroad."



Eleven years later, most of those Yugoslavs are still abroad, with no prospect of finding jobs at home and terrified of losing the ones they have. German factories laid off a hundred thousand Yugoslavs alone during the oil crisis of 1973-74. Sweden, having been considerably less greedy and more sensible about development, has been able to keep all its *invandrare* so far, but no one can say for sure what will happen to jobs there if there is another year of world recession. The Yugoslavs in Södertälje complain about staying. Few, though, are still under the illusion that they will be leaving soon—unless, of course, Sweden throws them out. They carry their savings home each summer. Yugoslav migrant workers still account for a billion dollars a year entering Yugoslavia, but the cost of living in Sweden is going up by twelve per cent annually, which means that they are saving less and less of what they make, and there is an inflation rate in Yugoslavia of anywhere from twenty-two to thirty-two per cent—depending on who is giving out the figures, and why—which means that what they do save buys less and less for them at home. They know by now that it is pointless to talk about "a year or two longer." They joke about the Finns, who come to Södertälje to work one season and still refuse to learn a word

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With so much else to compete with: Year after year, CBS programs won not only a plurality over rival broadcast offerings, but a landslide victory over all other leisure alternatives.

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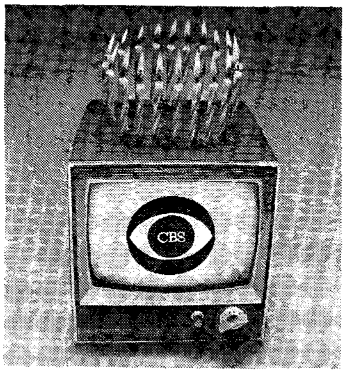

CBS TELEVISION NETWORK

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[1] Nielsen Television Index estimates indicate more households tuned to the average minute of CBS prime time (Monday-Sunday 7:30 pm-11:00 pm) programs than to any other network in each calendar year 1956-1975. Subject to qualifications available on request

[2] U.S. Census Bureau statistics

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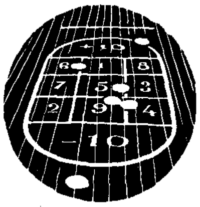
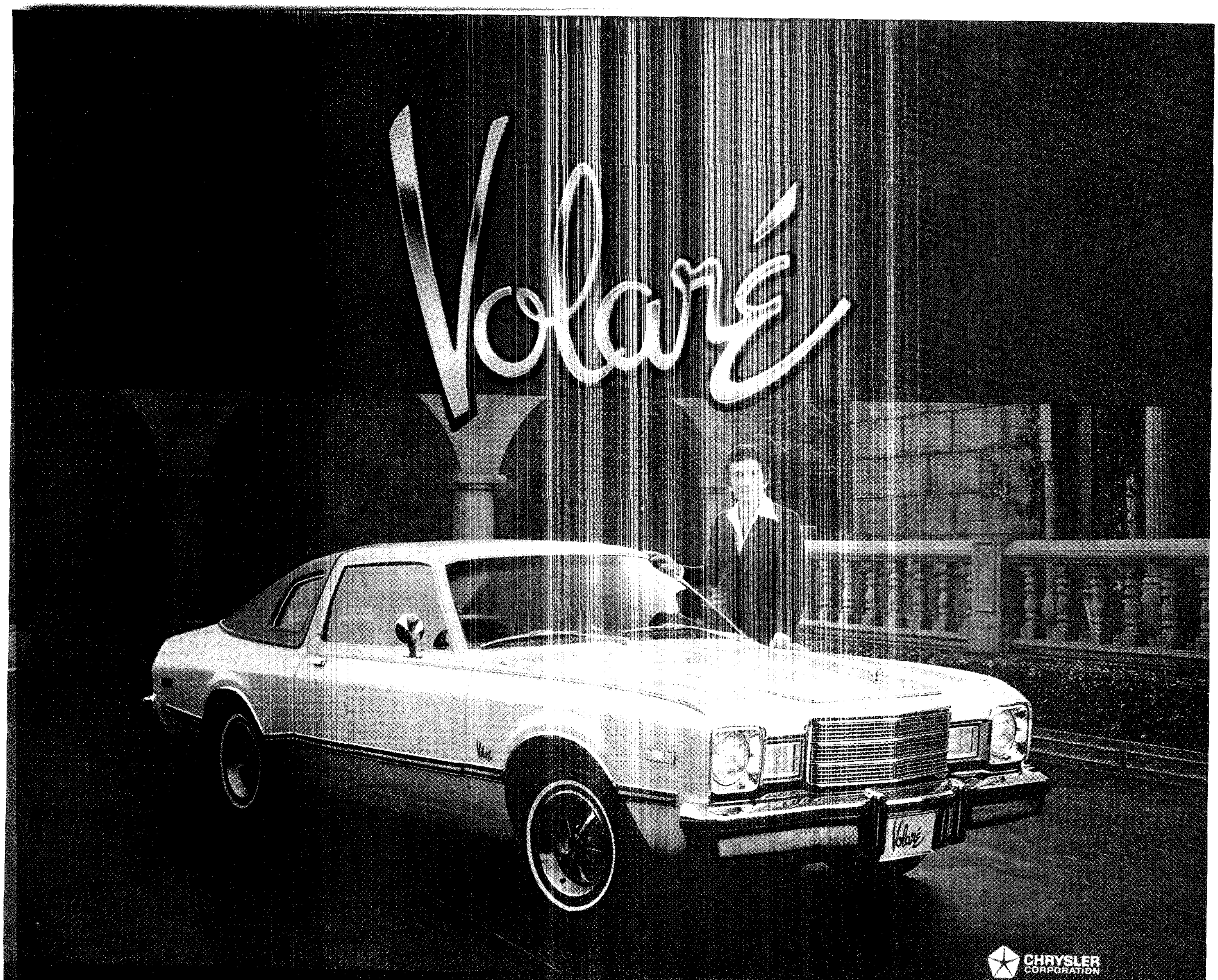
of Swedish after twenty years there because they remain convinced that they are going home tomorrow. Most Yugoslavs make a point of learning some Swedish, but, like the Finns, they have discovered that going home gets harder with every year they stay away. There are Yugoslav engineers who make four times the money on Swedish assembly lines that they made at home as practicing professionals. There are Bosnian and Serbian peasants, like Predrag, who have discovered color television and good cars and credit plans for suites of walnut furniture, and by now they are more committed to their dazzling new possessions than to the Communist experiment in Yugoslavia. When they talk now about going home, they mean going home to a life that meets their new Swedish standards. They have had to make the sacrifice of home, and they believe they would lose face in their villages if they returned without a good deal to show for it. This alone will keep most of them in Sweden long after their villas are completed or their foreign cars are paid for. And, never really knowing why, they will spend the better part of their working lives without roots, without community, and without importance.



THE center of Södertälje is a small shopping mall, closed to traffic and popularly called Gångatan, which means the Walking Street. It was built by the town council in 1969, against the protest of a lot of old Södertälje families, who wanted to see the early wooden buildings of the neighborhood restored for use rather than torn down, as some were, or moved up to Torekällberget, as the best were, into a kind of Swedish Sturbridge and opened to tourists and groups of schoolchildren. But the council and the local businessmen consulted city planners, and the planners said that a modern mall would be a public service—safe, sanitary, and convenient—and this was what the people of Södertälje got. A Södertälje housewife can park her car in the lot at one end of Gångatan; deposit her children in the Gångatan sandbox or on the Gångatan rocking horses; pick up a newspaper; take a chance on the lottery and buy tickets for the next football matches; do her marketing; hurry to the bank; compare prices at two department stores; order a hot dog at the sausage stand; and, if she has a minute, stop to eat it on a wooden bench next to a plant in a brightly painted tub. This is how most Södertälje people use Gångatan. The mall is busy at noon with shoppers, and again in the early evening, when work lets out and people drive over to pick up food for dinner. Saturday mornings, the Salvation Army band plays there, distributing temperance leaflets. Occasionally, local students set up tables and solicit contributions for Angola. But no Swede ever really stops to *enjoy* Gångatan. The Swedes are a private people, and it is not their style to use the middle of town for socializing.

They are scandalized when new *invandrare*, taking the mall for a kind of plaza, descend on Gångatan for strolling and gossiping and drinking and the kind of amiable loitering that goes on all the time in the middle of a southern village. The sight of an *invandrare* family all dressed up for a leisurely evening paseo on the mall seems to distress the Swedes nearly as much as the sight of a gang of tough young Greeks or Yugoslavs hanging around at night under the Gångatan street lamps, on the prowl for Swedish girls—and in their own way the Swedes let the *invandrare* know it. Lately, the stores on the mall have hired guards to keep their doorways clear and break up nighttime scuffles. The cafeteria in the department store called Domus, which is owned by the Stockholm branch of the country's consumer movement, has put up signs in six languages warning people who come to gossip over a cup of coffee that they are permitted the use of a table for only half an hour. The Södertälje *invandrare*. learn about Sweden by learning, trial and error, the rules of Gångatan. They learn that acceptable people are brisk and courteous, rarely playful, and never truculent. They learn to approve the old Swedish drunk lying quietly by the canal, and to decry the Finnish drunk who staggers down the street, shouting and singing and trying to fight with everyone. They learn that friends in Sweden are inherited, not sought; that pleasures are familial, not social. And they learn, finally, that until they have mastered these rules they belong at home in their workers' "suburbs"—an easy drive from Gångatan but much too far for an immigrant family on a Sunday outing or an after-dinner walk.

The suburbs are Sweden's New Towns. In theory, at least, they are the oldest New Towns in Europe, because the Swedes began to worry about things like urban sprawl long before



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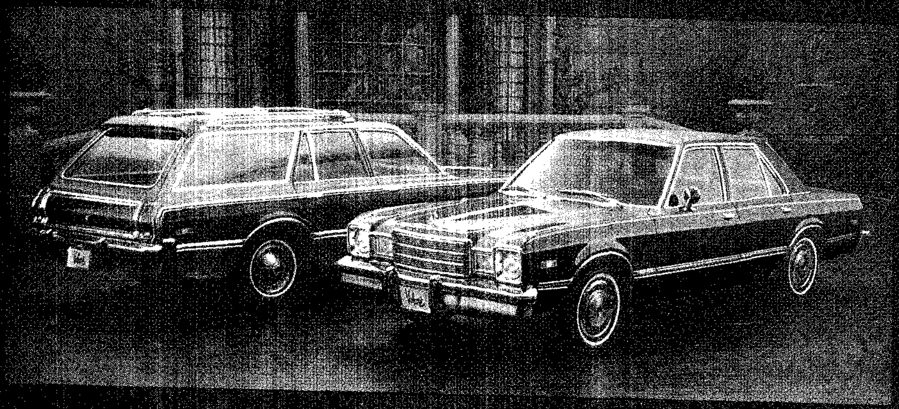

The Volaré is very easy on gas. According to E.P.A. estimated mileage results, of all Volarés, the wagon did best—30 mpg on the highway, 18 in the city—equipped with 6-cylinder engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and optional equipment.*

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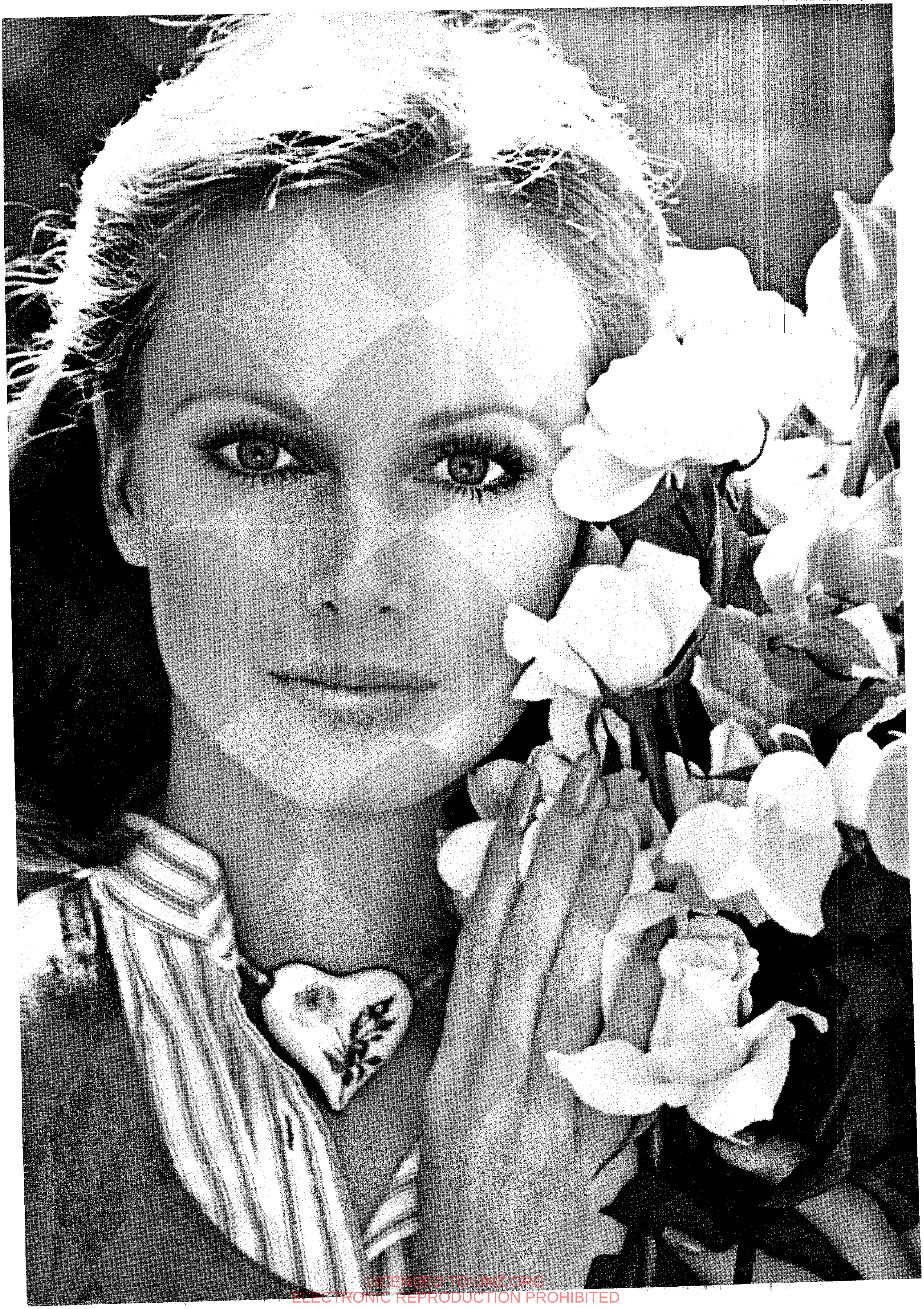
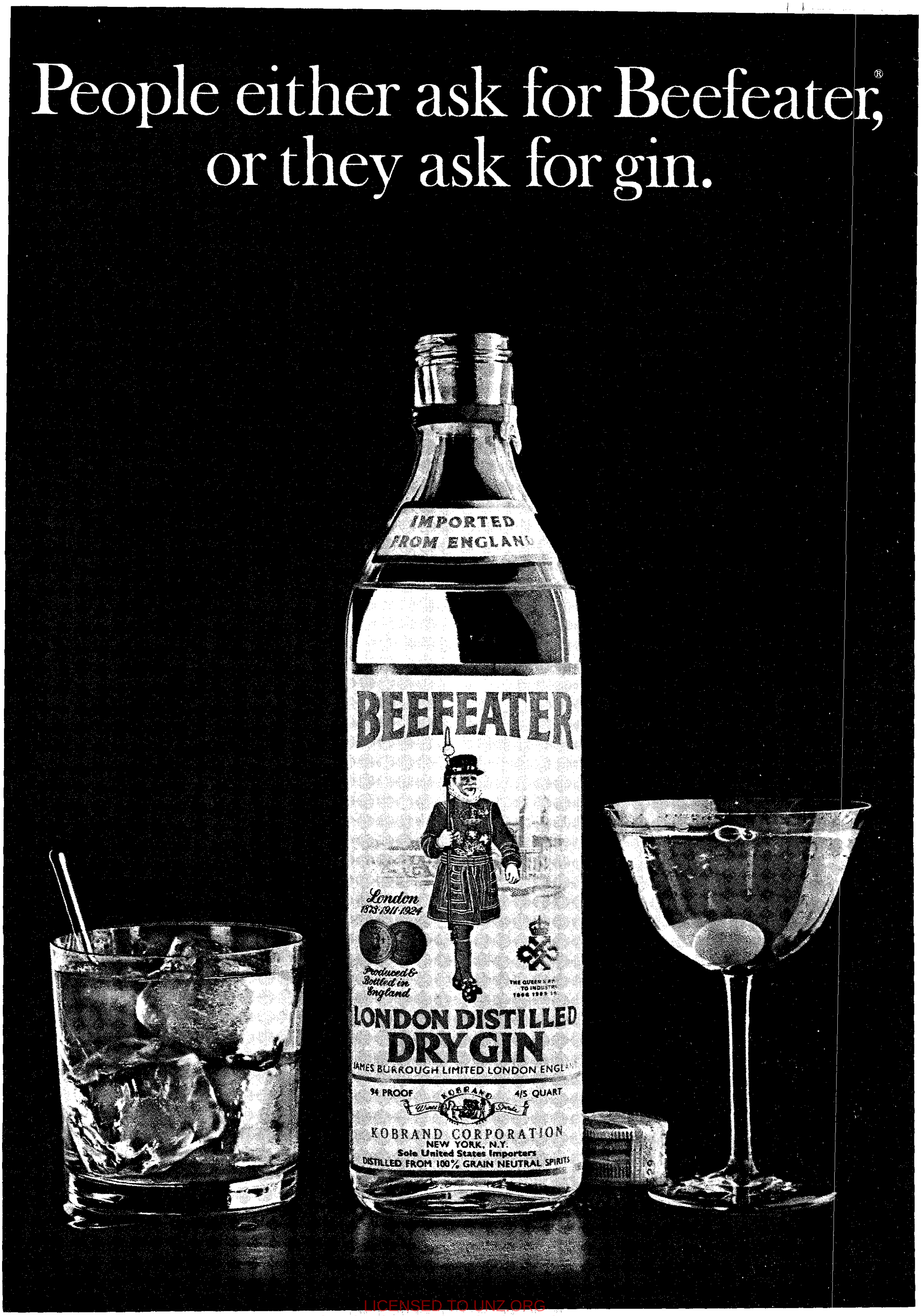
*In California, see your dealer for engine availability and mileage data for California equipped vehicles.

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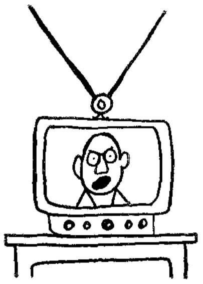
anybody else did. As far back as the eighteen-nineties, the city of Stockholm was buying up huge land parcels, miles beyond the bridges that describe the central city, with the intention of building on the new land when the time came and diverting rural emigrants to settle there. With the ascendancy of the Social Democrats, in 1932, the New Towns became part of Sweden's social ideology. Every city in the country, whatever its size or its population, wanted its own New Towns in the name of modern demographic thinking. And Stockholm was the model, because Swedes from the provinces are "second city" people and tend to venerate Stockholm the way Frenchmen do Paris, confusing imitation and envy. Actually, the postwar Stockholm suburbs, like Tensta and Skärholmen—Skärholmen alone holds thirty-four thousand people—were planners' dreams and human nightmares. They were vast concrete ghettos rising out of barren landscapes next to six-lane superhighways, isolated from the natural growth and rhythm of the city and, not surprisingly, never developing into true communities. They were places with nowhere to walk to, nowhere to go—places aggressively at odds with the sort of human scale that could have made them neighborhoods. And they fixed, physically, divisions of class and caste that belied the surface egalitarianism of the new Swedish state.



Södertälje has built seven of these suburbs since 1945—five of them since 1960, when the immigrants started to arrive in numbers. And half the people in the new Södertälje municipality, which gained twenty thousand extra citizens over the past few years through the consolidation of surrounding towns, live in them. *Invandrare* like Predrag, being the newest, poorest, and least passably Swedish people in town, inevitably end up in the newest, biggest, and least desirable of the suburbs, which usually means that they are the farthest from the center of Södertälje and the closest to the major factories. Predrag's suburb—call it Vikingabyn, which means Viking Village—houses six thousand people in a maze of indistinguishable buildings bounded by parking lots and numbered according to a logic that seems designed to discourage visitors. In fact, the visitors' sections of the lots are generally taken over by the Vikingabyn children, who come home from school in the afternoon before their parents have finished at the factories and wait outside, in little packs, shouting at each other in Finnish, Serbo-Croatian, Greek, and a dozen other languages, and, occasionally, playing together in Swedish. It is hard, though, to find a Swedish name on the directories that hang in the entries of each Vikingabyn building. The Swedish workers who do live there shun the foreigners, and they move as soon as they can to the older, more respectable, "Swedish" suburbs. Vikingabyn itself, despite its six thousand people and its prowling children and its shiny, cut-rate construction, has a curiously empty tone to it. People keep to themselves there, and when they do meet they are awkward, as if their common foreignness were something embarrassing. They connect by rumors. Rumor that the veiled Turkish woman with five children—the one who lives on the second floor of Predrag's entry—was so badly beaten by her husband for taking a walk around the parking lot that she had to spend a week in Södertälje Hospital. Rumor that the six Finnish families in the entry feed vodka to their children. Rumor about the politics of the Greeks on the fourth floor. Rumor concerning unspeakable home movies that the Italian brothers who work at Saab-Scania and share a flat on the ground floor order from a sex shop in downtown Stockholm. Rumor that one of the four Yugoslav workers in the building—Predrag among them—is paid by his embassy in Stockholm to report everything he hears or sees about the others.

The Yugoslavs themselves engage in a kind of nodding, outsiders' camaraderie when they meet in the elevator or the lot or the Vikingabyn supermarket, but, believing the rumors, they are not friends. There are obviously spies in Sweden watching Yugoslav workers—very likely not just agents from the embassy, whom everyone expects to find anyway, but conscript informers, workers who have had a problem with their passports or a run-in with police during their summer holidays and are let off in exchange for information, which usually turns out to be information about one another. When the Yugoslavs first came to Sweden, there was a kind of truce among them. No other *invandrare* were as odd and polyglot an assortment of people as the Yugoslavs, but they were sharing an exile, and for a while they were able to put aside the old divisions of class and nationality

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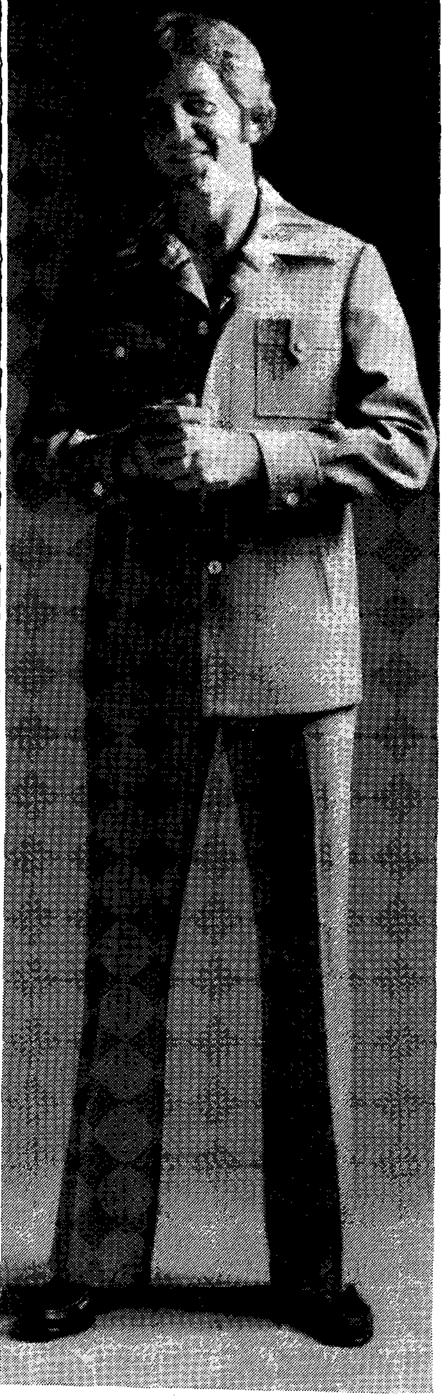

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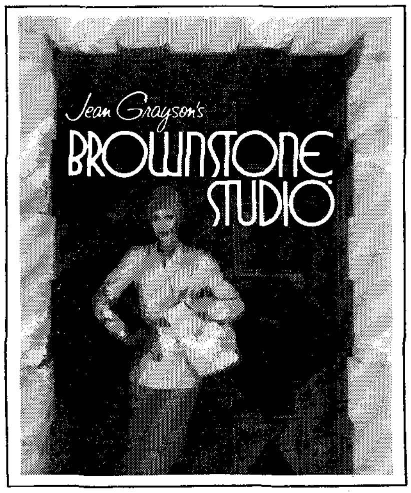

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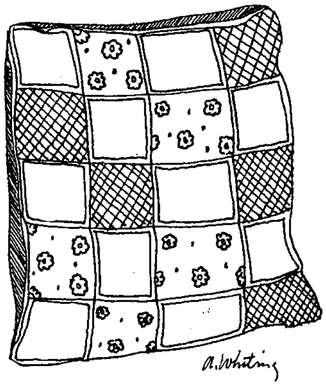
that plague Yugoslavs at home. They tried to get on with one another. They joined Yugoslav *klubbar* in the big cities. Slovene intellectuals who worked on assembly lines with Macedonian peasants invited the peasants home to dinner. Serbs and Croatians went to discothèques together to look for lonely Finnish girls. The truce was strained, though, by time and temperament, and it ended abruptly in 1971, when two Croatian nationalists—members of Ustaša, the party that ran an "autonomous" Croatian state for the Nazis during the Second World War, killed hundreds of thousands of other Yugoslavs, and operates now as a secret terrorist society—tortured and then murdered the Yugoslav ambassador to Sweden. A year and a half later, three Croatians hijacked an S.A.S. airliner, holding the passengers hostage at the Malmö airport until the assassins were released from their Swedish prisons and guaranteed safe conduct on the plane to Spain. The Swedes reacted with quiet horror. The Yugoslav government reacted by enlisting more informers. And the Yugoslav *invandrare* reacted by disclaiming one another. The situation was worst in Gothenburg and Malmö, where most of the Croatians in Sweden work, but even in Södertälje, where there are only a few Croatian families, the Yugoslavs are fearful and withdrawn now, and most of them would rather be lonely than do anything that might attract attention to themselves. They are suspicious of one another and nervous about Swedes, who they are certain will turn against them if there is more trouble, and they generally refuse to say a word about Yugoslav politics to anyone they have not known and trusted for twenty or thirty years at home.



Franc and Ema Mlinarič, who live on the third floor of Predrag's entry, drive Saturdays to the Slovene Club in Stockholm and have a fine time dancing and talking, but the only people they see in Södertälje are other Slovenians. They say they have nothing in common with most of the Yugoslavs in Vikingabyn anyway. They come from families that owned a lot of land once, and Ema is a violinist and Franc a statistician with a university degree. At home, ten years ago, Franc Mlinarič was a planning director for a large state factory, but he lost his job when he and Ema had a Catholic wedding—although they had made a point of using a church a hundred and fifty miles from anyone they knew. Two weeks later, the reforms started, and he had no choice but to look for work as a laborer abroad. Once, five years ago at Vikingabyn, the Mlinaričs invited Violeta and Nebojša Teodorović, from the first floor, up for a cup of coffee, but the Teodorovićs never returned the invitation. *They* come from Belgrade, and have a certain official status, Violeta being the lively, beautiful daughter of a martyred partisan. Nebojša himself is an electrician. He lost his job in 1965 and couldn't find another, but he and Violeta want to go home and enjoy life when their children finish Swedish high school, and they do not intend to jeopardize their future by associating with suspect Slovenians. That leaves the Blaževski couple—Vera and Meša—and nobody talks to them, because they are peasants from Macedonia, nearly illiterate, and so frightened and suspicious of everybody that they can barely bring themselves to go to the Vikingabyn supermarket. Besides, the Blaževskis are never at home except to sleep. They have left six children in Macedonia and are desperately saving for a little house. They work at a factory, packing cartons, from seven in the morning till four in the afternoon; drive for an hour into Stockholm; make the rounds of twenty-one offices there with a mop and a bucket and an old vacuum cleaner; and get back to Södertälje at midnight for a quick, meagre supper of bread and soup before they go to bed. The Blaževskis are Predrag's next-door neighbors, but Predrag himself has never said more than hello and goodbye to them. He says that they live like pigs and work like dogs and are precisely the sort of people who give Swedes the impression that Yugoslavs are animals. In fact, he suspects that Meša Blaževski is the famous informer of Vikingabyn rumor—just as the Blaževskis suspect that the informer is Predrag.

In moments of sullen humor, Predrag calls his entry Yugoslavia. He complains a lot about the Mlinaričs. He says that the Mlinaričs snub him, because they come from Slovenia and consider themselves Austrian by rights

Literacy, plain or visual

A very bright man of our acquaintance, a professor of physics and engineering who is making important technological contributions toward an unlimited supply of energy for the world, is a reader of *The New Yorker.* He finds the writing it publishes engrossing, superb, etc, but claims he could not read it but for the drawings and advertising illustrations that relieve its pages.

This is by way of bringing up the subject of "visual literacy," which often starts an argument. There are those who say it is a buzzword to support the peddling of audiovisual stuff to the schools. As it happens, we are a manufacturer of equipment and raw stock for audiovisuals. When visual images find uses, we can pay salaries and dividends. But visual images don't find uses just because we promote a buzzword. These uses have been developed by people whose only business is the education of the young.

Not so long ago as cultural history goes, one went to a palace or a church to see a vivid visual image. When the printed word became cheap, ordinary people learned to read words. The printed word became a model for expression in one's own words. Now we are in a time when the flood of visual imagery seems to wash away the accurate and sensitive use of words. For better or worse, one discovers now at a very tender age that images are easier to read than words.

Instead of deploring that fact, say the advocates of teaching visual literacy in the schools, let us use it to promote the articulate use of words. They propose to employ the creating, reading, and discussion of visual images for irrigation, not washout. Many classroom techniques toward that end are now available. Teachers can learn about them in detail by making interest known to J. L. Debes, Department 55Y, Kodak, Rochester, N.Y. 14650.

If you have read this far, you deserve compliments on your persistence. You are, we suspect, one of a small minority of readers of this magazine. Most people abandon an unillustrated bare stream of words like this. We don't blame them. There are too many other rewarding attractions for the eye and, through it, the mind.

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and Yugoslav only by accident, and he imagines that they regret the events that left them so embarrassingly and indissolubly associated with people like him. On the other hand, he says that the Blaževskis, being Macedonians, embarrass *him*. And he condemns the Teodorovićs, who are as Serbian as he is, but "city Serbian," as he puts it, for spending their last year's savings on a big new Volvo instead of putting it away for the flat they want to buy in Belgrade—a gesture that suggests to Predrag that they are insufficiently miserable away from home. Actually, Predrag is jealous about the new Volvo. He needs a big new Volvo like that, he says, to get to work on time. He needs it to transport Darinka and the three children home in summer. And eventually he will need it back in Yugoslavia, where a Volvo costs more money than he will ever have. He is not satisfied with his 1967 Peugeot, although it has taken him these past eight years in Sweden to work up to it. His first car in Sweden—which was his first car anywhere—was an old Saab that he got for a hundred kronor, patched together, and put toward a 1965 Ford. The Ford, plus a thousand kronor, got him a fairly serviceable secondhand Audi. And two thousand kronor and the Audi—along with a demolished Volkswagen he picked up at the site of a crash between Stockholm and Södertälje—went for the Peugeot he uses now. He has worked a lot on the Peugeot, and he tries to save for a trade-in on the new Volvo that will be as splendid as Nebojša Teodorović's car.

Predrag is Swedish enough by now to believe that the proper car will redeem his life in Södertälje, just as he is still Serbian enough to believe that the proper house will make a man of him at home. Mornings, from his kitchen window, he scans the parking lots of Vikingabyn and draws his conclusions about his status as a 1967 Peugeot person among six thousand neighbors whom he does not know. The conclusions depress him all day. He spends a good deal of time at the window lately—thanks to a Swedish doctor, who for a small consideration writes gloomy health reports for foreign workers, he has been on official sick leave from Saab-Scania for the past three months. When Predrag first decided to get sick, there was nothing the matter with him except a bad hangover from some smuggled slivovitz. He was cheerful enough then. He tinkered with his car at a local filling station that rents out space and heavy repair equipment for a few kronor an hour, and he even took on some jobs for neighbors who had seen him there. He likes working on engines, having learned something about them in the Yugoslav Army. In fact, when he first came to Sweden, to work in a factory assembling telephone components, he bragged so much about his skill with engines that his foreman finally took him off the line and put him to work in the yard with the company trucks. But a little experience made Predrag touchy. He brought his copybook to work and filled it with strange diagrams. He started referring to himself as a "mechanical engineer," refused to take advice from the factory's mechanics, and managed to damage two expensive trucks trying to find the sparkplugs—whereupon he lost his job. Having practiced since then on so many of his own cars, Predrag is getting a modicum of competence. His neighbors kept him busy during the first month of his "illness"—which dates from the morning after the people at Saab-Scania refused his request for a long extension on next summer's holiday—and were apparently satisfied. But then he ruined the brakes on a Volkswagen owned by an American draft resister who lives in Södertälje and works at a local mill, and though Predrag blamed the car for the trouble—a cheap hippie car, he calls it—his mechanic's business fell off sharply. The end came when a group of teen-age boys looking for some distraction from the tedium of Vikingabyn broke into the trunk of Predrag's car and made off with all his tools.

By now, Predrag has actually made himself sick brooding. But by now, too, his doctor is under investigation by the health services and is reluctant to continue certifying Predrag's stomach trouble, and Predrag knows that it is time to work again. He is trying to talk his way into a job at the filling station—a mechanical engineer's job. He does not want to go back to Saab-Scania, where, he says, his talents are unrecognized. He hates working on an assembly line—the Swedes call it tempo work—and he especially hates working with other immigrants, most of all with other Yugoslavs. He wants to work with Swedes now. He doesn't like Swedes—according to Predrag, all Swedes are cold and soulless—and he is unlikely to get to know many, inasmuch as after eight years abroad he speaks only a rudimentary Swedish,

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claims he speaks Swedish fluently, and is too vain to take advantage of a law requiring factories to provide two hundred and forty hours of on-the-job language instruction to foreigners. Working with Swedes is a matter of pride for Predrag. He does not want to compete with other Yugoslavs for the approval of a Swedish boss or a Swedish foreman or even a Swedish worker, and his solution to the problem is to find a job where there will be no Yugoslavs except him. Once, years ago, at the telephone-component factory, a Swedish worker ordered Predrag to clean up after him at the end of their shift each evening—and the problem, Predrag says, was not the order, which he immediately agreed to, but the fact that another Yugoslav overheard it, cleaned up for the Swede before Predrag finished with his own work, and in no time was the favorite foreigner.

Predrag has had four factory jobs since then, and has lived in three workers' suburbs, and now, at twenty-nine, he thinks of himself as old and used. He says that he never really wanted to come to Sweden. He says that he could have gone to Austria—except that the pay in Austria was nearly as bad as the pay in Yugoslavia. And he could have gone to Germany—except that he hates Germans, out of respect for his father. His father is another cross that Predrag bears, like his small size and his unrewarded talent. The old man is fanatically old-fashioned, an embarrassment in the new Yugoslavia, but powerful still in his village, by virtue of the fact that thirty-five years ago he fought bravely in the war, was captured, spent time in a German labor camp, and finally made a daring escape that turned him into a local hero. The villagers risked their lives hiding him in barns and attics for three years, and so they have a keen interest in maintaining his importance. Moreover, he is the only man for twenty miles around who can repair their plows properly and make the wheels for their wooden horse carts. When Predrag is drunk, he sometimes talks about the life at his father's house in the days before Grandfather Frost officially replaced Father Christmas. He remembers Christmas Eve, when his mother would scatter hay across the floor, and the children would peep and cluck all night, pretending to be baby chickens. He remembers the feast, right there on the hay, which always ended with a special bread that had fortunes baked inside it—basil leaves for health, pennies for riches, beans for a life of good farming. He remembers the priest blessing the house on his father's *slava,* or name day. And he especially remembers Easter: the Easter pig roasting on a spit in the garden; the sunrise service at the old church in the woods behind the village; the children singing on their way home. But he does not like to talk about these things when he is sober, because he thinks that modern people will laugh at him.

Predrag likes to talk about modern things—about the new factories around the village, about state farms, and about huge forestries that are seeded by airplanes. At home, summers, he pays his respects to his father as discreetly as possible, and after a *slava* or a trip to church he makes the rounds of the three cafés and proclaims himself a Communist. He tends to associate Communists with airplanes that plant trees—and also with new villas and trains to Sweden and American movies and everything else his father disapproves of. When he was a boy—with four sisters to tend the family's vegetable fields for him and cart water for the animals and keep the barn clean—he used to hitch rides on produce trucks to the market town to look at new machinery and gadgets on display and ride the new buses. Once, when he was fifteen, he managed to get as far as Belgrade. He stayed away for four days, sleeping in parks, sneaking into movies, and watching planes take off from Belgrade Airport, and he returned home, famished, to a beating. After that, his father took him over. At sixteen, he asked to go to town to high school, and the old man promptly sent him to the bottling factory. When he came home from the Army and found his sweetheart married to the tall butcher, his father arranged a marriage for him with a proper wife.

Predrag says that he met Darinka at a harvest dance, walked with her for a month, kissed her twice, made appropriate inquiries about her family, and then proposed. He does not like to admit, in Sweden, that his father negotiated for a simple girl from a tiny hamlet—a girl he assumed would

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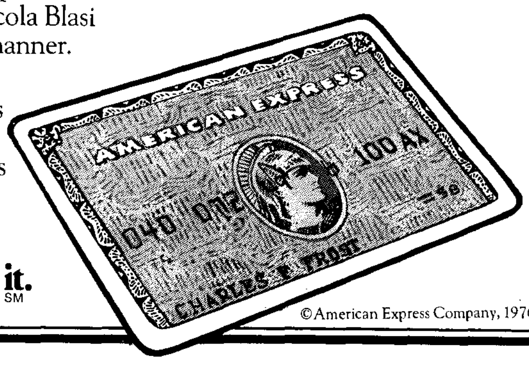

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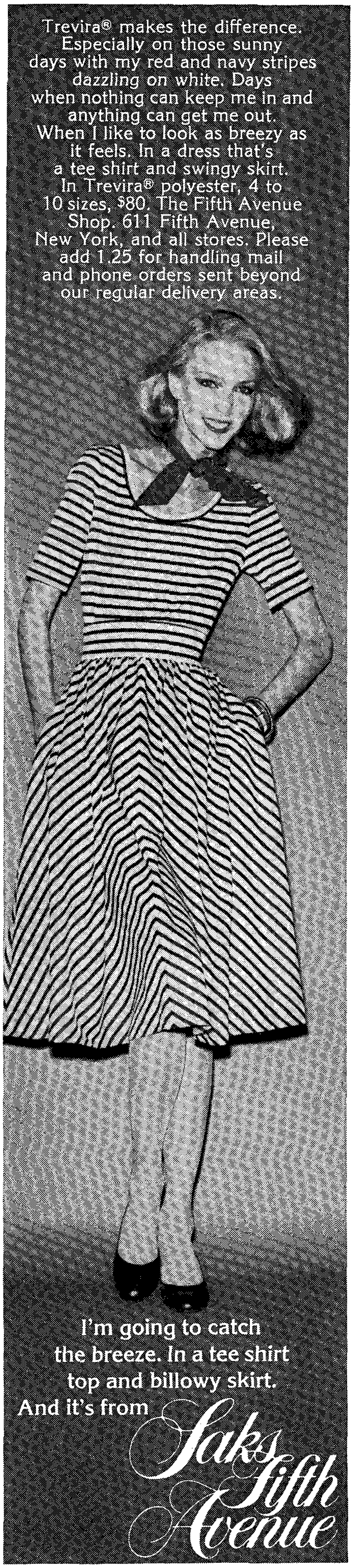

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I'm going to catch the breeze. In a tee shirt top and billowy skirt. And it's from Saks Fifth Avenue

know her duty to the family and never dream of asking to visit Belgrade. Besides, Predrag *had* seen Darinka at a harvest dance once, chaperoned by her mother, three aunts, and a couple of married sisters, and he had dismissed her immediately as plain and rustic. Mr. Ilić, however, did not dismiss Darinka Jovanović. He was admittedly distressed by the fact that her father was in the Party, and had even banished Father Christmas from his household. But Darinka's father also happened to have a few choice hectares in orchard and raised the best pigs in the area, and Mr. Ilić was willing to overlook his politics after the two had discussed the mutual advantages of transporting Jovanović pigs, on private order, in Ilić horse carts. Between them, they produced the best wedding anyone in the village had seen in years. Predrag, in three shots with an old hunting rifle, managed to split the three apples that were hung by kerchiefs from an oak tree in Darinka's hamlet—thereby proving himself to be a manly bridegroom. Darinka tossed a shaft of wheat securely onto the roof of the Ilić farmhouse—proving *her*self to have the character of a constant wife. There were three days of feasting. People danced to the music of a clarinet, a bass fiddle, and two harmonicas. They vied with each other to present the fattest pig, the richest cake, as a wedding gift. In fact, they all had such a fine time at the wedding that only a few guests thought to inquire why the young couple had returned directly from the village clerk, without a detour through the woods to the old church, and those who did ask concluded that Mr. Ilić, with a practical eye to the prize pigs, was keeping peace with Darinka's father, and would see to it soon enough that Darinka became a proper daughter-in-law and a pious wife. He saw to it immediately. When Predrag left his bridal bed the next morning, Darinka was already in the kitchen preparing coffee for her new family. From that day on, she cooked and served their meals. She remained standing while the family ate, out of respect for Predrag's mother. And every night, out of respect for his father, she washed Mr. Ilić's grimy feet. She never once asked to go to Belgrade. But she begged to go to Sweden, and now that she is in Sweden she intends to live there until she can live in her own house in Yugoslavia.

Darinka Ilić is not at all plain. She is a small, graceful girl, and she has clear gray eyes and a tender, delicate, round face. She says that she *feels* plain, because Predrag talks so much about the beautiful women he might have married. And she thinks that she looks plain, because to save money in Södertälje she usually wears jeans instead of the flowered dresses that, as a married woman, she would wear at home. Actually, in her jeans and a plaid shirt from Domus, with her straight brown hair pulled back with a ribbon, Darinka looks more like a young Swedish student from the country than like a foreign factory worker of twenty-five who is pregnant with her fourth child. But there is no one in Sweden to reassure her. Predrag, in his doldrums, tells her that she is too simple for him, and he is beginning to complain that without the burden of a wife and children he would have been able to make something of himself, to save money and to study—to be a mathematician or a famous mechanical engineer. Sometimes she agrees with him. She makes fifteen hundred kronor a month after taxes, working at a small factory, but keeping her two girls at the Vikingabyn day-care center after school costs a few hundred kronor every month, and the Swedish woman with whom she leaves her little boy, Radislav, insists that the government does not cover her expenses, and Darinka has to pay her something every week to make sure that Radislav gets fed. Darinka would like to find a job that pays more. She has heard that Astra Pharmaceutical employs a lot of the *invandrare* women in Södertälje, and at higher salaries than the other factories, but the work at Astra, matching pills and serums to complicated labels, requires a certain fluency in Swedish, and Predrag refuses to let her sign up for her two hundred and forty hours of instruction. He does not want to suffer the humiliation of a wife who speaks Swedish better than he does. And he does not want her talking to Swedish women, comparing lives and husbands—getting ideas, he says, that he should help with the dishes, mind the children, degrade himself by wheeling a baby carriage around the parking lot; ideas that he should buy her fancy clothes and take her to restaurants and discothèques and movies. There was a time when Predrag considered taking Darinka to a movie in the Klara quarter, which is Stockholm's Soho and does a lively business with Turks and Yugoslavs now that the Swedes are getting bored

Doing it The French Way.

The celebrity's guide to France.

Celebrities are easily one group of people who can seek out the 'best' of the world. Be it esoteric, funky or just down-to-earth comfortable. It's noteworthy so many come to find the best in France. And that they come with us–Air France.

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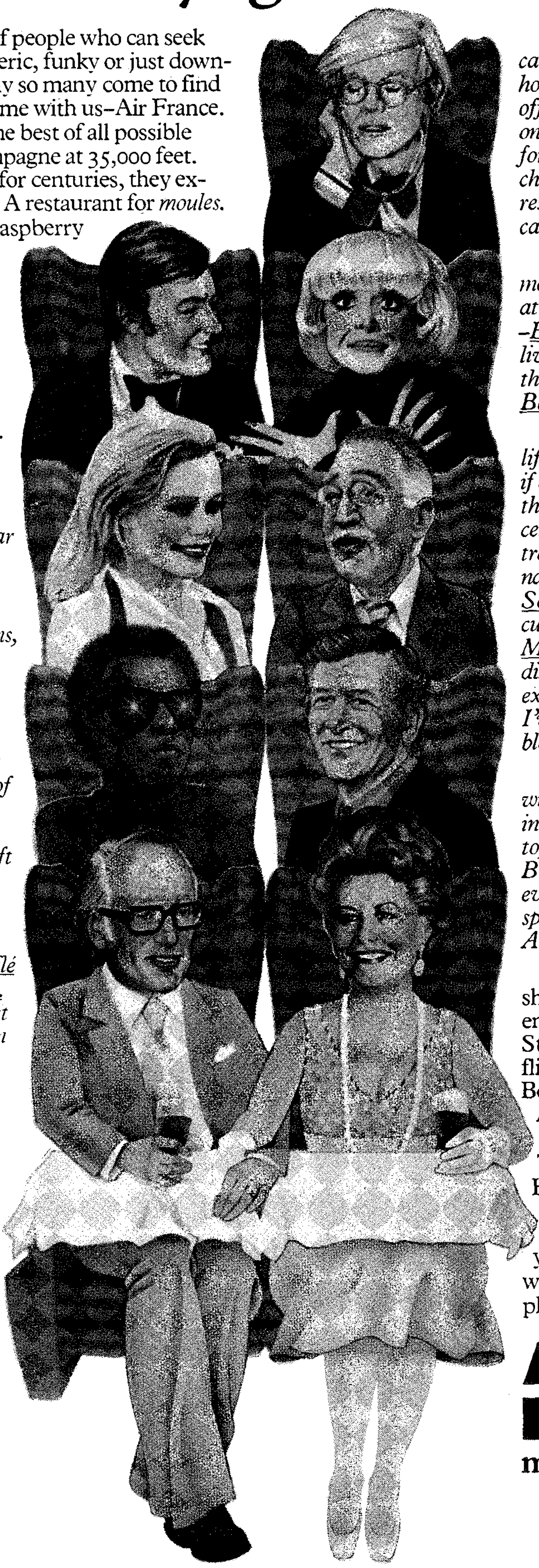

Peter Duchin: *"When in the wine country of St. Emilion–have dinner at the Hostellerie de Plaisance. Order steak broiled over grape roots. Fabulous. And a wine to have with the meal–Château Montalbert."*

Margaux Hemingway: *"Near St. Germain is a place I love to shop–France Faver. Hand-made clothes. Simple cotton dresses in romantic styles. Huge hats with feathers, ribbons, and flowers. And not that expensive. Really. When I was married in Paris last year, I bought my wedding dress there. And my shoes. And a hat."*

Miles Davis: *"It's been said that I was famous for playing a whole lot of music with a few notes and for saying a lot with few words.*

My favorite place in Paris–the Left Bank. My favorite jazz place–The Slow Club."

Duke and Duchess of Bedford: *"You'll adore the soufflé of cuisses de grenouilles at Illhaeusern. Another delicious experience is the best ice cream in Paris at La Bourgogne on Ile St. Louis."*

Andy Warhol: *"I love Paris for candy. First stop, Fouquet's for 'at home' basics. Then, Fauchon for office presents. Next, Aux Etats-Unis, on the Rue Saint Honoré, for candy for my dog, Archie. Finally, hot chocolate at Angelina's, my favorite restaurant in Paris because it has a candy store."*

Carol Channing: *"The first morning in Paris, I have my hair done at the 'social intelligence center' of Paris –Edouard & Frédéric. But one doesn't live by badinage alone. I always catch the experimental theatre of Jean-Louis Barrault's company at Gare d'Orsay."*

S.J. Perelman: *"Art is long, life is short, and writing drudgery, but if one must do it, I know no better place than the superb rural scenery of south central France. My secret Rx for tranquillity is a small hotel there named Les Granges Vieilles outside Souillac. The blend of hospitality, cuisine, and comfort achieved by M. Guy Augey, the alchemist who dispenses it, is unrivalled in my experience...Ooops, now look what I've gone and done! I shouldn't have blown it."*

John Lindsay: *"Last time my wife Mary, our son Johnny and I were in Paris–Johnny and I climbed to the top of Notre-Dame. What a climb! But the view is always worth it. That evening, we all had dinner at a favorite spot–Quasimodo. We had the snails. As usual, superb."*

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If you've sized up "bigger" cars, you should know that the Rabbit has

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A huge 87% of the Rabbit is sheer space.

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$3500.*

Road & Track Magazine, June 1975

the head and leg room of some "mid-sized" cars.

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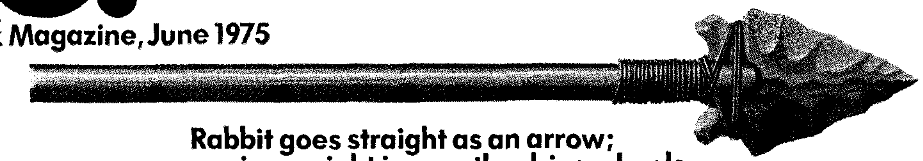
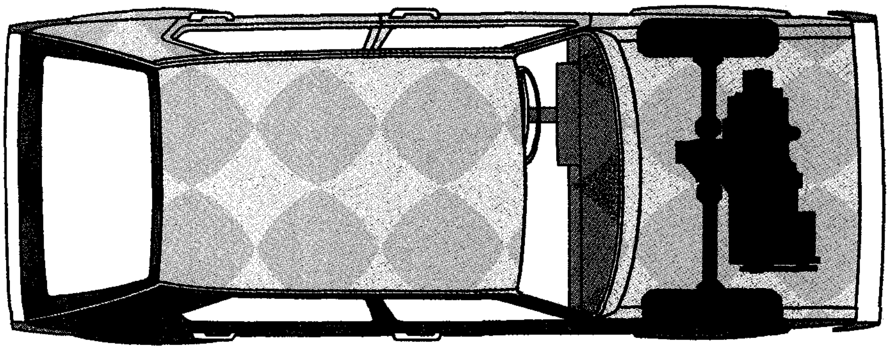


Rabbit goes straight as an arrow; engine weight is over the drive wheels.



We've been told that "safety doesn't sell cars." We're not impressed. We've kept safety uppermost in our minds since the Rabbit was a gleam in our eyes. The fact that the hood slopes down so dramatically in front is no accident; you can see an egg on the road 10 feet ahead of the car.

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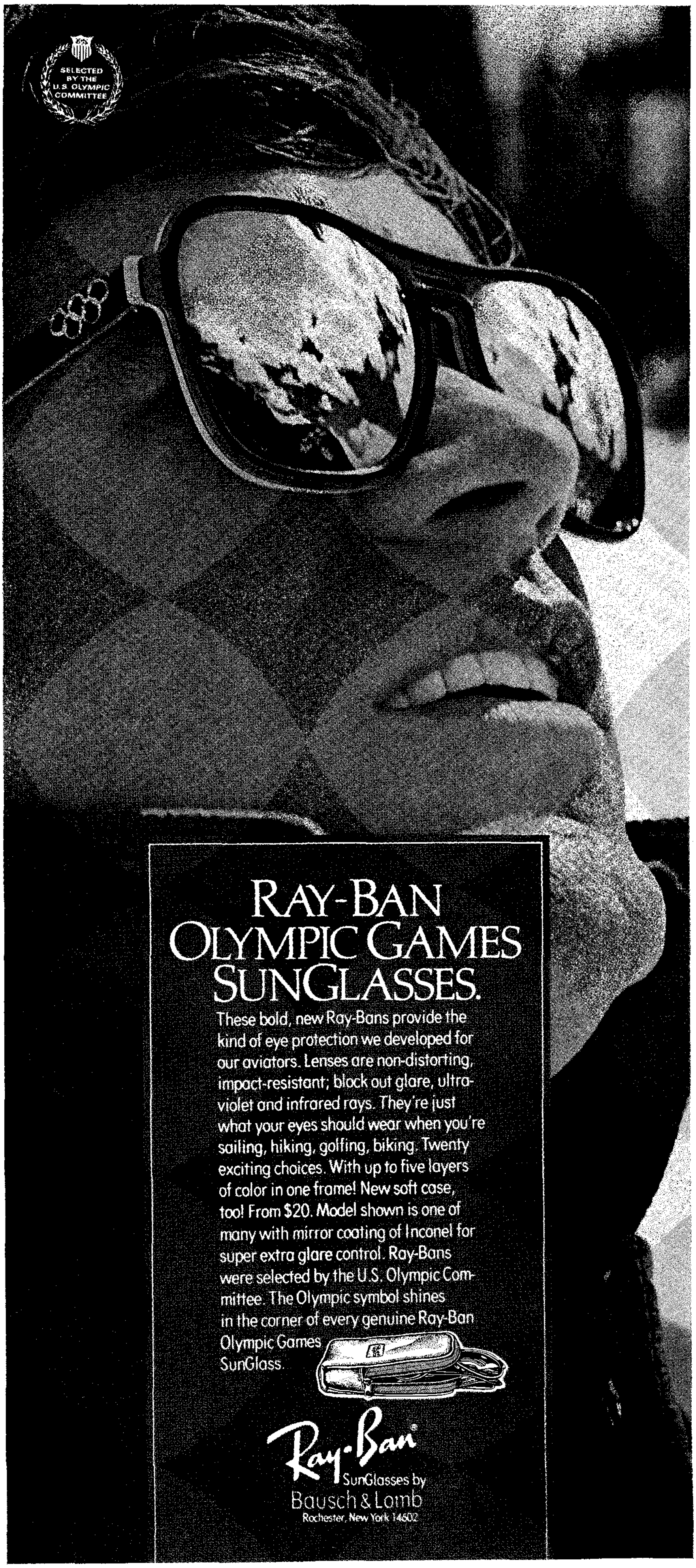

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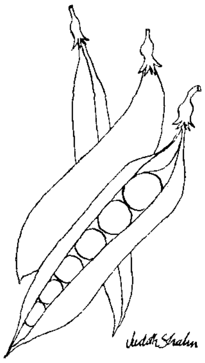
with pornography. Predrag said that, being a modern man, he wanted a modern wife who "knew things," but when Darinka agreed enthusiastically, he changed his mind and told her that she had better stop thinking about lewd Swedish things and pay some attention to keeping house for him like a decent Serbian wife and bringing up his children properly.

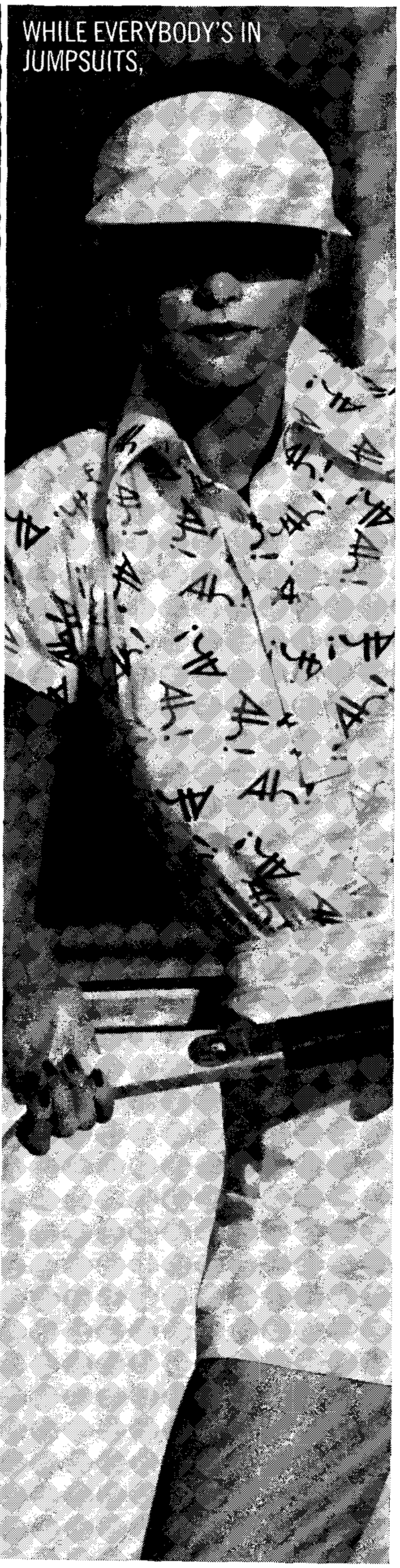
Nine years ago, when Slavko Jovanović promised Darinka to Predrag, Darinka said no. She cried for a week, she says. She demanded a husband from her own hamlet. She insisted that the boys she knew were good enough for her—that any of the boys she knew would do. In the end, she agreed, but it was only out of fatigue and duty. She liked her life at home with her parents and her sisters, tending the family fields and feeding the cows and the goats, the oxen and the prize pigs. She says that at four she was already a farmer—running behind her father's horse plow, scattering corn and wheat seed for the next harvest. At five, she was in charge of the oxen, two cows, three calves, and a splendid sow with eleven piglets, and her father had fitted her out with a yoke that had a little bucket at each end, so that she could draw water from the well beside their house and carry it to the barn, two kilometres into the countryside. Soon she was carting sixty kilos of water to the barn three times every day. She was up at five o'clock and in bed by eight at the latest, and she says there was no time in between to daydream about a husband or a life any different from the one she led. She stayed in school for eight years, and she might have gone on to high school in the market town, but, she says, she could not bear to abandon her pigs to anybody else. She was proud of the Jovanović pigs, and she revered her father, who had managed to become such an important person in the Party and was so prosperous that he could afford to hire ten workers every August to help the family with the harvest. She has never discovered how, or why, he chose Predrag for her. She had heard from her married sisters that Predrag was vain and lazy, that he had wanted a girl in his own village and had agreed to her only as a second choice. But she knew nothing at the time about Predrag's strange father, about having to stand through dinner and having to wash an old man's filthy feet, about the clamorous piety that existed in the Ilić household.

When Predrag moved to Sweden, in the fall of 1968, Darinka was left at home as a kind of hostage to his father, who objected to his going anywhere and had consented, in the end, only on the assurance of the village priest that a boy like Predrag would miss the services of a young wife too keenly to stay away for very long. The truth was that Predrag was longing for adventure. He ignored Darinka's tears and her pleas, her new passport and her timid seductions, saying that he would be able to save more money for their villa by living a frugal bachelor life with the two villagers who already had a place in Södertälje and had got him his job contract with the telephone-component company. At the train station, he embraced his father for the first time in a year. He left Yugoslavia with a week's wages in his pocket, two smoked sausages, and a bottle of fine slivovitz from the Jovanović orchard. The bottle rolled off his lap and broke during a screeching curve in Austria, and he ate the two sausages while looking out at Germany. The money went for a cab to Södertälje, because Predrag, dazed and sleepy after two days and two nights in crowded second-class compartments, missed his stop and landed in a small town he had never heard of, asking for help in a language that nobody but the Yugoslav cabdriver understood. His adventure began then. His friends from home had a room in a shabby boarding house where thirty *invandrare* waited for Södertälje's latest suburb to open, and the two of them kept a record of every krona Predrag cost them, including the food and beer that they consumed in quantity in his company. When he had worked for a month, they took his paycheck, having added to their costs some two hundred kronor, which was the entire rent for the room they shared. They also took him to a tiny Yugoslav establishment that specialized in illegal gambling and in serving liquor without a license after hours. It was raided—and closed—one night while Predrag was in the process of winning a thousand kronor. And the day it opened again, under another name and at another address, Predrag walked into a fight that started when a Bosnian wanted to change television channels, and ended as a battle between Serbs and Croats that put three people in the hospital, Predrag among them.



Predrag tried discothèques next. In a cheap discothèque in Stockholm, he met the only real friend he has made in Sweden—a Finn with a job coiling tungsten wires for a light-bulb company—and the two of them made the rounds nights, gesturing wildly at each other until embarrassment forced them to learn enough Swedish to begin to talk. They were out celebrating the news that Predrag was a father when Predrag's friend introduced him to a pretty Finnish cleaning woman, who caught his fancy, and who eventually took him home to bed. Predrag was proud and horrified. By now, he was certain that he was leading the most modern and manly life possible, but, he says, he was also spending all his villa money—in restaurants in Södertälje, since he could not imagine a man cooking his own meals, and in Stockholm on a Finnish girlfriend with a passion for discothèques and an apparently equal enthusiasm for marriage. Their romance lasted a month and cost a thousand kronor. It ended forever after Predrag ran into a ragged, bleary-eyed Serbian from his own village, who collapsed over a beer and explained, upon reviving, that he had just married for the third time and was consequently working day and night, at the hardest, dirtiest jobs in Sweden, to pay for *three* villas—one for each of the wives he had abandoned and one for the wife he had now.

Darinka arrived in Sweden three weeks later. Predrag's letter demanding that she come at once had taken a week to reach the village. Weaning the baby took another. Then Darinka had to carry the baby through a snowstorm to her parents' hamlet, because the Ilićs, who were furious, had refused to keep the child for her if she went away. And her father had to spend a few days in the market town looking for an honest couple on their way to jobs in Sweden to chaperon Darinka on the train ride north. In Södertälje, at first, Darinka spent her time alone in a dark basement bedroom of the old boarding house, which was the only room the landlord could spare. Nothing else in Sweden depressed her as much as the dark, she says. It was dark inside, and when she and Predrag moved from Södertälje to a two-room apartment in the New Town of Skärholmen, she discovered that it was usually dark outside, too. Her first excursions outside were to the supermarket—Predrag would give her money, and she would present it at the checkout counter and get her change back and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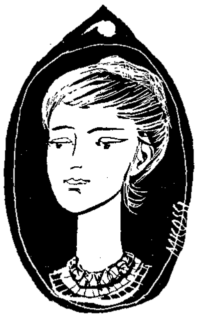
a receipt for Predrag without having to say a word. Her first job was a cleaning job at a motel near Skärholmen, where a crisp manager drove her to helpless tears, leading her from room to room and pointing at mops and pails and dustbins, apparently convinced that no one from Yugoslavia had ever washed a floor or emptied garbage. Darinka hated Skärholmen, which is a monstrous suburb halfway down the highway from Södertälje to Stockholm, with nothing in sight but factories and speeding cars. And she missed her baby. Predrag says that she kept him awake nights sobbing and moaning over the baby's picture, and that whenever he did manage to fall asleep she would promptly wake him and begin again. He says that he had no choice, finally, but to bring the baby back after their first trip home, that summer. He persuaded Darinka's mother to come along and help them, and Mrs. Jovanović installed herself on a mattress in the foyer, kept house when Darinka worked, looked after one baby and then, in a few months' time, delivered another while waiting for Predrag to get home from the factory and take Darinka to the hospital. Having never before been farther from her husband and her pigs than the market town, Mrs. Jovanović was so terrified in Sweden that she refused to leave the apartment at all—that is, until she developed stomach trouble and demanded to be put on the next train to Yugoslavia, with her ticket pinned to her coat and her passport sewn inside her black kerchief. Darinka has had three jobs since her mother left. For a while, she worked as a maid in a tourist hotel in Stockholm, commuting half an hour each way by subway and trying to make friends with a clique of Rumanian women who worked there, too. But the hours were long and erratic, and after she stayed home sick for a month once, she had to start all over again at the bottom of a complicated cleaners' hierarchy, without a regular schedule and her own rooms to clean—just filling in nights and weekends for women who were out. She worked in a Stockholm dairy next, on a line in a hot, poorly ventilated room, watching machines pour milk into cartons. That ended with a move back to Södertälje, and a third child. She says that she did not really want the expense of another child, but Predrag, after two daughters, insisted on a son. And now that he has one he wants another, in case the first turns out to be stupid or unhealthy or does anything to disappoint him later on.



BY now, Darinka is used to Sweden. She watches Predrag sulk and listens to his complaints, but she has learned not to pay much attention to his moods. Little by little, she has taken over their lonely life in Södertälje and tried to make it as pleasant as she can. It was Darinka who went to the Invandrarbyrå—the Immigrant Service Bureau—in Södertälje, used its interpreters, saw its advisers and its social workers about nurseries and day-care centers and housing, and even arranged Predrag's first interview at Saab-Scania. It was Darinka, too, who found the apartment in Vikingabyn where they live now. The apartment costs six hundred and fifty kronor a month, which is a lot of money for them, but they have three rooms—a living room, a bedroom, and a kitchen—and the five Ilićs sleep together on cots in the small bedroom just to keep their first living room in Sweden beautiful. Darinka is especially happy about the living room. She regrets sometimes that she does not have a walnut wall unit opposite the couch, the way Swedish families on television do. She has heard that the Teodorović family have a fine wall unit, where they display their liquor bottles and commemorative plates from Tito's birthdays and crystal bowls of expensive wax fruit, and that the Mlinarićs have a wall unit, too, full of important books and records, as well as a stereo set and a copper stand, on wheels, for their plants. She would like some pictures to go with her Walt Disney print of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, which came free with a family-size box of a new detergent, and which Predrag has referred to sourly as "Darinka's Picasso" ever since he watched the painter's funeral on the evening news. She used to bother Predrag about pictures, but when she came home from work one night and found that he had hung a calendar of the Holy Family on one side of the television set and a nude centerfold from *Playboy* on the other, she stopped. She says now that the room is fine without pictures. It has a big color-television set that Predrag brought home one day last year, barely used and for a good price, and two standing lamps and a pale wooden coffee table that Darinka herself got years ago,

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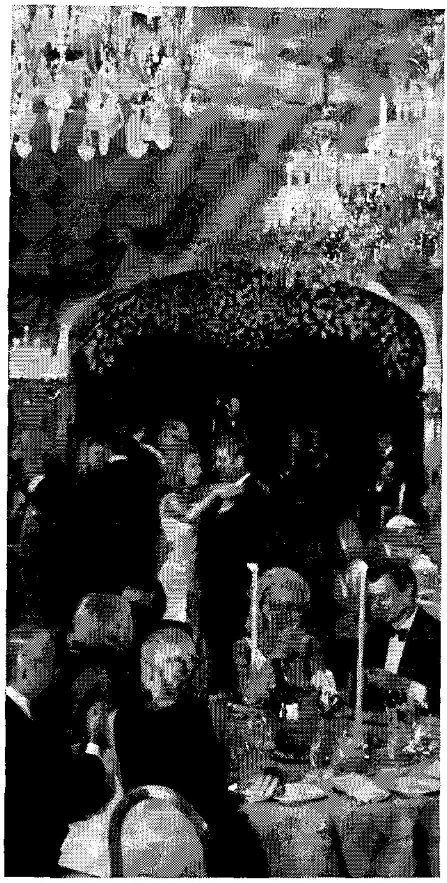

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NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10022

when the hotel where she worked was changing furniture. And since Christmas its bare walls have been redeemed completely by a bright new orange couch and matching club chairs, which Darinka and Predrag bought at a discount department store near Stockholm for a down payment of four hundred kronor, with two years, at twelve per cent interest, to pay the rest.

Darinka would like to have a friend—someone besides Predrag's Finnish friend, who comes to drink sometimes—to visit her in her new living room. The two Yugoslavs with whom Predrag lived so long ago are gone now. So is a woman from Darinka's factory who used to stop by after work, once they had established the fact that their married sisters were neighbors in the market town. And so is a young couple from Predrag's village who used to come on Sundays. The women would cook together, and the men would play poker, and often, in the spring, they would all drive off with their children for a picnic on the lake. But last year the couple got better jobs and moved to Tensta, on the far side of Stockholm, and since the Ilićs have no telephone, there is no way for the two families to stay in touch. The living room is now mostly given over to the children. The little girls—Cveta and Slavica, six and seven years old and already in school, mornings, and learning Swedish—come home from the Vikingabyn day-care center, where they play, afternoons, and watch television till bedtime, and Radislav, who, at three, is spoiled and ornery, sprawls on the orange couch making a racket on his toy harmonium. Darinka spends most of her time at home in the kitchen, cooking meals for them, while Predrag, at the table by the window, counts Volvos in the parking lot and doodles in his copybook.

One night not long ago, Darinka was at the stove, stirring a paprikash of beef, peppers, and shredded carrots—flushed and plump in her plaid shirt and the let-out jeans she saves for the first months of a new pregnancy. Predrag, at the table in his pink shirt, was pouring himself a glass of slivovitz. He did not pour any slivovitz for Darinka, because he does not believe in wasting liquor on women, but he was in relatively good humor, having just come home from an encouraging meeting with the boss at the filling station where he wants to work.

"Eleven kronor," he said. "That's what a litre of slivovitz costs in Belgrade. Here, a litre costs fifty kronor." He raised his glass and gave a rueful *Skål*. "The Swedes do not know how to live. *That's* their problem. Look at Stockholm. Where are the parks in Stockholm? Belgrade has twice as many parks as Stockholm."

Darinka glanced at him. "You always tell *me* that Belgrade is so terrible. Terrible noise. Terrible traffic."

"Traffic, yes. But more parks, more nurseries for the children, more real food. Here in Sweden, you open the refrigerator and it's all frozen. Here, everything is sandwiches and coffee, sandwiches and coffee."

Predrag thought for a moment. "I would like to see a Swedish wedding. Ha! I will bet a litre of slivovitz that at a Swedish wedding all you get is sandwiches and coffee."

Darinka laughed. "There is enough betting in this house already," she said. "Predrag is a Swede now. He plays the football pool. And the money we need for our villa—all gone."

"Six kronor a week—what does that mean?" Predrag grumbled.

"Don't lie. It's thirty or a hundred kronor."

"Twenty-five, maybe," Predrag said. "Besides, I'm waiting to *win* the football pool. Then I'm going home. I have figured it out in here"—he tapped his copybook—"by mathematics. Every week that I bet, I have a better possibility of winning. But if I don't bet at all, then there is no possibility."

Darinka shrugged, and Predrag, pleased with himself, reached for Radislav, who had wandered in dragging the harmonium. The boy ducked and ran to his mother, shrieking for supper.

"He comes home so very hungry," Darinka said.

"Well, what does that Swedish woman feed him? Soup. You pay, and she spends the money on her own children and gives my son soup. If I were that woman, I would give him steak." Predrag banged on his chest and then went on, "No Serbian would let a child go hungry. It would break the heart of a Serbian to see a child crying for food."

"Serbians are liars," Darinka remarked. "They promise you one thing and do another."

"Here they promise you everything and do *nothing*," Predrag interrupted. "They have no hearts, these Swedes. They try to be helpful, but in their souls they are very bad. They put ads in the paper: Good job. Easy job. Swede wanted. They don't know how

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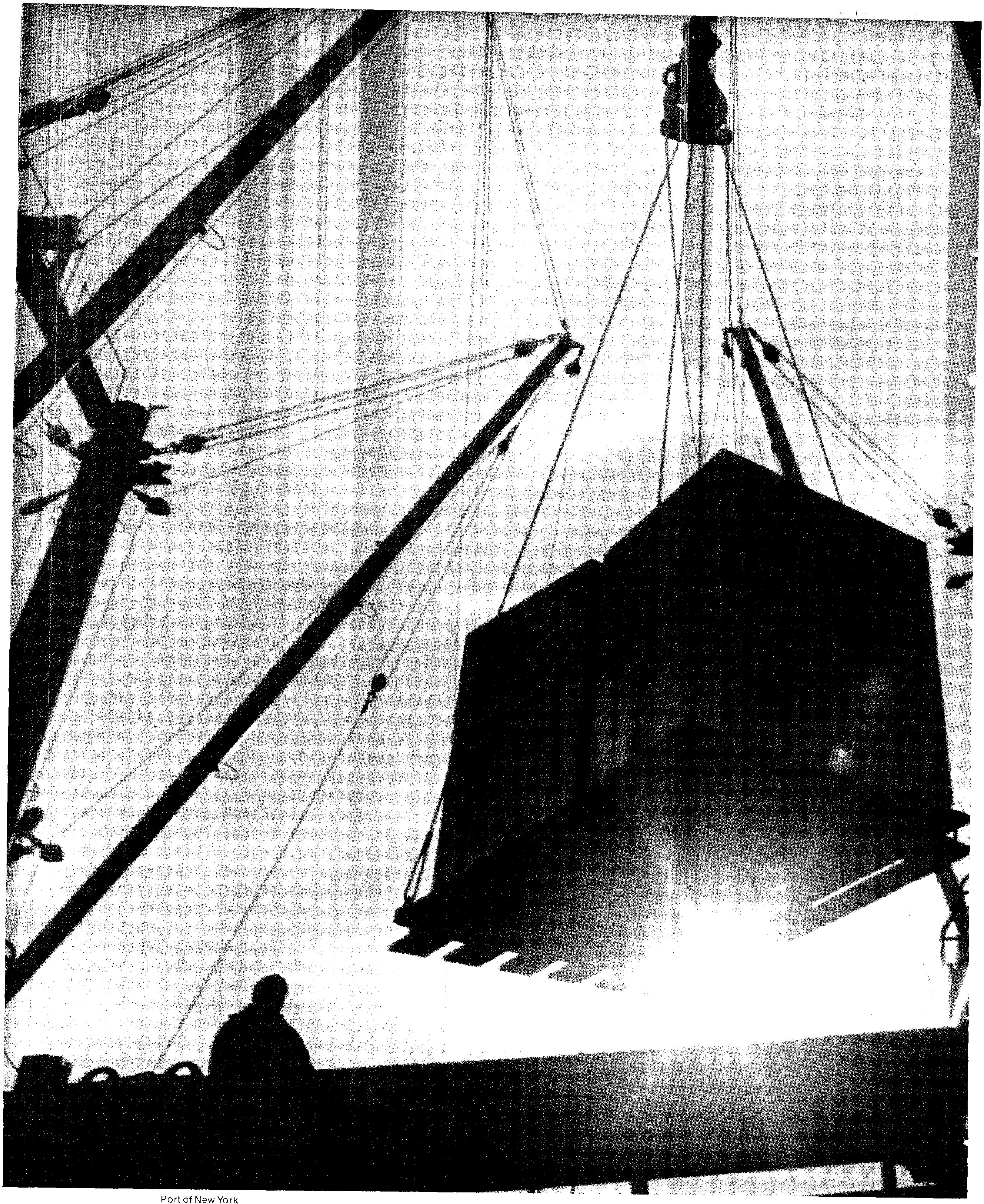

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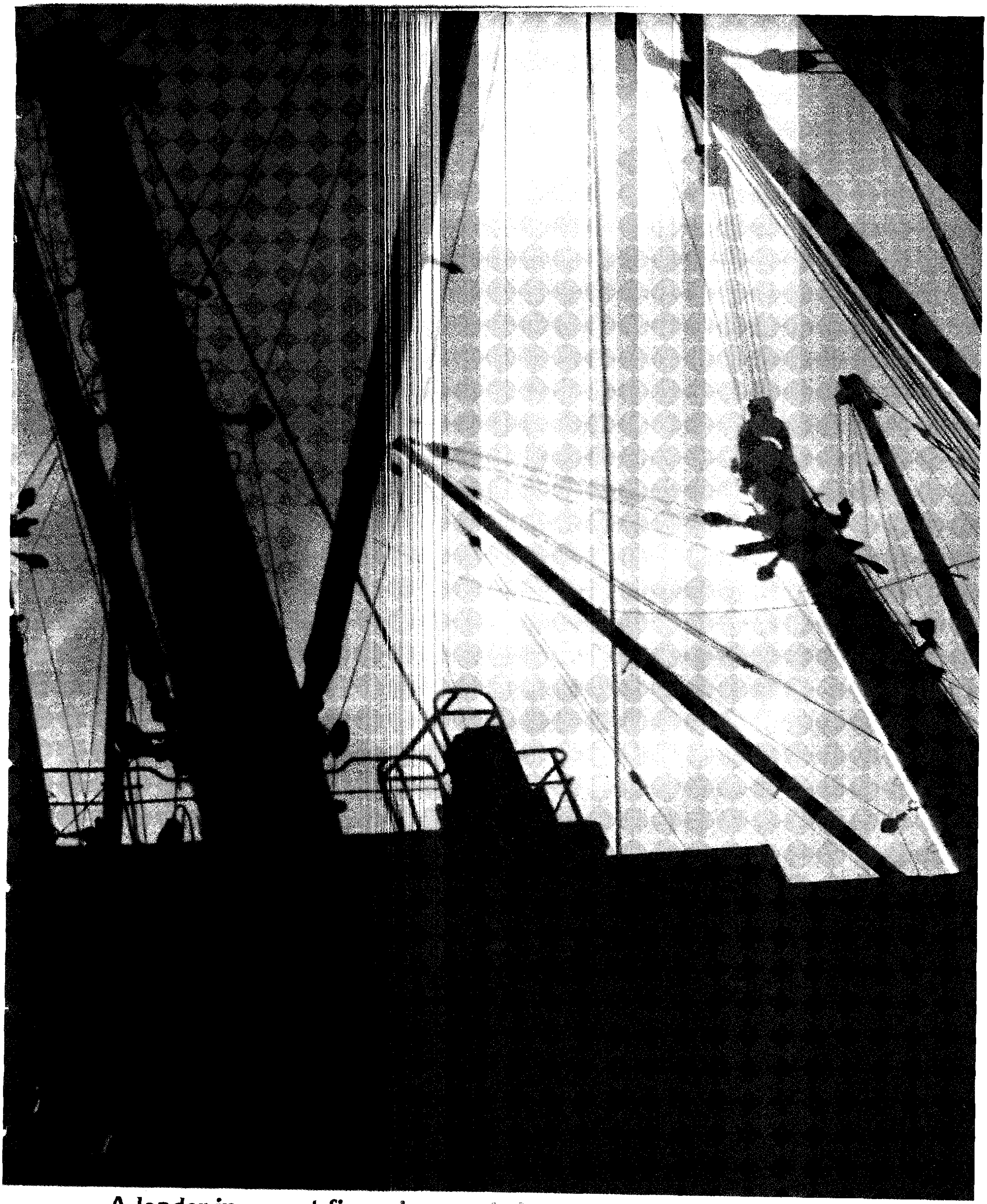

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it is to be a stranger. They never invite you home. They think you are an animal. They think that you never went to school, that you know nothing. I would like to take a Swede to Yugoslavia and leave him there without help, with no way to talk, no way to understand instructions."

Darinka remarked that there was a Swedish woman at her factory who was very nice, very helpful. "She had a birthday last month," Darinka said. "She gave me a piece of her cake. Now we take our coffee together, like people—like people on the same level. She talks about things like work and food and family—"

Predrag scowled. "But has she ever invited you to her home? Tell me."

"Maybe I will ask her to *my* home," Darinka said. She had picked up Radislav and was jiggling him on one arm while she stirred her stew with the other. "You see, I can understand Swedish now, but I still cannot speak so well, and she helps me. She tells me that I should go to classes at the factory, or go to night school."

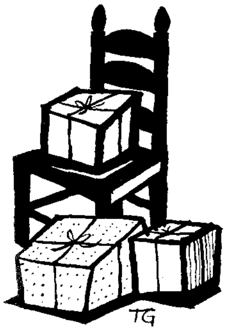
"*I* would like more than anything to go to school," Predrag said. "In mathematics."

"You can begin with Swedish," Darinka told him.

Predrag ignored her. "That is my dream—to go to school. But, of course, there is no money for me to study." He sighed. "I have a family."

"We are in the way," Darinka said pleasantly, depositing Radislav on his father's lap and beginning to set the table. She has heard this before, and refuses to argue.

Predrag shrugged. "Early marriage," he said. "It's our habit. A man is a man at twenty, when he leaves the Army. It's a hard life, our Army. Not like in Sweden, where you have long hair and a beard and go home on weekends. And a *girl* of twenty. Ha! Who will want her? A man will look at her and ask, 'Why did nobody want her before?' "



"I have a friend who went home to Yugoslavia at twenty-eight, and *she* got married," Darinka announced. And then she said, "It is not so bad, the Swedish way. It's—economical."

Predrag glared. "Like animals—that's the Swedish way. Living together like animals. Waiting till thirty to get married. When you marry at thirty, you're an old man. But me—when my son is fifteen, I'll be a young man. We can chase girls together."

Darinka chuckled. "He wants to chase girls, with all the problems he has already. This morning, in Södertälje, they put a fifty-kronor parking ticket on his car—for the second time."

"I'd like to go to that Palme," Predrag said. "That Prime Minister. I'd like to ask him, 'How does it harm you if a sick man's car sits on the street for a few extra minutes?' "

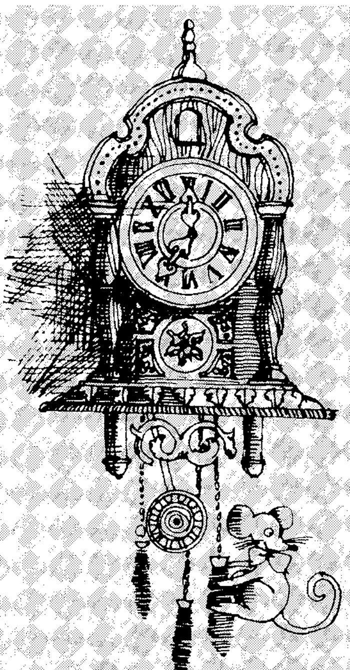
Darinka laughed again. "Predrag is a sick man. He refuses to take the pills the doctor gave him for his stomach, because he knows that if he takes the pills he cannot drink, and so—"

"All these problems," Predrag said, furious. "It wasn't like this in Yugoslavia. I know that always life has problems. But not like these. At home, there is always the grandmother to look after the children. Here, nobody cares about the children. They let them do whatever they want in school. They leave them alone at home, let them run around, never hit them. It's too free here, and they don't care. This Swedish woman who takes Radislav—she doesn't care for anything but the money. And even her—it took me a month to find her. I stood in a line. I said, 'You must help. My wife works, and there is no room yet for my son at the day-care center.' I almost fell on my knees to get that selfish woman."

Darinka nodded. "When I came here, I sat in that dark cellar, and I was always thinking, What kind of country is this—this *dark* country, where no one is friends? Predrag's father had told me that the life was bad in Sweden. He said that Predrag would come home a drunk, a bandit, like the Swedes. But that was not the problem. It was the Swedes who thought that Yugoslavs were drunks and bandits. I know that now. At work, there is always talk about the foreigners—how the foreigners call in sick, sit at home, do nothing, and take the Swedish benefits. I ask them, 'How do you know?' They say, 'We don't know—we just think it must be true.' And I say, 'To think is not enough.' "

"They are not the people to talk about us," Predrag muttered. "The Swedes are not so quick. The Swedes don't like to work so much." He put Radislav on the floor, poured himself some more slivovitz, and drank it down. "It's hard to live here," he said. "My best years! When I think of it, I ask myself, 'Is it worth it?' I can't stay here much longer—that's sure. I'll lose my nerve."

Darinka shook her head. "No, *I*



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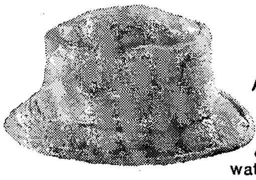

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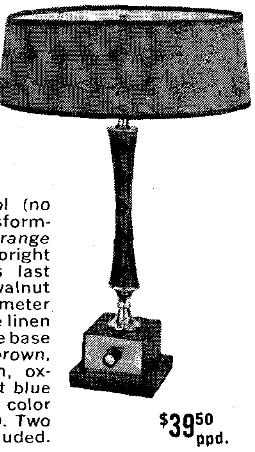

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Casual Living

would stay here now. Not forever, but maybe for a long while. There are no jobs for us at home, and even if you find a job it's hard and dirty. Here, I have a good job, a good flat. There, I have Predrag's parents. I get up first in the morning to make the fire, make the coffee—" She smiled suddenly. "*My* father washed his own feet."

Predrag turned away and stared out the window. "I will join the Party when I get home," he said, finally. "They offered it to me. I told them that I would come when I had saved a hundred thousand kronor for my children—"

Darinka, carrying plates to the table, burst out laughing.

"Well, forty or fifty thousand kronor. Listen, I don't like to stay here, but we go home summers for a month and spend a lot of money, so we must come back, earn more—"

"We go for a month, I sit in the house, and *he* spends money," Darinka broke in. "So I get restless. I go to our villa and wipe the dust of a year off my furniture. I dust my cabinet. It is a beautiful cabinet—wood, with lacquer to make it shiny. It is a— a *display* cabinet. I keep my china figures in it. China flowers and little china people. And my platters from the seaside. Beautiful platters, all covered with corals and starfish and sea urchins and oyster shells." Darinka stopped, took her stew from the stove and set it on the table, and went on, wiping her forehead on her plaid sleeve. "Then I plant flowers in the garden. Red roses, and white and yellow asters. I plant trees—apple and pear and plum trees. But then I am restless again. It's enough for me—one month. After a month, I want to go back to Sweden." She laughed, almost merry. "I am not used to sitting at home like a Serbian wife anymore. And I tell Predrag, 'Now that we have gone through all this; now that we can manage by ourselves, express ourselves, understand things; now that all this trouble is past, trouble with work, trouble with friends taking our money—we *could* go home, but why not stay now for a while and begin to live?' "

Darinka called the girls to supper.

"It's a kind of habit—Sweden," Predrag said, despondent. "You get used to it."

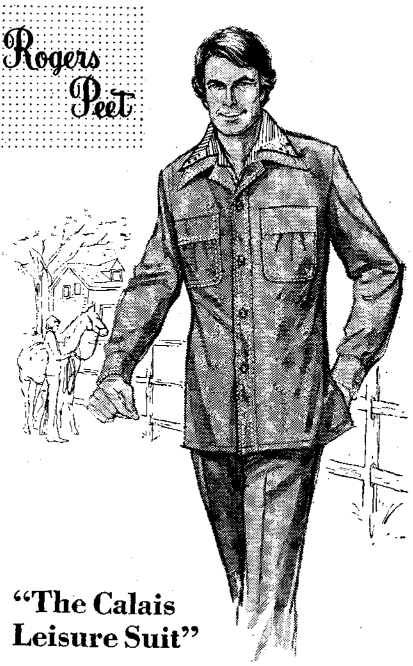
—JANE KRAMER

•

Thomas came into our LA interview with his hair white and quaffed . . . —*Steve Hoffman in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Without even sitting down?

Rogers Peet



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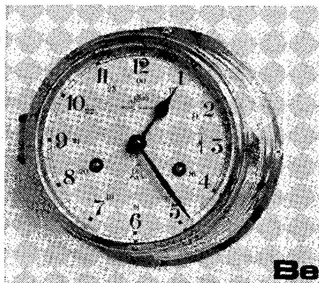

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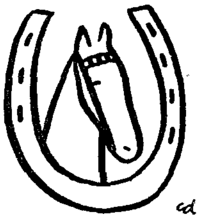
THE RACE TRACK

Lasater's Luck



THEY say in racing that if you have luck, that's all you need. It's not quite true; nevertheless, a little helps. When I heard that Royal Glint won the $250,000 Santa Anita Handicap, the meeting's jackpot, by a nose from Ancient Title, I knew that Fortuna was still working for Dan Lasater, the winner's owner. I can remember no other newcomer who had such immediate and immense financial success. In 1971, Lasater's first year as an owner, his horses earned $266,989. In 1973, he led the money-winning-owners list, with $1,498,785. In 1974, his total was an almost incredible $3,022,960, and last year he won $2,894,726. Royal Glint is a rather plain-looking six-year-old bay gelding by Round Table out of Regal Gleam. His fine win in the Grey Lag Handicap at Aqueduct on February 21st keyed him up to concert pitch for Santa Anita. In the Big 'Cap, he was always in a good forward position, and he took the lead as the field of fifteen swung into the stretch. From all accounts, Ancient Title, showing vast improvement over his form in the San Antonio on February 22nd, put on a finish that left the crowd breathless. Lightning Mandate was third. Royal Glint's share of the purse was $155,900, which brought his earnings to $822,558. If he keeps up the pace, he'll make a million before the season ends.

TELLY'S POP remains the best three-year-old in the West. Last weekend, he won the $150,000 California Derby at Golden Gate Fields, across the bay from San Francisco, in the first race of a new series that includes the $150,000 Santa Anita Derby and the $200,000 Hollywood Derby. After following a previously unbeaten colt named An Act, whose recent races at Santa Anita sent him to the post the 1–2 favorite in the betting, Telly's Pop took the lead at the turn into the homestretch and went on to win by a couple of lengths from Classy Surgeon and First Return. I expect that the gelding's co-owners—Telly Savalas and Howard Koch, a Hollywood producer—will send him to the other events in the California series before they take off for Louisville and the Run for the Roses in May. An Act, who tired badly, finished fourth. Apparently, he has speed but no stamina; we can forget him for the long pull at Churchill Downs.

THE Toboggan Handicap, at six furlongs, used to be a main event for sprinters. Now run at Aqueduct, it is an heirloom from Morris Park, a posh track, of which no trace remains, that flourished in Westchester County in the nineties. In those days, the race was run in the infield over a straight, slightly downhill course called the Toboggan Slide. Last Saturday, the eighty-third running was over as sloppy a track as you'd care to see, and there were surprises: Due Diligence splashed his way from ninth to win going away by nearly five lengths from Pompini. Gallant Bob, carrying eighteen pounds more than either of them, was third. Native Guest, who came from California for the gallop, did so much banging about and crowding that after he finished fourth the stewards ordered his number taken down and placed last. At any rate, the crowd of nearly 28,000 that braved the early rain had plenty of action.

AS any horseplayer can tell you, that last race is always the hardest. For more than a week, Shoemaker had been trying to bring his grand total of winning mounts to seven thousand. At Santa Anita last Saturday, he rode in six races, and still no dice. Well, he made it the next day, on Royal Derby II—a horse who hadn't won in ever so long. To be sure, Shoemaker's confreres could have shooed him in long before this, but jockeys never, never do such things. —AUDAX MINOR

•

The big laughs of the evening newscasts are resounding around Ch. 7, where they spent an estimated $25,000 to outfit the Eyewitness News squad with new costumes.

A Hollywood dresser was brought in for advice. The anchormen, such as Roger Grimsby and Bill Beutel, for a couple of examples, got four suits. The reporters, who plow through street jobs, including fire coverage, got two suits.

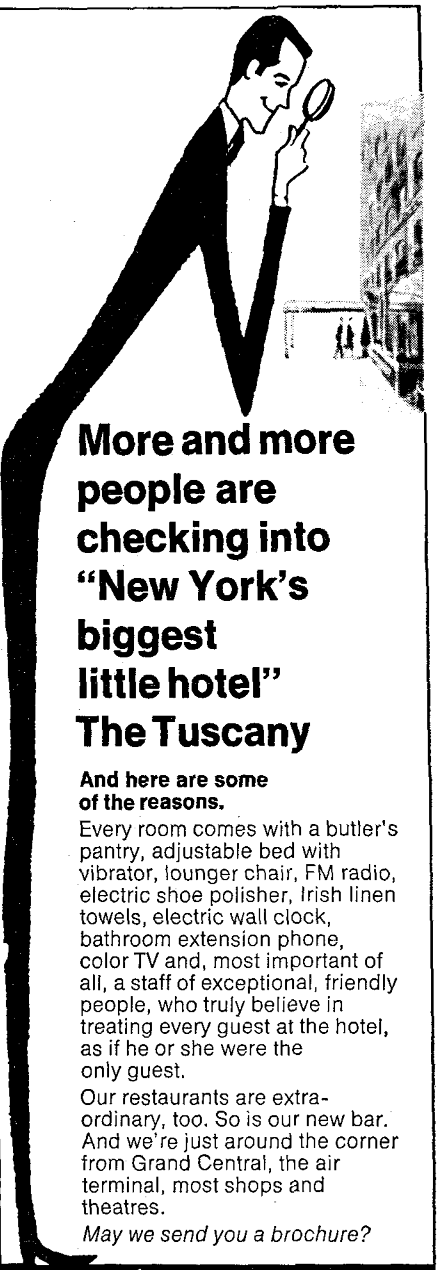
The anchormen are now being permitted to wear vests. The reporters are not.

The Hollywood dresser, who once clothed Cary Grant, matched the uniforms to the eye and hair color of the newsmen, we're told by an insider.

She wants to do something else.

—*The Post.*

Women are so restless!



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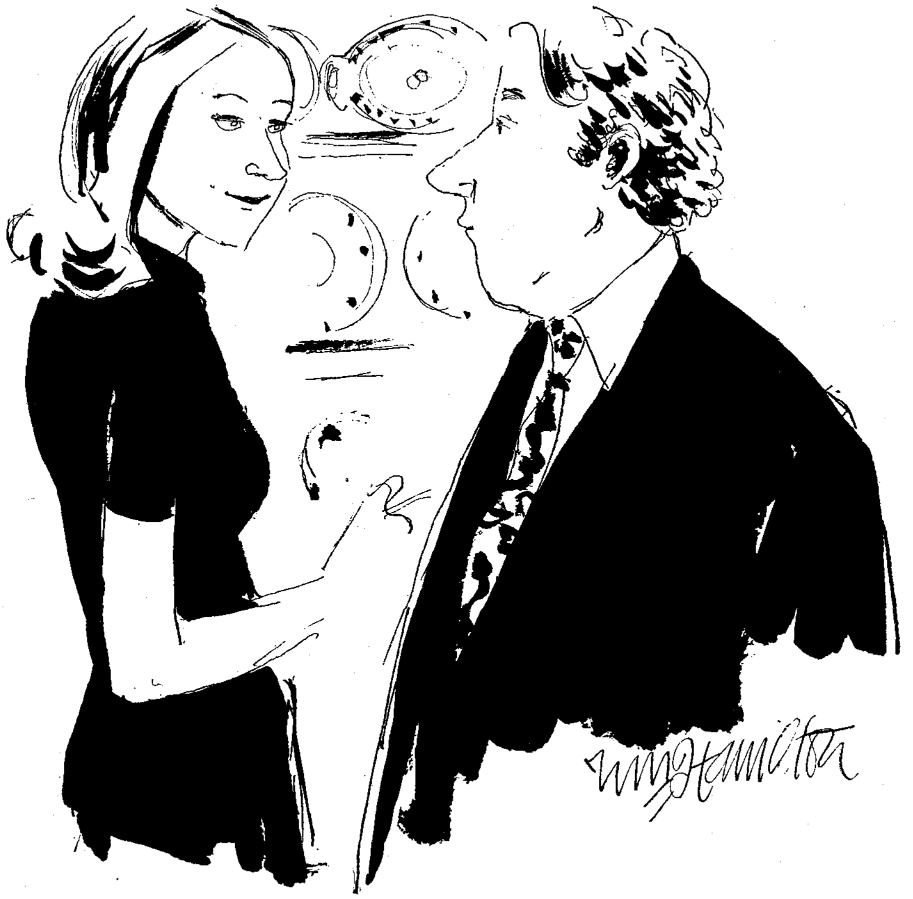
DEMOCRACY IN A POOR COUNTRY

Aristotle, in his "Politics," laid down the prerequisites for a good form of democratic government, the most basic being that the majority of the people should belong to the middle class and have an economic stake in their society—should, for instance, own property:

> The city which is composed of middle-class citizens is necessarily best governed; they are, as we say, the natural elements of a state. And this is the class of citizens which is most secure in a state, for they do not, like the poor, covet their neighbours' goods; nor do others covet theirs, as the poor covet the goods of the rich; and as they neither plot against others, nor are themselves plotted against, they pass through life safely. Wisely then did Phocylides pray—
>
> 'Many things are best in the mean; I desire to be of a middle condition in my city.'
>
> Thus it is manifest that the best political community is formed by citizens of the middle class, and that those states are likely to be well-administered, in which the middle class is large, and larger if possible than both the other classes, or at any rate than either singly; for the addition of the middle class turns the scale, and prevents either of the extremes from being dominant. Great then is the good fortune of a state in which the citizens have a moderate and sufficient property; for where some possess much, and the others nothing, there may arise an extreme democracy [in his terms a form of anarchy], or a pure oligarchy; or a tyranny may grow out of either extreme—either out of the most rampant democracy, or out of an oligarchy; but it is not so likely to arise out of a middle and nearly equal condition. (*Benjamin Jowett's translation.*)

That this was the most basic prerequisite became a firmly held belief among classical political thinkers, and it helped to inspire the democratic institutions of such preponderantly middle-class nations as France, Great Britain, and the United States. In 1947, however, India, with a huge number of the world's poor, a very small middle class, and only a handful of rich people, flew in the face of this philosophical tradition—and, indeed, of its own long history of oligarchy—by daring to set up a democratic form of government consciously modelled on that of Great Britain and the United States, and thus began what its first Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, liked to call an "adventure in democracy." Not surprisingly, this "adventure" became a source of wonder everywhere. People who had never learned to sign their names and who were so backward that, in some cases, they had scarcely heard of the wheel or the nail would journey by yak or on foot for several days to vote by secret ballot in ballot boxes that they could identify only by means of party ideographs. To insure that everyone who wanted to vote could vote, the government went to such lengths that general elections sometimes took as long as three months to complete. However inefficient and imperfect the system was, it helped to keep the country united by allowing political expression to India's diverse races, regions, religions, castes, cultures, and languages. The people elected to the Parliament and to the state assemblies were as diverse as the people they represented. They wore everything from Savile Row suits to tribal dress, and spoke in Oxford accents or in tongues known only in remote villages. The people and their representatives all paid homage to Nehru, whose self-restraint, patriotism, and lifelong devotion to British Socialist ideas of democracy had made the "adventure" possible in the first place.



"No, Charles, I don't have a cold. What you hear in my voice is contempt."

Before the establishment of the democracy, Nehru had led India in the fight for freedom for a quarter of a century, and he understood how easy it would be for someone as wellborn and well-off as he was to bask in the adulation of the poor and the illiterate and to arrogate to himself extraordinary powers in the deluded belief that he alone knew what was best for his people. He had come to political maturity at the time of the rise of Fascism and was familiar with the lures and arguments of Fascist dictators. He was always on his guard in case he should end up as one of them. As early as 1937, he published anonymously, in a Calcutta periodical called *Modern Review*, an article about himself as a would-be dictator. Indira Gandhi, his only child, was apparently one of the few people who knew the identity of the author, until Nehru disclosed his "trick" some four years later, in his autobiography, "Toward Freedom." The article reads, in part:

> "Rashtrapati Jawaharlal ki Jai!" [Nehru was repeating a popular cheer, "All hail Jawaharlal, father of the nation!"] The Rashtrapati looked up as he passed swiftly through the waiting crowds, his hands went up and were joined together in salute and his pale

hard face was lit up by a smile. It was a warm personal smile and the people who saw it responded to it immediately and smiled and cheered in return.

The smile passed away and again the face became stern and sad, impassive in the midst of the emotion that it had roused in the multitude. Almost it seemed that the smile and the gesture accompanying it had little reality behind them; they were just tricks of the trade to gain the good-will of the crowds whose darling he had become. Was it so? . . .

From the far North to Cape Comorin he has gone like some triumphant Caesar passing by, leaving a trail of glory and a legend behind him. Is all this for him just a passing fancy which amuses him, or some deep design or the play of some force which he himself does not know? Is it his will to power . . . that is driving him from crowd to crowd and making him whisper to himself:

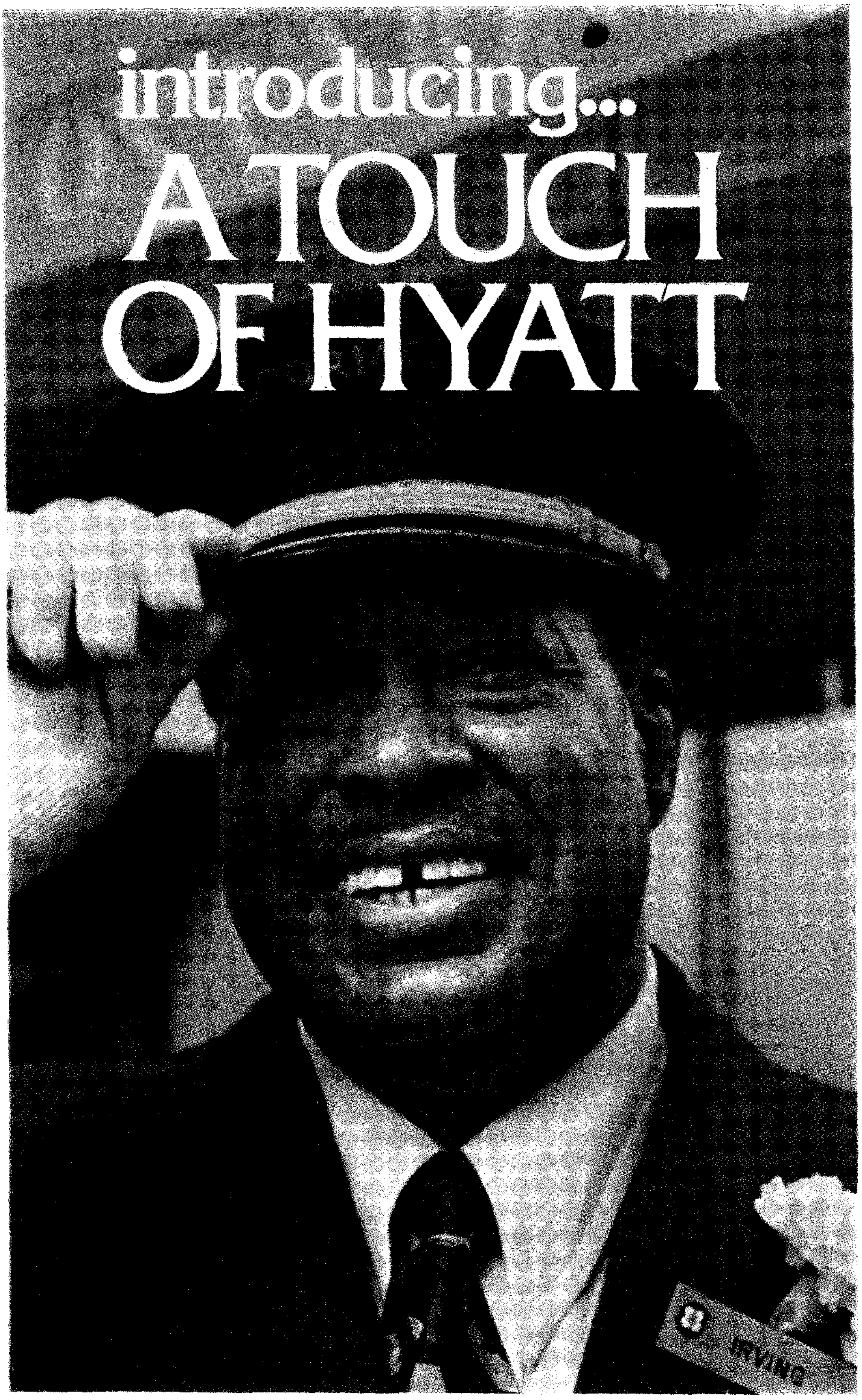
I drew these tides of men into my
hands
and wrote my will across the sky in
stars.

What if the fancy turn? Men like Jawaharlal with all their capacity for great and good work are unsafe in democracy. He calls himself a democrat and a socialist, and no doubt he does so in all earnestness, but every psychologist knows that the mind is ultimately a slave to the heart and that logic can always be made to fit in with the desires and irrepressible urges of man. A little twist and Jawaharlal might turn a dictator sweeping aside the paraphernalia of a slow-moving democracy. He might still use the language and slogans of democracy and socialism, but we all know how fascism has fattened on this language and then cast it away as useless lumber. . . .

Jawaharlal cannot become a fascist. And yet he has all the makings of a dictator in him—vast popularity, a strong will directed to a well-defined purpose, energy, pride, organizational capacity, ability, hardness, and, with all his love of the crowd, an intolerance of others and a certain contempt for the weak and inefficient. His flashes of temper are well-known and even when they are controlled, the curling of the lips betrays him. His overmastering desire to get things done, to sweep away what he dislikes and build anew, will hardly brook for long the slow processses of democracy. He may keep the husk but he will see to it that it bends to his will. In normal times he would just be an efficient and successful executive, but in this revolutionary epoch Caesarism is always at the door, and is it not possible that Jawaharlal might fancy himself as a Caesar?

Therein lies danger for Jawaharlal and for India. For it is not through Caesarism that India will attain freedom, and though she may prosper a little under a benevolent and efficient despotism she will remain stunted and the day of the emancipation of her people will be delayed.

Nehru served as free India's Prime Minister for almost seventeen years. In retrospect, one can criticize him for forfeiting the chance that his national popularity gave him to truly revolution-



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GENESIS XLIII 11. And their father Israel said unto them, If it must be so now, do this; take the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices, myrrh, nuts and almonds:

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ize the social and economic relationships among castes and classes and so to attack the roots of poverty. But he was scrupulous in preserving the spirit of the "adventure." He did not appoint his daughter, for instance, to any high government office or encourage her to acquire any personal power. Although at one point she did serve for a year as president of the ruling Congress Party, there is no evidence that he ever thought she would one day inherit his office. He could have named any successor he liked, but he made sure that after his death democratic procedures would be observed in the election of the next Prime Minister.

Lal Bahadur Shastri succeeded Nehru as Prime Minister, and, partly to honor Nehru's memory, Shastri appointed Indira Gandhi as Minister of Information and Broadcasting, a relatively secondary portfolio. Shastri died prematurely in 1966, after less than two years in office, leaving India again with the problem of succession. In the Congress Party, there were several strong contenders for the office; each had long political experience and a loyal following, but each aroused deep hostility in the camps of the other contenders. The Party bosses—popularly called the Syndicate—eventually backed Mrs. Gandhi, and she won. She was thought to be innocuous and inexperienced, and, being known primarily as a woman of good breeding, was expected to be a decorative figurehead. Indeed, in her early days in office she was looked upon as a puppet Prime Minister, with the Syndicate pulling the strings behind the scenes. In a crisis, she would display extreme docility and make her cause that of whichever faction in the Party had the blessing of the Syndicate and so commanded the most power. Before long, however, it became apparent that she had a mind of her own, and was quite capable of abandoning the course of action advocated by the Syndicate and pushing her own ideas whenever she saw an opportunity to rally members of the Party around her. Surprise at Mrs. Gandhi's revelations of strength, restiveness among the younger Congress members who had been under the thumb of the Syndicate, and the power and patronage of the office of the Prime Minister all worked in her favor. Moreover, she presented herself as a Socialist and a democrat, like her father—a "modern mind," with progressive ideas, whose realization was constantly frustrated by the backward-looking, self-seeking Syndicate. In 1969, she gave dramatic evidence of her ability to beat the Syndicate members at their own game. They had made a strong bid to install one of their own number, Sanjiva Reddy, as the President of India. The President, who is the titular head of the government and commander-in-chief of the armed forces, is elected by the members of Parliament and of the state assemblies. Mrs. Gandhi reluctantly supported the Syndicate's candidate for a time, and then decided to support a candidate of her own, V. V. Giri. He won, and the power of the Syndicate was never the same again.

Mrs. Gandhi, however, still had to win at the polls. To do so, she was obliged to depend on the same power base and the same narrow constituency as the Syndicate—namely, the Congress Party and the small middle class it, in actuality, represented. Yet if she ever really hoped to put into effect her often proclaimed progressive Socialist reforms—for example, genuine land redistribution for the poor—she could do so only at the expense of her party and that class, and if she ran afoul of them she stood to lose the power and office she needed to effect those reforms. This was her dilemma. Even her father, who had been able to appeal to a certain amount of idealism in the Party and the middle class, had been defeated by that dilemma in his efforts to make significant social and economic progress. Apparently, for both father and daughter, staying in office in the end took precedence over reform. Mrs. Gandhi soon proved adept at winning elections. She portrayed herself as the leader who could best carry on her father's unfinished work; she inundated the country with slogans like "*Garibi hatao*" ("Abolish poverty"); and, thanks in part to some stunning military successes against Pakistan in the 1971 war that led to the creation of Bangladesh, she came to be known at home and abroad for her "realism" and "realpolitik."

In 1971, however, Mrs. Gandhi became involved in a much publicized court case arising out of that year's general elections. She had stood as a Congress candidate for Parliament in the Rae Bareli constituency, in her home state of Uttar Pradesh, and had beaten her opponent, a Socialist Party candidate named Raj Narain, by a large margin. Immediately after her victory, Narain charged her with fourteen violations of the 1951 election law, and carried the case to the state's high court, in Allahabad. For a long time, no one took the matter seriously. After all, Mrs. Gandhi was the Prime Minister, and her family had wielded considerable power and influence in Allahabad for many generations, whereas Narain was a minor country politician. But he persisted. The case dragged on, and eventually, in 1975, Mrs. Gandhi reluctantly testified in her own defense. She was on the stand for seven and a half hours. Last June 12th, a judgment was finally handed down, and Mrs. Gandhi was found guilty of two of the fourteen charges. One concerned her use of an official from her secretariat, Yashpal Kapoor, in her election campaign for a brief period while he was still on the government's payroll. The other concerned her use of local officials to set up rostrums and loudspeakers for two political rallies. The election law prescribed severe penalties for anyone convicted of such "corrupt practices." Mrs. Gandhi was sentenced to give up her seat in Parliament and to hold no elective office for six years. She immediately appealed to the Supreme Court, in New Delhi.

On the face of it, both violations were trivial, especially since, as Prime Minister, Mrs. Gandhi legally had the whole paraphernalia of government at her disposal at election time; for instance, she used government helicopters as a matter of course to fly from rally to rally. But the opposition parties, which had never governed the country, immediately seized on her conviction as proof of corruption in every part of the central government—of the corruption of the people in office and the virtuousness of the people out of office. They clamored for her resignation, dramatizing the issue of corruption to win popular support.

INDIA's short experience with democratic government has been permeated by corruption. The country's resources are so meagre and the demands on them so overwhelming that opportunities for corruption are rife. With huge numbers of the poor living on a narrow margin of survival, enormous prizes are available to members of the middle class as hoarders, speculators, black marketeers, and smugglers. In fact, the democratic form of government seems in itself to foster corruption, because the constitutional freedoms and protections that in theory exist for everybody can in practice be enjoyed only by those who have the wherewithal to take advantage of them. Moreover, in theory, government officials and elected representatives are

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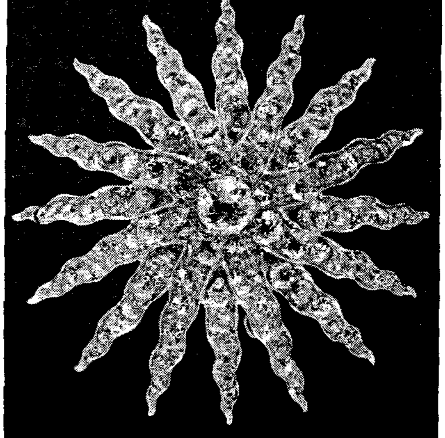

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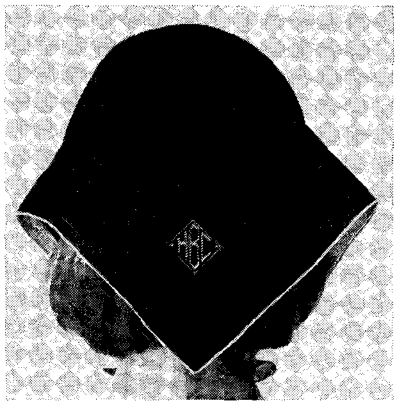

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supposed to serve everybody, but in practice they are beholden only to the class they come from, so while they are vociferous in their condemnation of corruption, little is done about it. Hence, the gap between the democratic system of law and the devices of self-serving politics, between the expression of noble intentions and sentiments and the use of base performance and tactics, widens continually. Stringent legal penalties for corruption are often enacted to assuage sensitive consciences but are rarely enforced. Mrs. Gandhi's conviction was a spectacular exception, and it came at a particularly difficult time for her, when opposition to her government was crystallizing around two prominent, elderly leaders, Jayaprakash Narayan and Morarji Desai.

Both Narayan and Desai were national figures, stalwarts of the freedom struggle and veterans of the Congress Party, although Narayan had become a staunch Socialist and Desai a conservative. In contrast to Nehru and Mrs. Gandhi, Narayan had abandoned the Congress Party in 1948 and the middle-class power base entirely some six years later to seek social and economic reform outside the regular channels of politics, and had been wandering through India's villages preaching spiritual Socialism. In March, 1974, however, he became the center of an essentially middle-class protest movement of students, workers, and intellectuals in his native Bihar, one of the poorest states in India. The movement advocated a "partyless democracy" through "total revolution," which would employ political agitation—sit-ins, strikes, boycotts—to rid the state and the country of corrupt, inefficient governments. But Narayan and his crusaders had no clearer idea than the Congress Party about how reform was to be effected and the middle class made to share power and wealth with the poor. Their crusade mainly took the form of moral exhortations and long processions—often silent, to emphasize the nonviolent character of Narayan's "revolution."

In the meantime, Desai was sponsoring another protest movement, in Gujarat, his home state. Unlike Narayan, Desai, a tough, pugnacious man, was a politician in the traditional mold. He had served as Minister of Finance in Nehru's government and had been Mrs. Gandhi's main rival for the office of Prime Minister. Afterward, he had served as Minister of Finance and Deputy Prime Minister in her government until 1969, when she ousted him. The Gujarat state government had been in turmoil for some years. Opposition parties had overthrown its Congress majority through political agitation, forced a new election, formed a coalition with the Congress, and then overthrown the state government again. Mrs. Gandhi had started governing the state from Delhi by proclamation, under an emergency provision of the constitution known as President's Rule. The opposition parties had condemned the imposition of President's Rule as corrupt and anti-democratic and had begun agitating for a new election, which it was generally expected would put them in power. In April, 1975, to force the issue, Desai undertook a fast "unto death." Mrs. Gandhi, fearful of the political consequences of his death, gave in. Narayan and Desai now made an alliance of convenience and, out of half a dozen small, disparate parties, formed a so-called People's Front for the purpose of winning the Gujarat election. As a political party, the People's Front was probably better suited to nonviolent protest and political agitation than to forming a government, yet it had an enormous psychological effect on the Congress Party. The messianic Narayan and the aggressive Desai were laying claim to a political power base of their own.

Since 1971, opposition to the Congress Party had been growing throughout the country. The very costly war with Pakistan that year had left a big legacy of inflation, and this was compounded by drought and famine in several subsequent years and, in 1974, by the fourfold increase in the world price of oil, vital for India's chemical-fertilizer industry and the so-called green revolution. Those national afflictions were further exacerbated by constant student and worker strikes, the government's economic mismanagement, and political corruption, and Mrs. Gandhi's slogans began to ring hollow. President's Rule was imposed on several states in the name of law and order, even as John Kenneth Galbraith's description of India as a "functioning anarchy" became more and more apt. In these states and elsewhere, opposition parties more extremist than Narayan's and Desai's, denied the opportunity to fight elections, grew more and more vociferous and in some cases took to violence. On the right, there was the increasingly powerful Jan Sangh, a Hindu chauvinist party with a paramilitary organization and strong nationalist backing, which appealed to narrow social and religious prejudices. The left, though ideologically split, had also been gaining ground, thanks to the

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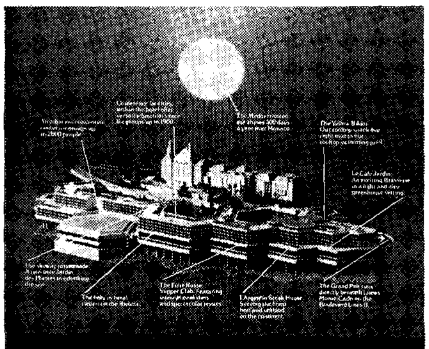

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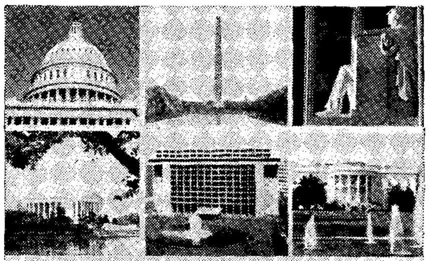

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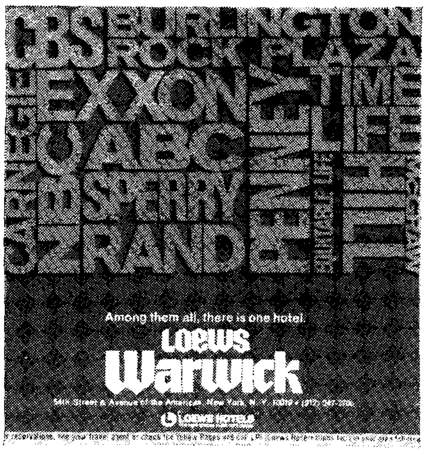

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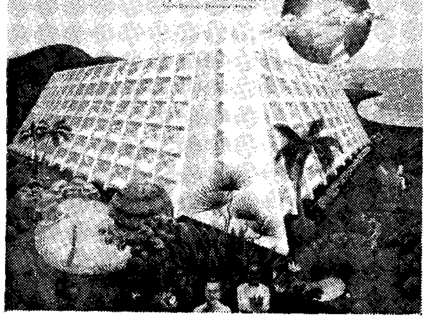

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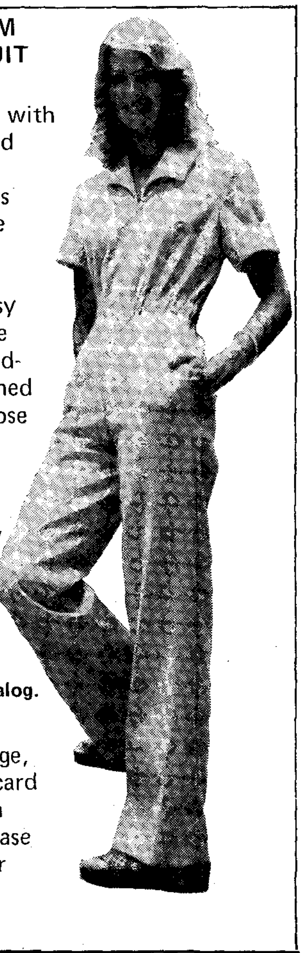

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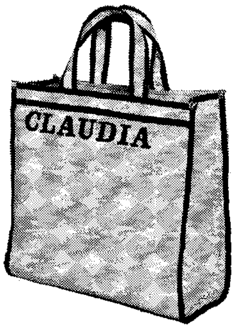

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appearance, in 1967, of the Naxalites, a Maoist peasant movement originating in a district of West Bengal called Naxalbari. Its violent ideology, its genuine peasant roots, and the revolutionary example of neighboring China had attracted to it many middle-class idealists and malcontents, students and intellectuals, and it had quickly spread from Naxalbari to Calcutta and from Calcutta to Bihar and other states. It had been largely checked in the early seventies by perhaps the most ruthless government action ever taken in democratic India, when, among other things, according to unofficial reports, under the personal orders of Mrs. Gandhi thousands of suspected Naxalites were liquidated. But the memory of the Naxalites continued to inspire the left. In any event, the Congress Party seemed to be losing its automatic national support—a heritage of its role in the freedom struggle—as the general elections set for February, 1976, drew nearer. Political rhetoric everywhere was stepped up. Opposition leaders repeatedly charged the Congress with Fascism, and the Congress charged the opposition with loosing anarchy.

Then, on June 12, 1975, came Mrs. Gandhi's conviction, and, on the following day, the results of the Gujarat elections, which the Narayan-Desai alliance won by a significant margin. Narayan and Desai, encouraged by their success, instituted a series of "Resign, Indira" rallies in Delhi. The Congress Party began holding counter-rallies calling for law and order. On June 24th, Mrs. Gandhi received a conditional stay of her sentence from the Supreme Court: she was allowed to remain on provisionally as Prime Minister—not, however, as a paid or voting member of Parliament. On June 25th, at a mass rally in Delhi, Narayan announced a week-long campaign of demonstrations and civil disobedience throughout the country, beginning June 29th, to force Mrs. Gandhi's resignation. In the course of his speech, he denounced her continuance in office as illegal and unconstitutional, and exhorted the police and the military to disobey government orders repugnant to their consciences. He had made such exhortations in earlier speeches, but now, in the context of the resignation drive, the Congress interpreted the exhortations as a call for mutiny. Or so it claimed. That night, the police rounded up and arrested Narayan, Desai, and leaders of all the other opposition parties—except the pro-Soviet Communist Party, which had consistently supported Mrs. Gandhi because of her government's pro-Soviet policies—along with a number of dissident Congress Party leaders. On June 26th, the President, invoking the emergency provision of the constitution, proclaimed a state of emergency *in the entire country*. In the days that followed, the government arrested thousands, or, by some estimates, tens of thousands, more men and women; imposed total press censorship, which extended to all foreign dispatches; prohibited publication of the names or whereabouts of the prisoners, who were dubbed "detainees;" suspended fundamental constitutional rights and legal protections of all citizens, specifically denying the "detainees" the right of equality before the law, the protection of life and property, the right to know the reason for their arrest, the right to hearings before magistrates, and the right to judicial review. It was the first time in independent India that such sweeping repressive measures had been taken, but, because the action was so swift, the blackout on newspapers so thorough, and government propaganda about the threat to India's internal security so relentless, it was many days, even weeks, before much of the newspaper-reading public became aware of the extent of the coup; the hundreds of millions of the poor who live in the villages of India probably are not aware of it yet. The mass support for the opposition parties, so much in evidence during the protest demonstrations and processions, simply melted away—a confirmation of the fact that the conflict between the Congress and those parties was in essence just a quarrel among middle-class politicians.

The Constituent Assembly, which drafted the constitution of democratic India in 1949, had been dominated by middle-class intellectuals. At the time, one of them, H. V. Kamath, had voiced fears about the emergency laws which in retrospect seem prophetic: "I have studied the major constitutions of the world, but I have not come across any such wide and sweeping provision. I fear that we are seeking to lay the foundations of a totalitarian state. The suspension of fundamental rights is a very grave matter. I will go so far as to say that it is even graver than the gravest emergency with which the state may be confronted." Last summer, however, Mrs. Gandhi's government, apparently not satisfied with the "wide and sweeping provision," set about expanding it by means of a series of constitutional amendments, which the government was able to push through because of the Congress's overwhelming majority in Parliament and in twenty of the twenty-two state assemblies. One of the amendments bars any judicial challenge to the President's reasons for declaring a state of emergency. Another bars judicial review of the results of any election involving, among others, the Prime Minister, and retroactively renders "pending proceedings in respect of such election under the existing law null and void." It also grants Prime Ministers immunity from criminal and civil proceedings for offenses committed before they assume office and while they hold office. The amendments have by now been buttressed by a series of extraordinary laws and ordinances—one of which, besides dealing with more general matters, nullifies retroactively the specific charges on which Mrs. Gandhi was found guilty of corrupt election practices—insuring that if one day Mrs. Gandhi should direct the President of India to call off the emergency, as she has often promised to do, the fundamental changes it has ushered in would continue. In the light of the constitutional and legislative changes, the Supreme Court has already overturned Mrs. Gandhi's conviction, without addressing itself to the question of whether the government had the right to amend the constitution in such a way as to change its fundamental nature.

WITH the exception of the twenty-eight years of democratic government, and perhaps of the more halcyon days of British rule, India over the centuries has known little but despotism at the hands of native, Mogul, Portuguese, Dutch, and French rulers. Throughout its history, a few thousand people have, in effect, easily managed to rule millions of downtrodden, who have always lived in fear of authority, cowed by a religion of fatalism. Even during the years of democracy, the government had the air of a monarchy with local satrapies dispensing patronage and favors. Indeed, the Congress Party, with its caste and class interests, has ruled the democracy at the center continuously, and if it had ever lost at the polls it is questionable whether it would have quietly relinquished power. As Congress Party rule has been virtually institutionalized, the rise and fall of many politicians have become increasingly dependent on the whim of the Prime Minister. In fact, the tone of the democracy has been set by the Nehru family, father and daughter,

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who, as Prime Ministers, have ruled for all but nineteen months, and that tone has been essentially princely.

Although Nehru, despite his aristocratic background and natural inclinations, made an effort to conduct himself like a democrat, Mrs. Gandhi has conducted herself increasingly like a queen. Certainly the politicians around her appear to be courtiers. Her conduct may stem from Nehru's position in modern India, from megalomania, or from a lack of self-awareness. In any event, since the proclamation of the emergency she has set about building herself a personality cult: billboards and buses everywhere are covered with signs and posters displaying her picture and quoting her sayings; the student branch of the Congress Party is busy organizing Indira Study Circles at universities; Congress politicians are widely circulating a new collection of her speeches and articles, entitled "India." (One of the commonest slogans heard nowadays is "India is Indira, and Indira is India.") On the radio and in the newspapers, Mrs. Gandhi often compares herself to Joan of Arc; in an article last year entitled "My Secret of Success," in a major Hindi magazine, she reveals that her success is due to her childhood ambition to grow up to be like Joan of Arc. She also likes to tell a story about her early involvement in the freedom struggle. When she was five, she says, she discovered that her doll was made in Britain. For days she pondered what she should do about it, and she struggled, in her words, "between love of the doll—[along with] pride in the ownership of such a lovely thing—and . . . duty towards my country." She continues, "At last the decision was made and, quivering with tension, I took the doll up on the roof terrace and set fire to her. Then the tears came as if they could never stop. And for some days I was ill with a temperature! To this day I hate striking a match!"

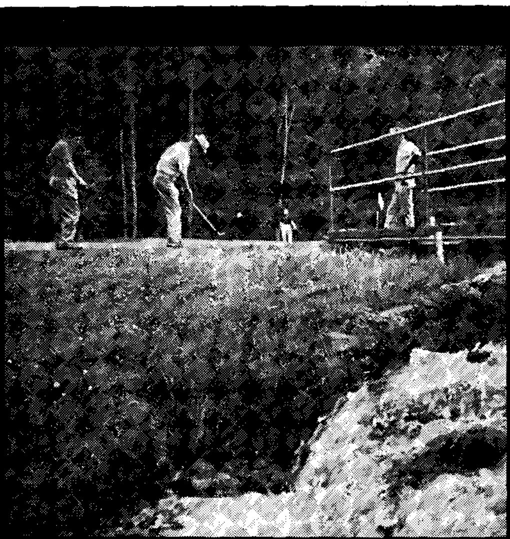
Mrs. Gandhi, born in 1917, had a lonely and unsettled childhood. Her parents' marriage was seemingly not a happy one. Her father was educated at Harrow and at Cambridge. Her mother, Kamala, was unsophisticated and sketchily educated. Indira's father was in and out of British jails; her mother was sick much of the time with tuberculosis, and died when Indira was eighteen. Indira's formal education was inevitably neglected. Soon after her mother's death, she attended Oxford for a few months; she learned to play badminton there but did not put in much time on studies or sit for any examinations. While she was in England, however, she met a childhood friend, Feroze Gandhi (not related to Mahatma Gandhi), who was studying at the London School of Economics. They were married in 1942 in India, over the objections of the orthodox and the unorthodox alike, including her father; she was a high-caste Kashmiri Brahman, and Feroze was not even a Hindu—he was a Parsi. They settled in Uttar Pradesh, and had two sons—Rajiv, in 1944, and Sanjay, in 1946. The marriage, though, proved to be a stormy one. After seven years, Indira left Feroze to live with her father in the Prime Minister's residence in Delhi, where she served as official hostess. There was an attempt at reconciliation some years later, during which Feroze lived at the Prime Minister's residence, but it was unsuccessful.

Feroze, who resented being known as "the nation's son-in-law," made a name for himself as a journalist and member of Parliament, and became a hero to critics of the Nehru government for his part in exposing the so-called Mundhra Affair, which was a *cause célèbre* in 1958. The case concerned a stock transaction involving the industrialist Haridas Mundhra and the then Minister of Finance, T. T. Krishnamachari, who was eventually forced to resign. The newspaper-reading public avidly followed the hearings on the case, and for the first time in years the press and the opposition parties had an opportunity to thunder against corruption in Nehru's government. Nehru could have taken ruthless repressive measures against the critics, but he chose instead to allow them to have their say and the judicial inquiry to take its course, so reminding the ministers, as his biographer Michael Brecher observes, that in a democracy they were responsible to Parliament and the public at large. Feroze Gandhi died in 1960, at the age of forty-seven, of a heart attack.

Mrs. Gandhi, who has always kept her own counsel, nowadays spends her off-duty hours almost entirely with her immediate family. She has no close friends. Rajiv, an Indian Airlines pilot, with his Italian-born wife and their two children, lives with her, and so does her younger son Sanjay, a businessman, with his Indian wife. So far, Rajiv has shown no interest in politics, but Sanjay has lately emerged as his mother's main adviser and confidant. He reportedly sits at her emergency council meetings and serves as her surrogate at meetings with petitioning politicians and officials. He is regularly seen at her side in public. He attended all the Supreme Court sessions on her appeal, and not long ago he was appointed to the executive committee of the Congress youth wing, his first formal position in the Party.

Sanjay, a short, slender, handsome man with curly black hair who dresses simply, in Indian clothes, first came to public notice five years ago, when Mrs. Gandhi's government granted him a license to build a factory to mass-produce a small "people's car," which he named Maruti, after the son of a Hindu wind god. From the outset of the project, he and the Maruti have been at the center of a political uproar. Charges of nepotism, of creating a government-sponsored monopoly, of accumulating wealth at the expense of the public, and of questionable financial dealings have dogged him. At one time, one-fifth of the members of Parliament submitted a memorandum to Mrs. Gandhi demanding an investigation, but she dismissed the memorandum out of hand, as she had dismissed every attack on her son in Parliament or in the press. She announced a year ago, though, that all charges had been investigated and found groundless. It is said that in the meantime Sanjay has become rich—although a Maruti has yet to appear on the road. Reports about the relations between mother and son are so confusing and unbelievable that it is hard to know what to make of them. For instance, Lewis Simons, of the Washington *Post*, who was perhaps the best foreign correspondent in India until he was expelled under the emergency measures, wrote last summer, "A family friend who attended a dinner party with Sanjay and Mrs. Gandhi several months ago said he saw the son slap his mother across the face 'six times.' 'She didn't do a thing,' the friend said. 'She just stood there and took it. She's scared to death of him.' " Yet Simons had also reported that when Mrs. Gandhi returned home after learning of her conviction, Sanjay "threw his arms around her and cried like a baby." But another family friend recently commented, "Not even a god could slap Mrs. Gandhi across the face six times. I know from an eyewitness that Sanjay only slapped her once. And as for Sanjay crying—he's a tough fellow and he doesn't cry."

MRS. GANDHI claims that through the emergency she has streamlined Indian democracy to reflect the Indian reality better and to make it



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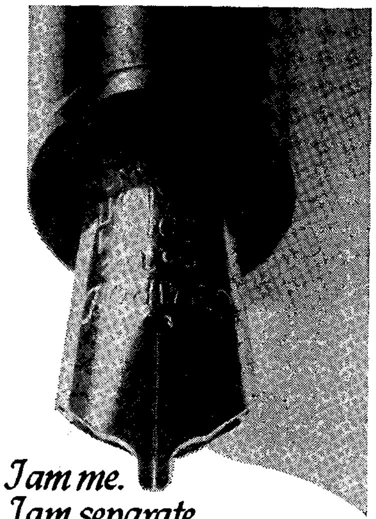
more responsive to the needs of the poor. "Preserving the integrity of the fabric is a major challenge in the early years of any new nation," she has written. "Our constitution-makers were fully aware of the problems involved and knew that although our diversity had to be accommodated through federalist provisions, the center should hold at all times and should have sufficient power to deal with threats to unity and order." Though the opposition parties constituted a small minority, she claims that they were so irresponsible that she had reason to fear for Indian democracy. She says that if she had not proclaimed the emergency, the opposition would have destroyed it by extra-constitutional means. "Democracy meant responsibility, not license for everyone," she wrote. "The government's responsibility was to allow freedom of speech and association, but the opposition and citizens had also the responsibility of not paralyzing government functioning. But what was happening here was not just freedom but license. And I think democracy was being destroyed by taking advantage of the freedom which democracy gives, especially as some of these parties who are against us have never claimed to believe in democracy."

On another occasion, she elaborated on this theme:

> Democracy has two obligations. There are obligations *on the government* that *it* should allow free press, free speech, and association, and so on, but it also [places] an obligation on the others to observe the rules of the game, if you like, but that was not being done.... It was not a question of the entire country wanting something. It was a small *minority*. Elections were only a few months to go and had they waited they would have had the verdict of the people. But one of the opposition leaders said, "This will have to be fought out on the streets." Another one said, "There has to be total revolution," and he tried to incite not only the industrial workers but the Army and the police. Now this could not have strengthened democracy in any way. If the people feel that their needs are not being met and their lives are being constantly disturbed, and I mean the mass of the people, then that poses very grave danger to the system.

She claims that through the emergency she has also modernized the Indian judicial system, which, because it was inherited from the British, served essentially middle-class interests, equating liberty with property and placing more emphasis on protecting the rights of individuals than on furthering social justice. Indeed, she blames the judicial system for frustrating many of the government's efforts



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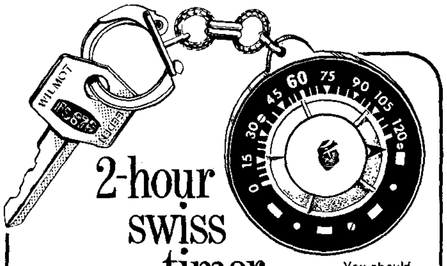

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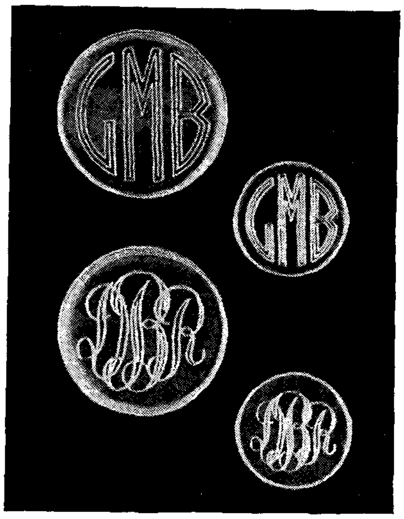

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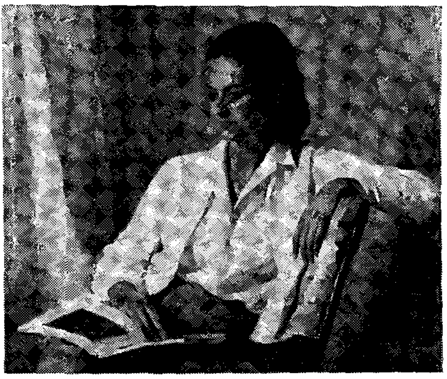

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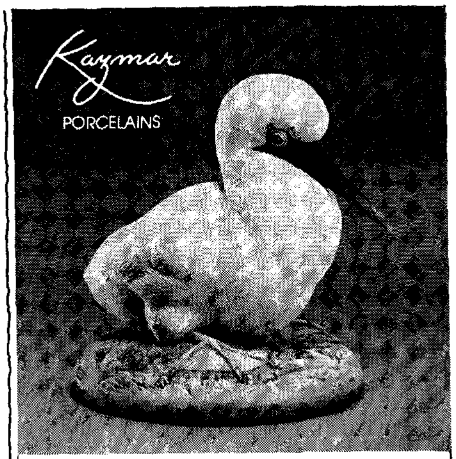
at social and economic reforms, such as distribution of land, abolition of feudal privileges, and dissolution of the monopolies of a few business families. She looks to the emergency to usher in a more revolutionary, speedier system of justice, claiming that the individual liberties and rights she has abridged had meaning only for the middle class, and that the equality of opportunity she is now trying to insure has meaning for the poor. "What is not understood by some of our casual critics is that the political and social institutions of a nation should meet the immediate and large-term requirements of that nation," she has said. She has also asserted that her radical measures have precedents in other former Western colonies. Like India, when they were granted independence many established Western-type parliamentary democracies, but, as one of her most trusted spokesmen, B. K. Nehru (a distant cousin), recently explained, they all found it necessary long before India did to curtail their democracies in favor of indigenous systems, usually with "a much stronger and stabler executive" than the Western model allowed, sometimes even "at the cost of democracy itself." In her view, the main reason for such changes was that, according to Nehru, "the basic problem of the people of the poor and underdeveloped countries is very different from that of Western Europe and the white dominions of the Commonwealth, where parliamentary democracy has been a success." He went on, "This is the problem of the removal of poverty, which in some countries, such as India, has achieved proportions which are unimaginable in the Western world. For the vast majority of people in such countries the democratic freedoms, which so delight the hearts of the Western-influenced urban intellectual, have no meaning whatsoever." Mrs. Gandhi has praised the emergency for putting an end to wasteful social and economic disruptions and for fostering a new sense of national discipline and a climate for economic progress. "No country can advance without discipline," she has observed. "So either the people must do it themselves or the government has to do it. . . . This emergency has created a spirit of discipline without any exhortation on our side. And we hope to use this new spirit to increase production and to undertake many new programs which had become difficult before because of the cynicism which was being spread by some of our newspapers."

The opposition parties dismiss all these assertions and claims as exploitations of the issue of poverty for Mrs. Gandhi's own selfish ends and as diversionary tactics for avoiding real reform—in short, as window dressing for dictatorship. If Western-type democracy is unsuited for India, the critics ask, why does the Prime Minister still keep up the pretense of democracy? They say that her lip service to constitutional niceties is intended to give her coup an aura of respectability and legitimacy, in an attempt to insure the loyalty of the armed forces. They say that although for the time being Mrs. Gandhi has succeeded in saving her own skin, she has actually set the stage for someone much more ruthless and tyrannical to overthrow her eventually. Some of her critics are asking whether the prolongation of the emergency—the 1976 general elections were recently postponed for at least a year—has not already put her legitimacy in doubt, and whether the Indian armed forces, of about a million men, will continue to be loyal to her for long.

So far, those armed forces, schooled in the British apolitical tradition, have adhered to the principle of civilian control. Indeed, the high-ranking officers have continued to model themselves on their British mentors, functioning as a race apart, and known for their polo playing, their hard drinking, and their stiffly pressed uniforms. The rank and file, for their part, though often from poor backgrounds, are known for their discipline, their patriotism, and their heroism, which they have demonstrated in the several wars since independence. The fact is that the emergency has been very popular with both the officers and many of the rank and file, who, like other members of the middle class, had seen a threat to their privileges in the opposition parties' stirring up of mass discontent. Yet if Mrs. Gandhi should try to put through the social and economic reforms she keeps talking about, she may well end up arousing among them the same degree of antagonism that is now being displayed by the opposition parties. Practically every other Asian and African country that started out as a free society with apolitical armed forces has sooner or later succumbed to military dictatorship. It may be that in India, as elsewhere, to overthrow the established government the armed forces need no greater provocation than the wish to put one of their own men in power—and this may be why one of Mrs. Gandhi's first actions,



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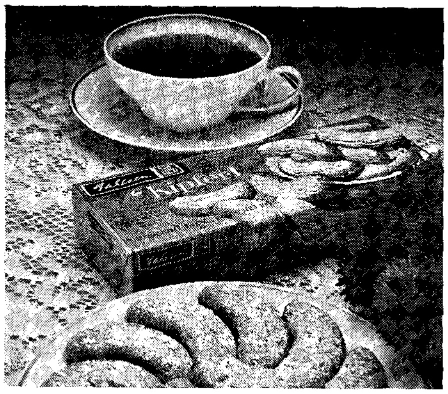

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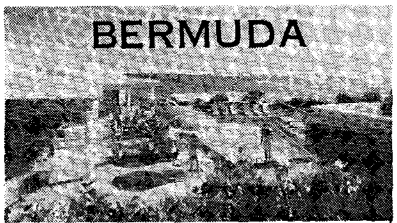

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reportedly, after the emergency was proclaimed was to put sixty-one-year-old Field Marshal Sam Manekshaw, a hero of the Bangladesh war, who had retired as chief of staff of the Army, under temporary house arrest.

In any event, for some time before the emergency was proclaimed there were signs of restiveness both in the military and in government circles generally. For one thing, Mrs. Gandhi, disregarding the tradition of the seniority system, had reached over the heads of several generals to appoint General Tapeshwar Nath Raina as Army chief of staff and over the heads of three senior judges to appoint A. N. Ray as chief justice of India; both men were deemed personally loyal to her, and, as it happened, it fell to Ray, as chief justice, to hear Mrs. Gandhi's case. For another thing, the power of the border security force and of the Central Intelligence Bureau within the government had been growing at an ominous rate. The border security force had been raised in 1962, after the India-China war, to patrol and guard the India-China border, but lately it had been used as a paramilitary force to maintain internal security. Similarly, the Central Intelligence Bureau had increasingly been used as a political arm of the government throughout the country, and surveillance—through telephone taps, mail checks, and house watches—of government officials and of politicians had become routine. The emergency may now, in effect, have licensed such government efforts to stamp out all dissent. Even in Mrs. Gandhi's own Congress Party suppression of dissent has been carried to such lengths that not long ago the Party's president, D. K. Barooah, remarked that the emergency had brought about such a "qualitative change" in politics that thenceforth Party members were "not to ask questions but to carry out orders."

Despite injunctions of this sort, one member of the Congress Party, Krishnan Kant, recently made an eloquent and wide-ranging indictment of the emergency, a sort of *cri de cœur*, in what could properly be called the rump Parliament, inasmuch as so many of both its opposition and its Congress members have been jailed. Kant was forthwith expelled from the Party, but the text of his speech was smuggled out of the country, and although the version we have is garbled in places, the sense is clear. Kant rejects the whole rationale for the emergency, saying that the people who are now so loud in support of it as a quick and easy answer to

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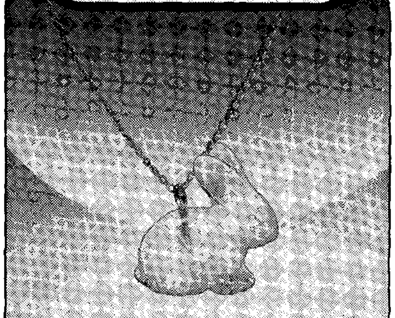

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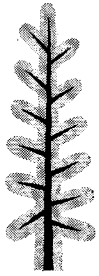

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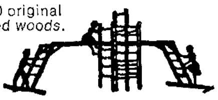

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India's social and economic needs, and who are decrying democratic institutions and civil liberties as bourgeois luxuries ill-suited to a poor country, are the very people who have been amassing wealth at the expense of the poor and sabotaging all efforts at reform ever since independence, and that the Congress Party leaders who are now being punished for misconduct by expulsion or arrest are not those saboteurs but people who attacked corruption in the Party and insisted on the Party's living up to the letter and spirit of its promises. He goes on to say that whenever, in independent India, industries were in fact nationalized, as had been promised, it was the former owners rather than the workers who benefitted; that, similarly, whenever a piece of land-reform legislation was passed, as had been promised, it was so full of loopholes that the landowners kept their land and the landless peasants remained landless; that even when, after the 1972 drought, the government took over the distribution of wheat expressly to prevent hoarders and black marketeers from profiting by the widespread hunger of their countrymen, many of the government officials and Congress men and women involved became hoarders and black marketeers themselves. These, Kant says, are the very people who, after Narayan came along with his protest movement, closed ranks and instituted the emergency, engulfing the country in a great political silence and enveloping it in a thick fog so that they could continue their nefarious activities unchecked and unchallenged. With their new dictatorial powers, they have been able to force down prices, to force up production in factories, to enforce discipline in schools and universities, and also to dismiss a few incompetent government officials and to make the trains run on time—in short, to make the emergency popular and thus better conceal the fact that the old concentration of property and privilege remains undisturbed. Kant notes that "after the imposition of emergency the government has suspended Articles 19, 20, and 21, regarding fundamental rights of freedom of speech and expression and personal liberty, but not Article 31, relating to right of property," and goes on, "No privileges of the privileged classes are being touched. They have been reassured. There is going to be no nationalization of textile and sugar industries. . . . On the other hand, the emergency will come down on the workers, on students, the intelligentsia, and the fixed-income groups. I would like to ask my friends if this is really

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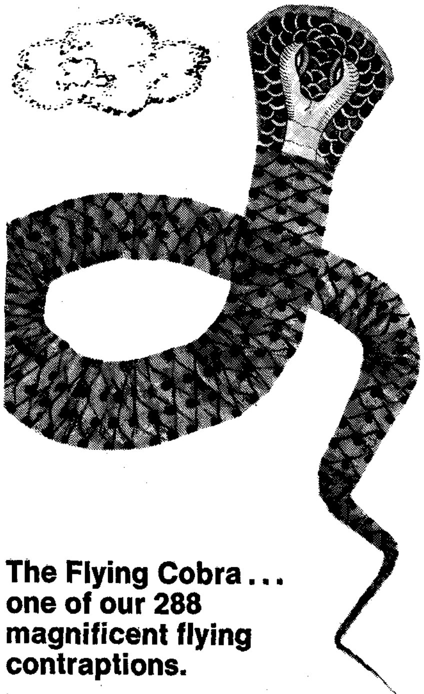
a swing to the left or whether it is not in fact a swing to the right?"

Kant recalls that after the emergency was proclaimed Mrs. Gandhi said that in a country as vast and diverse as India no dictatorship could succeed—that its effect would be only to divide and Balkanize the country—yet she also said recently that the nation is greater than democracy. How can two such contradictory statements be reconciled, Kant asks. Again, he recalls, she said in defense of her emergency that the number of persons she had arrested was an extremely small proportion of the Indian population. And yet she must know that the very climate of emergency, the very fear of peremptory arrest, creates a most unhealthy political atmosphere, conducive only to conspiratorial politics. In such desperate circumstances, he continues, *the people to fear are not the men and* women who are now in jail, since they believe in open society and open politics—as Nehru used to say, work in the sun and in the light—but the terrorists and the palace guards who are now at large, since they believe in secret, furtive politics and hatch their plots in the darkness of night. The palace guards may be even more sinister and dangerous than the terrorists, because, being sycophants, rank opportunists, time servers, and unprincipled men, they *are ruled only by ambition and vie with* each other to pronounce their loyalty to whoever *happens to sit on the throne* at a particular time. It is therefore in Mrs. Gandhi's own interest to try to settle her differences with her opponents through dialogue and accommodation rather than through emergency and repression. But the counsels of reason have been drowned out by the din and the machinations of those people with vested interests. Who now dares to attack the government's failures *and to expose the people with* vested interests, Kant asks. They have seen to it that there is no freedom of speech, because they think any criticism of government policy is a criticism of them. Kant also says:

> *A free press is the greatest strength of* an efficient democratic system. When you stifle the flow of information to the people in this country, you are blocking the channel of information to yourself.... You are not going to increase the efficiency of the system. Rather, you are robbing it of any efficiency it might have had. We *have heard Mussolini—for the first* time—ran trains on time in Italy. We have heard of Ayub Khan bringing down the prices [after his military coup in Pakistan in 1958]. Jawaharlal Nehru was not taken in by these gimmicks. He knew that these were not the ways of adding efficiency to the system.... Till now, if the right reactionaries and left adventurists have not been able to launch on a path of violence in this country, it was mainly because of [the] open society. It was our greatest insurance. Now this emergency and the accompanying blackout gives them the cover they need to hatch conspiracies. Those who brought about this emergency know not what grievous harm they are doing to the nation and to themselves....
>
> We in this country have learnt at the feet of Gandhiji [Mahatma Gandhi] that ends and means are inseparable—rather, means are more important than ends.... When you resort to undemocratic and coercive methods, even with the best of intentions, they release forces... over which one has no control. The person releasing these forces becomes, inadvertently, or maybe innocently, a prisoner of such forces and [is] no more... a free agent.... Then a *nation has to pay a very heavy price to save* its soul.
>
> I am not wedded to the Westminster *model* of democracy. I am prepared to look at various alternatives. But what we see happening before our eyes is, on the one hand, the hopeful dream of those who talk of a limited dictatorship becom*ing a nightmare of full dictatorship*, and, on the other hand, the death of parties, resulting in a partyless system.... Any dictatorship which is not based on an ideology will not be the dictatorship of a leadership, will not be the dictatorship of a party or a class, but will become the tyranny of the constable, the clerk, and the petty official. Let us not be deluded by the sacking of a few petty officials. All this happened not once, twice, but thrice in Pakistan, when Ayub Khan took over, when Yahya Khan took over, and when [Zulfikar Ali] Bhutto took over.
>
> The Indian freedom struggle has been a glowing saga in the world history. It blazed... a nonviolent path for the liberation of oppressed peoples. Many subject nations took inspiration from it. Gandhi and his ideology became a beacon light to Asian and African countries. Nehru tried to imbibe the spirit and establish the parliamentary system and lay the foundation of an open society. The whole freedom struggle was directed towards this end. It was because of the strong [tradition], and correct tendencies built up through fire and travails, that when many newly emergent countries of Asia and Africa, one after the other, fell under dictatorships, India stood as a great bastion of democracy and open society.... My pride and faith has received a rude shock when I find people recommending the throwing away of this precious legacy [in order to] follow the examples of other Asian and African countries... where freedom of press and right of dissent and the right to move in the court or the right to know the crime for which one is being punished—the very prerequisites of democracy—have been extinguished. If we are forced on this path, it would mean the negation of the last seventy-five years of Indian history. Would it not [be] as if Gandhi never trod this earth and the whole fight we waged for the propagation of high



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democratic principles was just a freak, unconnected with the past or the future?

KANT sees the Indian emergency as an aberrant departure from the tradition of "high democratic principles" which he celebrates. But it may be that the Indian emergency is the logical culmination of a process that has been at work in India—and, in fact, in the subcontinent as a whole—ever since independence. Of course, from the British days on, freedom and self-determination have been the great rallying cries in the subcontinent; just as Kant suggests, these ideals inspired and sustained for more than half a century the movement for independence from the British. But they also provoked, at the time of independence, a religious war in which a million people died and eleven million became refugees. It resulted in partition of the subcontinent and the establishment of the separate state of Pakistan as a homeland for the Muslim minority, who had carried on a parallel struggle within the larger independence movement for the right to determine *their* own destiny. Twenty-four years later, in 1971, they provoked a further partition of the subcontinent—this time of Pakistan, when its eastern wing broke away and established the separate state of Bangladesh as a homeland for the Bengali Muslims, who had recently begun agitating for the right to determine *their* own destiny. In fact, since independence there has hardly been a racial, religious, linguistic, tribal, or geographical group within the confines of the subcontinent some of whose members have not sent up a cry at one time or another for a separate homeland in the name of freedom and self-determination and so posed a threat of further partition of the subcontinent into warring countries. For many of these separatists, Bangladesh has become a paradigm of their struggle to win independence, even as the independence struggles of India and Pakistan were once the paradigm for Bangladesh's struggle. Indeed, the brief history of Bangladesh appears to be the working out of a historical pattern that has been emerging for many years in the subcontinent as a whole—foreshadowing what may be in store for Mrs. Gandhi's regime.

In large measure, the Bangladesh movement for independence grew out of an erosion of democracy in Pakistan, which, in 1958, culminated in the establishment of a dictatorship under General Mohammad Ayub Khan. From the very beginning, Pakistan had

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been an uneasy alliance of two distinct cultural, economic, and linguistic entities (India, of course, is an uneasy alliance of dozens of such entities), the richer Punjabis in the west and the poorer Bengalis in the east, separated by a thousand miles of Indian territory. Initially, the only thing except religion which really bound the two entities together was their belief in a democratic form of government. Such a form of government did function, however crudely, for a time, and, through political representation, allowed for the expression and accommodation of some cultural differences. But Ayub's dictatorship ushered in a new order, which tried to institutionalize the economic and political dominance of West Pakistan over East Pakistan. (South Indians are now charging that Mrs. Gandhi's emergency dictatorship is trying to institutionalize the economic and political dominance of the North over the South.) The avowed aims of Ayub's dictatorial rule (as those of Mrs. Gandhi are now) were the stability and unity of Pakistan and the institution of paternalistic social and economic reforms, but in actuality his rule succeeded only in blocking change, entrenching feudalism, and repressing all cultural and political dissent. It thus inadvertently aided a separatist movement in East Pakistan.

The founding father of the Bengali separatist movement, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman—or simply Mujib—was born into a traditionally Muslim middle-class Bengali family in 1920. As a young man, he became caught up in the Indian freedom struggle. In the early years of Pakistan, he was a Pakistani patriot, but as the country moved toward dictatorship he came to feel that the government was becoming increasingly isolated from and unresponsive to the needs and wishes of his Bengali people and was devoting most of its energies to staying in power. He came to feel that East Pakistan had only substituted the rule of West Pakistan for the old rule of Britain—one colonial oligarchy for another. He helped to found the Awami League, a sort of people's movement, in East Pakistan, and in 1953 he became its general secretary. In the early years of its existence, the Awami League demanded merely that the Bengalis be given equal opportunity with the Punjabis—equal representation in the well-paying jobs of the civil and military bureaucracies, an equal share of foreign aid, and official use of the Bengali language. Pakistan's dictatorial government, instead of fulfilling these moder-

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ate demands, jailed the Awami League leaders and redoubled its efforts at repression, through the use of martial law and emergency powers. As a result, Mujib himself spent a total of ten years in Pakistani jails. But the tightening of repression had the effect of making Mujib and the Awami League more radical and more popular. In fact, it was thanks in part to the Bengalis that Ayub Khan was forced to resign in 1969. As it turned out, Ayub was succeeded by an even more autocratic dictator, General Yahya Khan, but things had gone so far in East Pakistan that he was obliged to hold nationwide elections in 1970. Mujib and the Awami League were swept into power and now demanded nothing less than complete political and economic autonomy for East Pakistan. Yahya Khan insisted that he would not sacrifice the unity and integrity of the country, and rearrested Mujib and other leaders of the Awami League. He tried to impose a military solution on what was essentially a political problem. The repressive measures he took had no precedent in scale or severity under Ayub, let alone under the British. He killed hundreds of thousands of Bengalis, practically wiping out the Bengali political and economic élite, and forced millions to flee to India. These measures, in effect, provoked a full-scale civil war, and they brought India into the fight on the side of East Pakistan. In December, 1971, the war ended in the downfall of Yahya Khan and the creation of Bangladesh. The devastation of the Bengali homeland and the suffering of the Bengali people immediately became an international symbol of the tragic costs of independence, just as the devastation and suffering in India and Pakistan were in 1947.

Mujib was released from his West Pakistan jail in an act of magnanimity by Yahya Khan's successor, Zulfikar Ali Bhutto, and returned home to a hero's welcome. He helped to establish a parliamentary democracy, like India's, in Bangladesh, and became the first Prime Minister. He tried to run the new nation according to the old democratic ideals of the Awami League, but he soon found that they were better suited, as he himself was, to the rhetoric of revolution than to the routine of administration. At first, he kept the doors of his house in Dacca open at all times and dealt with suppliants and their problems by dispensing favors in the manner of a feudal landowner, but he made little headway with his nation's social and economic problems. Increasingly frustrat-

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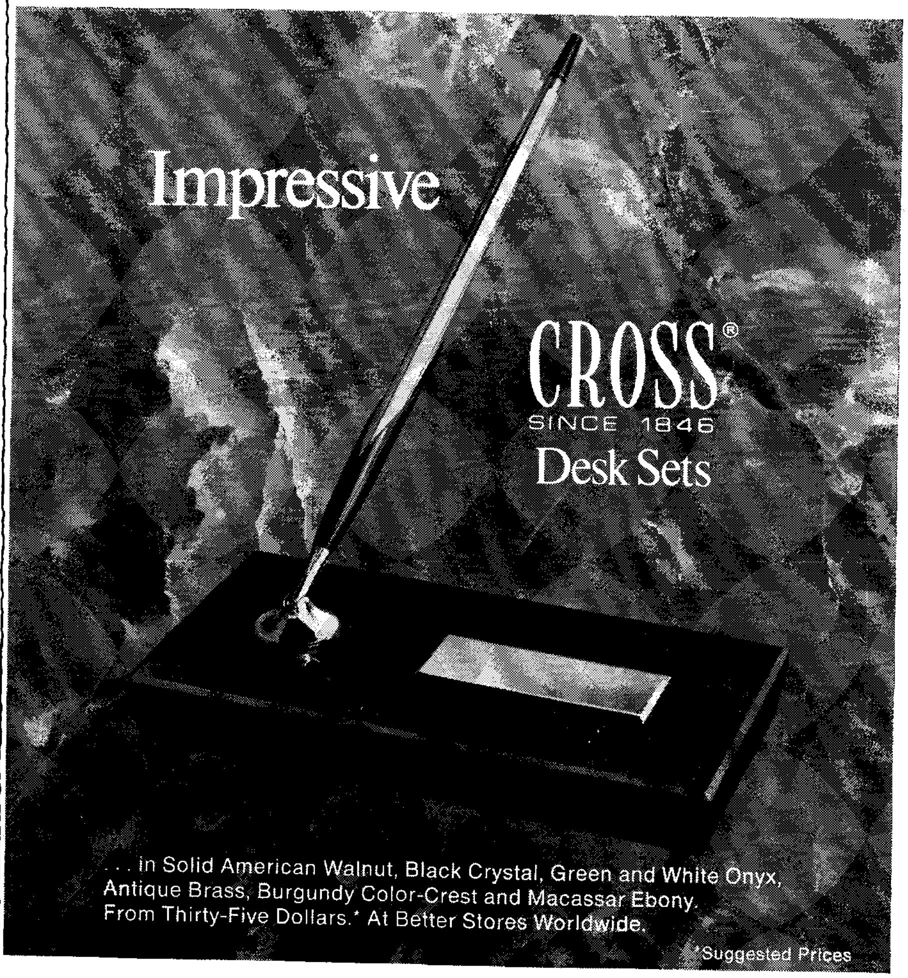
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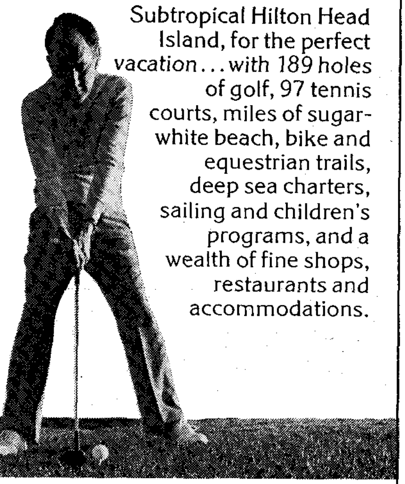

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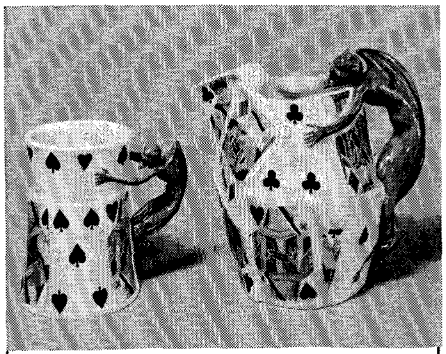

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ed, he closed his doors and began to surround himself with a private army called Rakkhi Bahini, which had been formed after Bangladesh won its independence—a kind of personal paramilitary force. For a time, he continued to enjoy popular support, but his regime soon became notorious for nepotism and corruption. His sons and nephews were given positions of great power and influence, and much of the three billion dollars of aid to the country from the international community simply disappeared.

In December, 1974, Mujib assumed emergency powers and suspended civil liberties, and within a month he had so amended the democratic constitution, with its parliamentary government, as to emasculate it (much as Mrs. Gandhi was to do six months later). He had become a dictator, like Ayub Khan and Yahya Khan before him. Disillusionment with him and his government spread, and, in its most virulent form, infected the national Army. There were by now actually two armies in Bangladesh: the national Army, in the British apolitical tradition, and Mujib's small, private army, bound by personal loyalty to him, in the feudal tradition. The senior officers of the national Army, like their Indian counterparts, as a rule believed in civilian control, but they found Mujib's growing authoritarianism repugnant. The junior officers, moreover, greatly resented the increasing power of the Rakkhi Bahini, and many of them harbored personal grudges against Mujib. On August 6, 1975, a group of junior officers reportedly met in the house of Major Shariful Huq Dalim, in Dacca. Mujib had dismissed Dalim earlier in the year, apparently because of a quarrel between Dalim and a son of Ghazi Ghulam Mustaffa, a close associate of Mujib; the quarrel, it is said, dated back to a wedding party in the summer of 1974, when Mustaffa's son insulted Dalim's wife and Dalim slapped him across the face. All the junior officers who gathered at Dalim's house were united by some such personal grievance against Mujib, rather than by any common ideology or party membership. They decided to stage a coup, and in subsequent days they successfully enlisted the support of additional junior officers, who were angered by, among other things, a plan of Mujib's to dilute the power of the national Army by making each of the district governors—who had been appointed by Mujib and were loyal to him—the commandant of the Army and police units in his region.

The junior officers chose August 15th for their coup, for symbolic reasons: it was twenty-eight years to the day since the British had left the subcontinent. The officers moved their tanks and artillery pieces into Dacca from their military cantonment, a few miles away, and quickly surrounded the houses of Mujib and his most powerful relatives, Sheikh Falzul, Huq Moni, and Serniabat Abdur Rab, as well as the headquarters of the Rakkhi Bahini, about twelve miles northwest of the city. Simons wrote in the Washington *Post:*

> According to some sources, the officer leading the troops at the president's house, a major named Huda, handed Mujib a document of resignation to sign. Mujib, in a characteristic outburst, refused and roundly abused the young officer.
>
> At that point, according to these same sources, one of Mujib's sons, Sheikh Jamal, burst into the room with a pistol in his hand and was shot dead. Mujib again cursed the officer. Then another son, Sheikh Kamal, stumbled into the room, shouting for help from the Rakkhi Bahini. Huda, armed with a Sten gun, cut down the son and his father.
>
> Then, as one source put it, "the real massacre began." Soldiers rushed into the house and began searching the rooms. In quick succession they opened fire on Mujib's wife, who was sobbing hysterically, their two new daughters-in-law, and their youngest son, ten-year-old Russell. The soldiers discovered Mujib's brother, Sheikh Nasser, hiding in a second-story bathroom and they stabbed him to death with bayonets. They also killed two servants.
>
> At Sheikh Moni's house...a tank opened fire and a large shell missed the building and impacted in the neighboring Mohammedpur section, killing a dozen people. The soldiers also killed Moni's wife and child....Rab was killed in his home and his wife was shot, too, but she reportedly survived and is hospitalized.
>
> By dawn, the entire Mujib clan was dead.

The civilian government of Bangladesh technically continued in control for a brief time, but it did not dare punish Mujib's assassins, and was soon overthrown in another coup—this time by senior military officers, who ostensibly wanted to punish the assassins. Since then, there has been still another coup. The causes of both Mujib's assassination and these coups may have been more complex than early reports suggest, but it is clear that Bangladesh is now in the grip of conspiratorial politics.

NO poor country can be an ideal democracy. As Aristotle pointed out, "the natural elements" of democracy are middle-class citizens. Nehru's "adventure in democracy" was necessarily enjoyed mostly by the middle class, but he hoped that, with eventual improvement in the standard of living, the ranks of the middle class would swell, making possible broader participation in the "adventure," and that with the passage of time the nascent democratic institutions would take hold, assuring India a stable and increasingly representative government. He felt that the democracy he led and nursed, for all its notorious corruption and inequities, and for all its crude and cumbersome ways, was the only real hope of keeping India's races, regions, religions, and cultures from fragmenting the country into dozens of warring factions and nations. He often looked across to Pakistan, citing its erosion of democracy and its military dictatorship as evidence justifying his fears and beliefs. In fact, the weight of the entire history of the subcontinent was on the side of war and division rather than on the side of unity and peace. As we have seen, within a few years of Nehru's death Pakistan, a much smaller and much more homogeneous country than India, became two antagonistic nations; of course, the causes of its breakup may have been as much geographic as they were political, but the civil war and the chaos that led up to it were directly traceable to the repressive policies of the dictatorship.

Mrs. Gandhi has now launched her country upon the same all too familiar course, and lately there have been signs that the drive for secession in South India, which the Indian democracy had managed to contain for many years, is again gathering strength, with South Indians portraying her rule as domination by the North. The South India movement is only the strongest of a number of secessionist movements that are afoot from east to west. It may be, as Mrs. Gandhi and her apologists claim, that to see the political form of government in India only in terms of human rights and civil liberties is to see India through Western eyes. But surely no Indian who within the last quarter of a century or so has lived through a bloody religious civil war and has fought three wars with Pakistan can be blind to the dangers of sweeping dictatorships and further partitions, despite the superficial tranquillity Mrs. Gandhi has provided. —VED MEHTA

•

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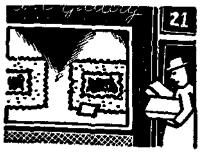
THE ART WORLD

American Drawing and the Academy of the Erased de Kooning

TAKEN together, "Twentieth-Century American Drawing: Three Avant-Garde Generations" at the Guggenheim Museum and the recent "Drawing Now" show at the Museum of Modern Art provide a concise overview of developments in advanced American art since the early years of this century. (About a fourth of the artists in "Drawing Now" were Europeans, but their work is stylistically so close to that of the Americans that the difference in nationality does not affect the survey.) That art since the 1913 Armory Show was presented in terms of drawings rather than of paintings and sculptures sharpened the intellectual definition of each phase. The first principle in drawing is concentration on essentials: the artist states his ideas with maximum directness; he resorts automatically to the basic elements of his art; and he exposes his sensibility without the decorative disguises that may be part of his finished creations. Drawings are often a species of visual notetaking, intended only for the artist's own use. In recording observations of nature, illustrating abstract concepts, suggesting the outlines of a work to be executed in a different medium, their natural vehicle is the sketch pad. At the "Drawing Now" exhibition, I found myself appreciating geometrical patterns, instructional charts, diagrammatic layouts, columns of words and signs by artist-theoreticians whose typical paintings and constructions I had considered intellectually pretentious and tiresome. Perhaps Bernice Rose, who organized the show, had a related response in mind when she described drawing as "the major two-dimensional work of the late sixties;" that is, as a genre preferred to painting.



Most drawings are small, and are produced with implements of writing and marking—pen, pencil, charcoal, crayon—but drawings as art are not defined by size or the means used. The biggest work by Arshile Gorky that I recall is a drawing, in charcoal or pencil; at "Drawing Now" there were four or five giants more than twenty feet in width. Watercolors, gouaches, pastels, collages, modified silk-screen prints, airbrushed pigments, and lines incised or scratched on stone, metal, bark, earth with any tool, including plows and motorcycles, are today all acceptable as drawings. In the Guggenheim show, Willem de Kooning, Hans Hofmann, and Franz Kline are generously represented by oil paintings. In practice, "drawings" has become synonymous with "works on paper"—except that, as noted, drawings don't have to be on paper.

The encroachment of the methods, qualities, and aims of drawing on what had been considered more important mediums was furthered by Abstract Expressionism, which related painting to handwriting (calligraphy) and sign-making as a means of reaching into areas of the psyche previously untouched by the visual arts. In the flaunts of the paint-loaded brushes of Hofmann, Kline, de Kooning and the dripped or thrown pigment of Jackson Pollock, any effective distinction between painting and drawing is eliminated. The notetaking of drawing is carried over into painting and is maintained until the artist "works his way out of the picture"—declaring it to be completed by the cessation of his activity. At the Guggenheim, the energy clusters of the Action painters appear in unmistakable formal contrast to the structured drawings of the first generation of American vanguardists: Joseph Stella, Charles Demuth, Marsden Hartley, Man Ray, Stuart Davis. Their contemporaries Arthur Dove and Georgia O'Keeffe are closer to the animation of the later style, in their echoings of Futurism and Expressionism—for example, the riptides of black diagonals in Dove's "Field of Grain Seen from Train" (a typical Futurist motif) and "Nature Symbolized" anticipate Kline, while the wafting forms of O'Keeffe's "Evening Star" resemble Helen Frankenthaler's, though O'Keeffe is somewhat closer to nature.

The transition from the drawings of the first generation to those of the second is dramatically realized in Gorky's ink, wash, and crayon "Composition": the freely wandering line seems to change of its own volition into figurative images with organic and erotic references, then ambles on to mark off the spatial divisions of the drawing. Flowing linear improvisation, executed with a sign painter's liner brush that enabled Gorky to paint as if he were drawing with a flexible pen, provided the innovative element in the canvases of this artist's final period.

The founding of painting on drawing as a discipline of search and self-release is even more intrinsic to the creations of de Kooning: a first-rate small retrospective at the Guggenheim consists of fourteen works on paper, eight of them in oil and in pastel—they range from such early, tightly concentrated pencil drawings as "Working Man" (1938) and "Elaine de Kooning" (1940) to the extraordinarily inventive charcoal-and-pastel 1974 figure-in-the-landscape that is as unrestrained as rain. Techniques for loosening his drawing have been the basis of de Kooning's progression from the tremendously impacted, Renaissance-inspired draftsmanship of the thirties and forties (the "Elaine" drawing) to the protracted spontaneous composing of his mature period which responds to the complex vibrations of his temperament. In his work, an epoch of American art subservient to the forms of the past is seen being transformed by experiments in self-liberation.

Perhaps the final translation of painting into drawing takes place in the drip paintings of Pollock, exemplified at the Guggenheim by "Number 34," in which painting has been synthesized into screen upon screen of inscribed and sprayed pigment accumulated in varying densities, topped by a string of paint dropped at random on the picture plane. Pollock's drawing by dribble and splash is followed up in Robert Motherwell's tasteful "Beside the Sea." By scribbling in several mediums on different grounds, Cy Twombly explores the visual possibilities of undirected marking. The paintings in drips, blots, splashes, and runnels of color which Hans Hofmann conceived several years before Pollock's drip compositions are excellently represented at the Guggenheim by "Untitled" and "Ambush," both done in 1944; that these and several Hofmann oils are exhibited as drawings indicates the extent to which Action painting brought painting and drawing together. Similarly, almost all of Kline's Guggenheim entries are paintings "drawn" with massive sweeps of the brush.

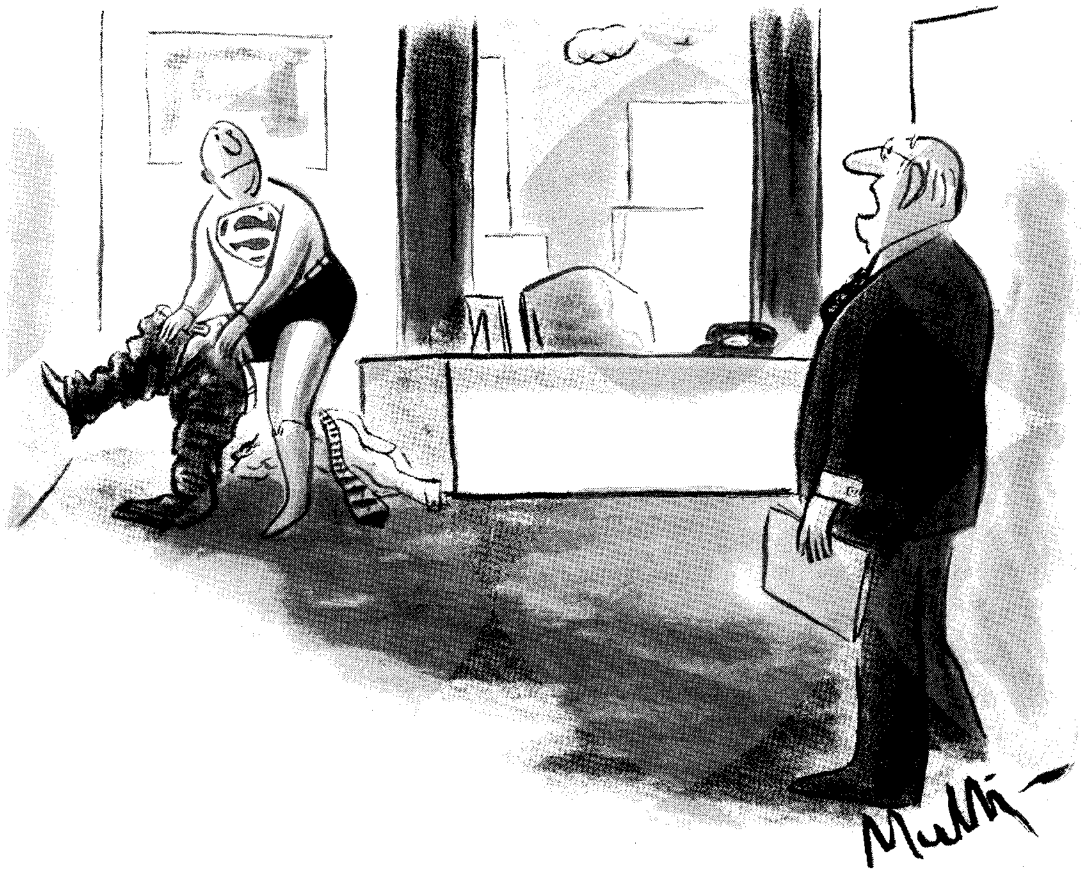
In the third-generation portion of the show, the Abstract Expressionists give way to their outstanding parodists, Robert Rauschenberg and Jasper Johns. (Other early deviators, such as Larry Rivers, would also have been pertinent.) Once past them, "Twentieth-Century American Drawing" relapses into the conventional representational draftsmanship of the Pop painters and the flat pattern-making of the Minimalists, such as Ellsworth Kelly and

Frank Stella. Among the Pop artists shown, Claes Oldenburg is by far the most gifted as a draftsman, Andy Warhol at diverting attention from his childish drawing with provocative subject matter—dollar bills, Chairman Mao.

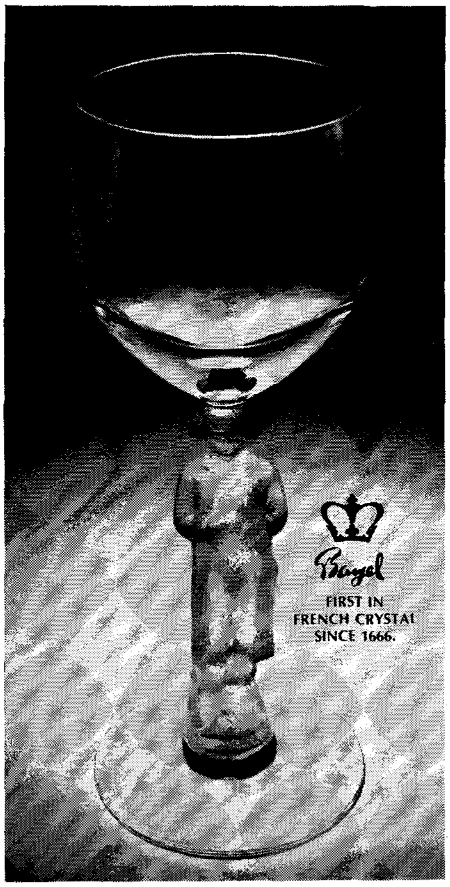
Survey exhibitions inevitably remind spectators of artists who have been omitted. That Saul Steinberg, whose drawings undoubtedly rank with the best of this century, is not represented either at the Guggenheim or at the Museum of Modern Art reflects the narrow-minded indoctrination that has become standard among curators of contemporary art. Mentioning artists who should have been included in "Twentieth-Century American Drawing" is no doubt futile, but since the high quality as well as the chief historical interest of the exhibition lies in the sections devoted to the Abstract Expressionists, one might perhaps complain that extra attention ought to have been given to this mode. Philip Guston, for example, in his Action-painting period, produced countless drawings that parallel and converge with his paintings. Esteban Vicente worked in torn-paper collages as consistently as Motherwell and with as careful attention to the edges that act as contours of the forms. A phase of the career of Jack Tworkov consisted of a kind of vigorously painted "penmanship" that is a richer and more energetic and fulfilled complement to Twombly's slanted scrawls. The omission of Joan Mitchell and Norman Bluhm, with both of whom painting begins and ends in drawing, seems as arbitrary as (to move over to Pop) that of George Segal, whose plaster-cast figures evolved out of his drawings. In a show of "three generations" that finds room for six of Warhol's feeble sketches, the exclusion of Reginald Marsh, Edward Hopper, John Marin, Arthur Carles, and Rube Goldberg, to pluck names out of the air, must be attributed to trained prejudice, ignorance, or accommodation to current fashion.

THE post-Abstract Expressionist segment of "Twentieth-Century American Drawing" overlaps the opening portion of the "Drawing Now" exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, which closed March 9th. It is plain that the curators of the two shows share the belief that Rauschenberg and Johns are the bridge between the older vanguardists and the art of today. "It is noteworthy," writes Diane Waldman, organizer of the Guggenheim exhibition, "that this investigation of the medium [of drawing], which actually began with Johns and Rauschenberg, became the basis for the conceptualization of the 1960's and early 1970's." Rauschenberg and Johns reappeared in "Drawing Now" as heralds of the new era of "investigation," along with Minimalists such as Ellsworth Kelly, Frank Stella, Donald Judd, and Sol LeWitt and Conceptualists such as Lawrence Weiner and Carl Andre. Pollock, de Kooning, and Hofmann were not included, since by museum logic they personify the nineteen-fifties and therefore have no bearing on the present. Nevertheless, "Drawing Now" kept harking back to Action painting, and to de Kooning in particular, repeating his ideas and attitudes, positively or negatively, though not always crediting the source. For Joseph Beuys, one of the non-Americans in "Now," drawing is an aspect of action, which he conceives as fulfilled in politics and magic, while the art object, the drawing, counts for little; Mrs. Rose speaks of "his compulsive scrawling" and notes that with Beuys drawing is "transformed into action," is "an act that insures freedom." Since Beuys thus represents a belated version of Action painting, the only legitimate reason for introducing his inconsequential markings would have been to compare his interpretation of "action" with that of Pollock or de Kooning, but apparently this was not in accord with Mrs. Rose's "now." A thirty-three-foot drawing by Robert Morris consisted of three parallel strips done by staining the floor and the wall with his feet, knees, and hands dipped in pigment. Here drawing is the act of imprinting the artist's limbs on a surface, and repeating this act without significant variation. In short, Morris's drawing is a derivation from Action painting that resembles the creations that Yves Klein produced some fifteen years ago by dipping nude girls in blue paint and imprinting their bodies on canvas.

The period covered by "Drawing Now" began with parodies of Action painting by Rauschenberg and Johns and the revival by these artists of Duchamp's questions regarding the nature of the art object in the contemporary world. Near the entrance to the exhibition was Rauschenberg's "Erased de Kooning," which served as the keynote of the show. Erasing the de



"Why, Hennings, I had no idea."



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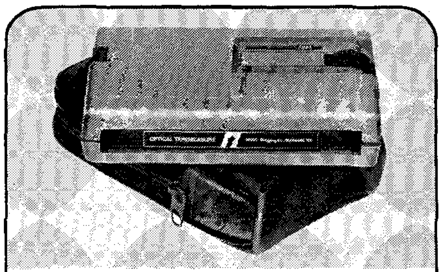

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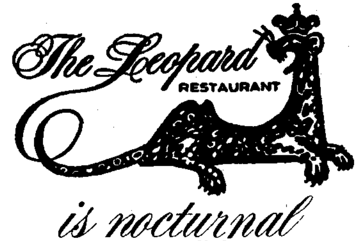

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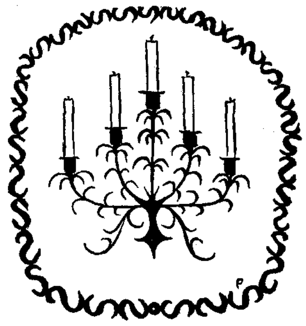
Kooning (in part only—outlines of the forms are still faintly visible) and exhibiting it as Rauschenberg's own work was a comical gesture, a revival of Dada, especially since it was accompanied by the story that Rauschenberg and de Kooning had discussed the importance of choosing a drawing of high quality to erase. Art-historically, the erasing could be seen as a symbolic act of liberation from the pervasive force of Abstract Expressionism, while exhibiting the drawing signified that the negating art still clung to Abstract Expressionism for support with the public. In thus explicitly dramatizing the transition from one mode of art to another, "Erased de Kooning" (1953) is the first work with an exclusively art-historical content and produced expressly for art historians; it is this that insured its prominence in museum shows of the next two decades. "Erased de Kooning" became the cornerstone of a new academy, dedicated to replacing the arbitrary self of the artist with predefined processes and objectives—that is to say, Minimalism and Conceptualism.

The hero of the elimination of Abstract Expressionism by asserting its principles in reverse is Jasper Johns. Mrs. Rose gives accounts of one repudiation after another. Johns, she writes "functioned with reference to the preceding generation. Johns' facture was a reorganization of the expressionist strokes of Abstract Expressionism in relation to subject." This means that Johns painted *as if* he were expressing an emotion or seeking an image, but his Expressionist handling was meaningless, since his subjects—targets, flags, the alphabet—were already familiar and left nothing to be discovered. Johns' parody of Expressionist drawing with the brush was duplicated on a more patently amusing level in Lichtenstein's drawing "Brushstrokes" (at the Guggenheim), which meticulously copies a liquid swirl in pencil. By the evidence of "Drawing Now," the development of art from the fifties to the present consists largely of further counter-statements to Abstract Expressionism. Barnett Newman's call for "subject matter that is tragic and timeless" was answered with a hail of hamburgers, Coca-Cola bottles, and comic strips. "Abstract Expressionism," writes Mrs. Rose, "was concerned with one kind of risk-taking; the artist staked all on the drama of self-expression, on revelation as a moral issue." To the post-Action painters, strenuousness of this sort was an impediment to the good life of professionals, and Warhol "rejected the personal in terms of the handmade."

After Pop artists, "Drawing Now" showed draftsmen, mainly Minimalists and Conceptualists, who elaborated further on what Mrs. Rose calls Johns' "questions about essences." The academy of the erased de Kooning set itself such problems as: What is a painting? A sculpture? A drawing? When is an object real? When illusory? The answers, whatever they turn out to be, have one feature in common: they approach art through argument, and generate works that illustrate abstract conclusions. The following statement by Mrs. Rose is as good a summary as any of the outstanding tendency in the art of the sixties: "The rationalization of art which had been initiated with Johns continued, but under a more literal series of conditions." (She probably means in more literal terms.) Frank Stella dealt with Johns' discovery that a canvas is an object (a conclusion easier to reach when the image on the canvas has been erased). Stella arrived logically at the anti-de Kooning program that, in Mrs. Rose's words, aimed "to get the sentiment out of painting" and "against drawing in painting"—he found, she says, "drawing unnecessary to painting." Judd went further; he achieved a vision of what was "wrong with painting"—a problem familiar enough, but this time related not to the discovery of the camera, or the mass production of images, or the popularity of motion pictures, but to the nature of painting as such. "The main thing wrong with painting," wrote Judd, "is that it is a rectangular plane placed flat against the wall"—which, like the fact that people speak prose, had apparently gone unnoticed for centuries. In any event, the problem of painting had been transferred from the studio to the philosophy department.



The next step was taken by Sol LeWitt, who, recognizing that a painting is a thing that hangs on a wall, and thus a three-dimensional object, put ruled straight lines in hard pencil directly on the wall, in order to capture the two-dimensionality that is the "essence" of painting—and who eliminated the possibility of de Kooningesque expressiveness by having the lines drawn by other people. His "Straight Lines in Four Directions Superimposed," owned by the Museum of Modern Art, is twelve feet high and almost twenty-seven feet long; given the fact that LeWitt's drawings are what one critic called "non-visual structures" (equivalent to an erased drawing?), it could just as well have been executed in inches.

A description of the "systems" philosophers of the seventeenth century quoted in Mrs. Rose's catalogue provides an apt characterization of the outlook of the artists in the "Drawing Now" exhibition. The systems thinkers "constructed elaborate systems, long chains of deductive reasoning where every link depended upon all those which preceded it and upon which all further links depended." "Drawing Now" was, in effect, a visual seminar initiated by Rauschenberg and Johns and conducted throughout the sixties, until it culminated in the Conceptualists' elimination of drawing (and of painting and sculpture) and its replacement by verbal propositions affixed to the walls of art galleries. Mrs. Rose speaks of the "generalized areas of agreement" among the artists of the period. It is necessary to add that this agreement was grounded in the changed intellectual situation of art. The shift of art training in the fifties from the art school and studio to the university art department, which was stimulated by the G.I. Bill, had the effect of imprinting on painting and sculpture classroom modes of inquiry, concerned not with emulating great works but with elaborating problems and solutions. In this period, the pressure of the university on the understanding and practice of art, and its role in providing careers for artists, became comparable in degree to the influence of the government projects on the art of the thirties. Not only were the minds of artists formed by the university; in the same mold were formed those of the art historians, the critics, the curators, and the collectors by whom their work was evaluated. With the rise of Conceptual art, the classroom announced its final triumph over the studio.

In the sixties, each new crop of art graduates could advance the debate on the nature of a painted surface along a broad front of art galleries, museums, private collections, publications, and lecture halls. The coming of the economic recession, however, dampened the market for these pedagogical exercises and their diagrams on

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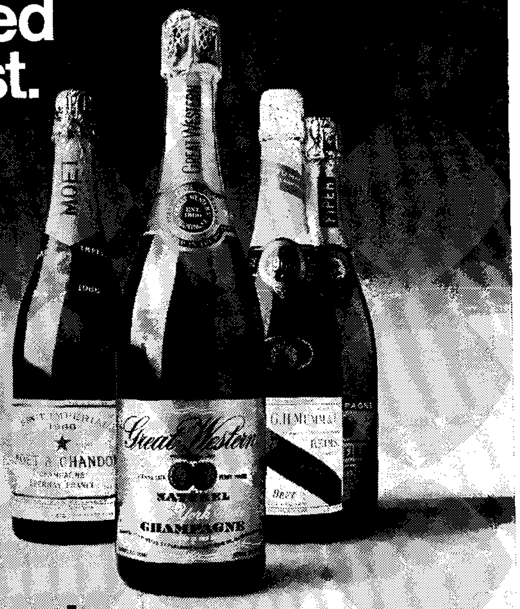

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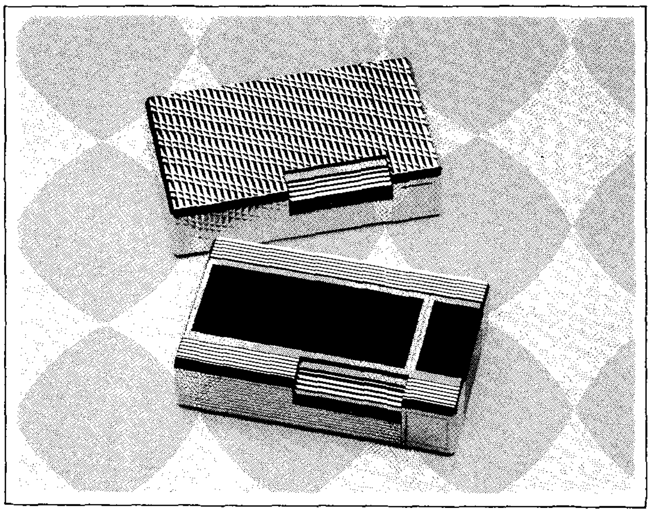

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paper and canvas. With thousands of diploma-bearing job seekers turning up at each annual meeting of the College Art Association, there was a widening time gap between the classroom and the career. Former art students found themselves stranded, like artists of the past, in bohemias such as So-Ho. The change in the situation of the artist has made inevitable a return to the practice of art for reasons of individual feeling and insight rather than to demonstrate theories of "objectness."

Aware that the chain of problems has culminated in the linguistic void of Conceptualism, Mrs. Rose closes her catalogue analysis by invoking a revival of interest in "the interior space of the self." She believes that art has "come full circle" from Rauschenberg, as if the figure in the erased drawing had risen to the surface again. In the diagrams of LeWitt and Dorothea Rockburne she sees the restoration of drawing "as a private and intimate art." Inner space is not, however, an organization of verticals, horizontals, and diagonals; as de Kooning said long ago of Renaissance drawing, it "trembles." The Museum of Modern Art exhibition was misnamed. It represented not "drawing now" but drawing of a recently concluded phase in the history of American culture, in which, responding to a sudden vast expansion of popular interest, art attempted to rationalize its premises in order to achieve professional status and stability. With its uncertain position restored, art may be compelled to return to larger ambitions.

—Harold Rosenberg

●

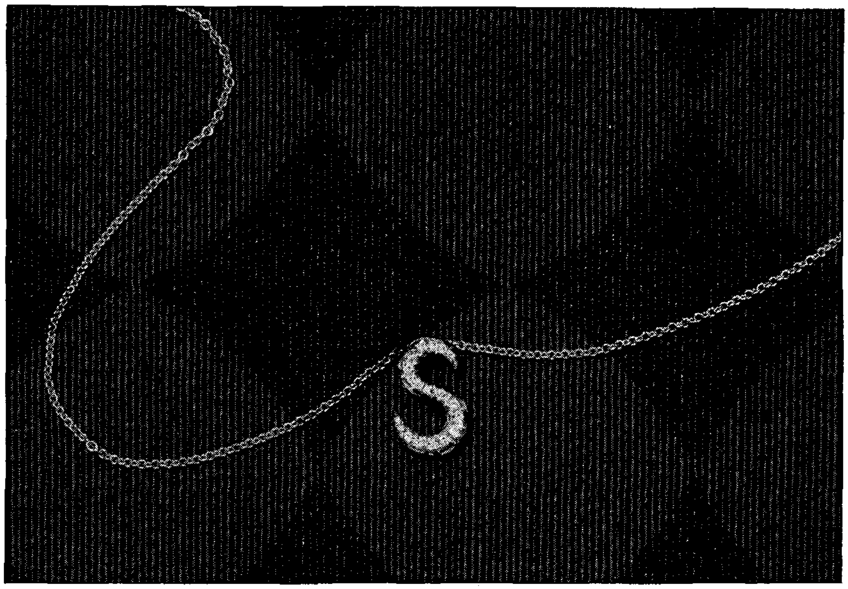
SITTING BY A SWAMP

Minutes ago, it was dead:
This swamp when I first came
Fell still as if poisoned,
The air expiring, cattails
Bent and brought to nothing
By the motionless water.

Now first the sunfish rising
To touch the underface
Of the pool, a muttered frog-call,
And out of the willow roots
From crushed stems and stubble
The *chap* of a marsh wren,

From a thicket a fox sparrow
Taking me in, one eye
At a wary time, where I wait
To be what they want me to be—
Less human. A dragonfly
Burns green at my elbow.

—David Wagoner



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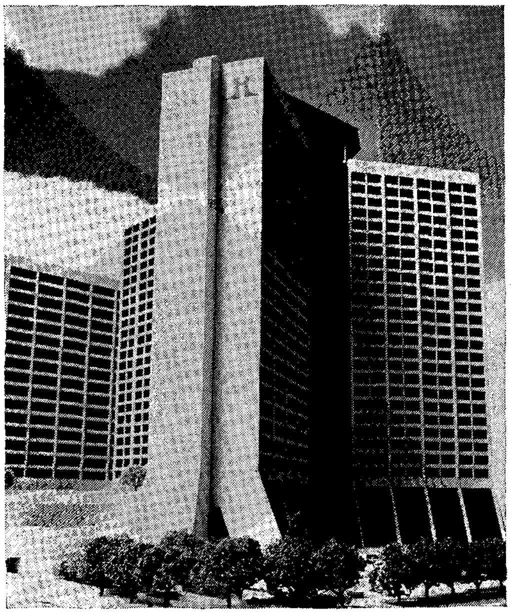

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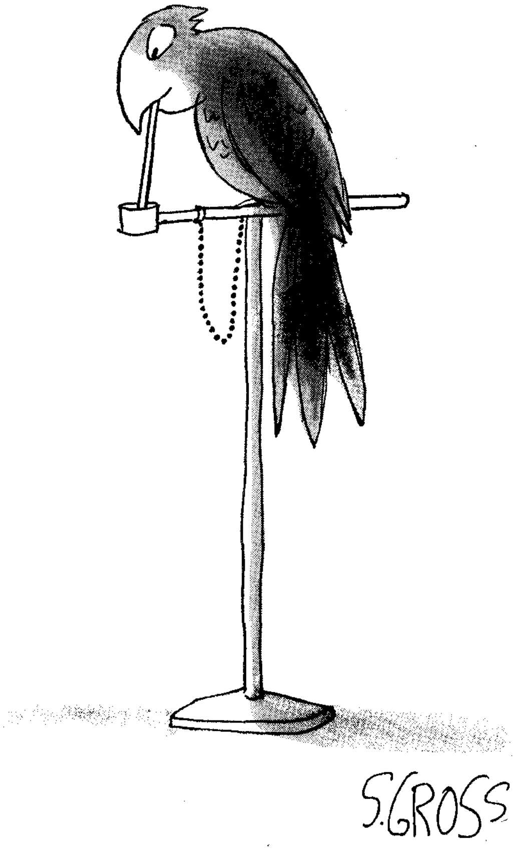
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Suicide Is Painless

“ROBIN AND MARIAN,” starring Sean Connery and Audrey Hepburn as the lovers in the forest, grown older, sounds like a dream movie. “When you are young, you are too bashful to play a hero; you debunk it.” That’s what Laurence Olivier said after he had hit the great stride of his middle years. And he added, “It isn’t until you’re older that you can understand the pictorial beauty of heroism.” There’s more to it than pictorial beauty, as Olivier, in his modest reluctance to spell it out, surely knew. For Connery in the last few years, as for Olivier earlier, it’s a change of soul—an openhearted acceptance of the human potential for courage and bravery. As they grow older, these actors stop repressing their most glorious impulses; they let out the stops. Connery now—big, fleshy, graying—is the most natural-looking of heroic figures. He seems unrestrained, naked: a true hero. And a perfect counterpart to Audrey Hepburn. He’s animal-man at its best; she’s an innocent yet passionate sprite. Coming from different continents, the young Audrey and the young Katharine Hepburn, different as they were, shared more than the name: they were both girlish tomboys. Neither could play stupid or vulgar women or conventional maternal roles. Both magically transparent actresses, they were nevertheless limited by their feyness. Audrey, however, wasn’t disliked by the public the way Katharine was for a time. Katharine Hepburn never quite represented an ideal for American girls, but Audrey Hepburn did. She was the *jeune fille* that American teen-agers (and older women, too) aspired to be: she revived daintiness and the wistful look, and made childish stick arms seem seductive. From her first starring role, in “Roman Holiday,” in 1953, when the director William Wyler brought out her elfin heartbreaker’s charm, she was too dominatingly radiant ever to play a minor part. From that time on, until her temporary retirement in 1967, she was perhaps the most disarming of stars.

The years have been generous to her—not that she’s very old (she was born in Belgium in 1929) but that they have added depth to her delicacy. Richard Lester, the director of “Robin and Marian,” and David Watkin, the head of the camera crew, have photographed her and Connery (who was born in Edinburgh in 1930) superbly. The two of them are so wittily matched, and their dark-brown eyes are so full of life, that they achieve an elemental splendor. Hepburn was always a woodland creature, and when you see her and Connery together in Sherwood Forest, their eyes shining, you want so badly for the emotion in their faces to break through into the story that what does in fact happen in the James Goldman script seems like a betrayal of them, and of us.

The advertising suggests that this film is a love story. It isn’t, except maybe for those who thought “The Lion in Winter,” also by Goldman, a love story. The author has a revisionist approach to legends. We are not to be allowed our idealistic pleasure in the prankish rebel-outlaw figure of Robin Hood, the high-spirited rogue who fought the wicked and aided the poor and mistreated. Goldman’s Robin is a brave simpleton, an illiterate, thoughtless man who never could do anything about the barbarous injustices of the world. All he could do was steal from the rich to dole out pennies to the poor. Wearying of that nonsense, he and Little John (Nicol Williamson) joined Richard the Lion-Hearted (Richard Harris) and went off to fight in the Crusades. After serving Richard faithfully for twenty years (and thus taking part in the massacres and greed-motivated atrocities committed in the Holy Land), Robin and John finally say no when Richard orders them to slaughter the undefended women and children at Châluz, in France. That’s where the movie begins. Wounded by a mad old man at Châluz, Richard delivers some of Goldman’s pursed-lips verse, written in the manner of Robert Bolt. Goldman’s lines are succinct; the slush is the thought underneath. “It’s cold. I never liked the dark,” Richard announces importantly. And, breathing his last, “Clever fellow, Death is.” The camera has nowhere to go during these constipated flourishes, so it’s a relief when Richard conks out and Robin and John head home to England. Unfortunately, Goldman, in all his pomp, goes along.



Returning to Sherwood Forest, Robin meets up with some of his old band (no longer merry, of course) and idly asks what happened to Marian, remarking, “I haven’t thought of her in years.” It’s a kick in the face—to us. This trivializing put-down is as clever as Death. Marian, it turns out, slashed her wrist when Robin left her, and was taken to Kirkly Abbey, where she is now the Abbess. Since rotten King John (Ian Holm) has ordered the higher clergy out of England, the Sheriff of Nottingham (Robert Shaw) is coming to arrest her. But Robin defies him and takes her to the forest, and there is a moment in this brief idyll, after she has shed her wimple, when her large eyes and drawn little face recall Olivia De Havilland’s valentine-Marian in the 1938 Errol Flynn version, “The Adventures of Robin Hood,” which is the progenitor of this film. But these few love scenes are the only ones that deliver on the promise of the film’s title, and they are marred by such cryptic chic as Marian’s precoital address: “Robin. Hurt me. Make me cry.” Hepburn, most of whose longer speeches seem to have come from a spiritualist claiming Elizabeth Barrett Browning as a familiar, has no possibility of giving a good performance. Her fragile strength is perhaps even more touching

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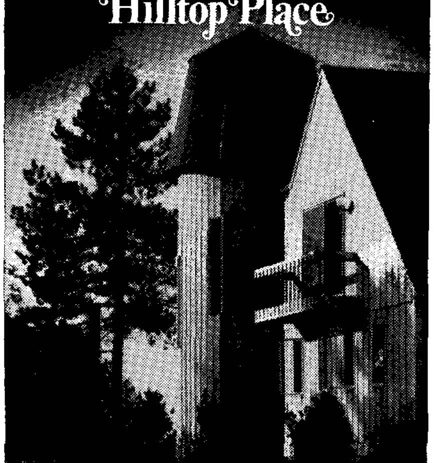

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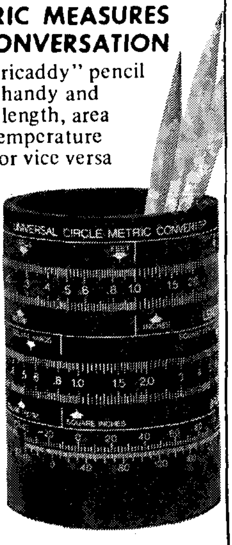

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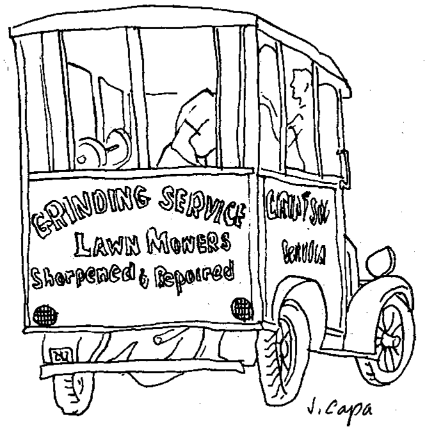
than before, and those who saw her in her most demanding dramatic role, in "The Nun's Story," know that she can act. But all you can do here is look at her, and, when she's sententious, feel sorry about the waste. Most of the movie is taken up by the plots against Robin and by the fighting he engages in. A whole new army of ragged farmers joins him in the woods, but the film avoids building up any spirit of fellowship among the oppressed. The contest isn't between oppressors and oppressed; it's between Robin and Robert Shaw's Sheriff of Nottingham, who, not unexpectedly, turns out to be realistic-minded and a fair, if wily, adversary. He curls a thin-lipped smile as he sets a trap for Robin. "I know him," the Sheriff says. "He's a little bit in love with death. . . . He flirts, he teases. I can wait."

Connery and Hepburn are a love match. James Goldman and Richard Lester aren't. I don't think that the emotion we feel about Connery and Hepburn would break through so urgently if the director didn't feel it. Lester must be trying for something simpler and more human than what he's been up to in recent years. He seems to be working on equal terms with the actors; this picture isn't just his show. He lets Richard Harris carry a scene or two, and Nicol Williamson, who isn't saddled with too many oratorical passages, carries several. Williamson uses his twanginess for a light, bemused effect that is very appealing in the early part of the film, when we accept Little John's loyalty to Robin as a comic-sidekick relationship. But once John actually defines himself as nothing more than Robin's friend, a masochistic whine wrecks the fun. Still, he and Connery don't fare badly. Connery's wide-eyed, blunt Robin has its own heroic-warrior force—that of a Ulysses or a Macbeth. The film wants to expose heroism as a sick fraud, yet it also wants this grizzled-giant hero in all his pictorial beauty. As in "The Lion in Winter," there's no comprehending the characters' self-definitions, or their switches of mood, aim, strategy. They strike poses—whimsical modern attitudes that Goldman gives them for the sake of paradox. And how can a director achieve plain glorious feeling when the script is trying to attain grandeur of sentiment by such flossy means as having the Sheriff of Nottingham calculate on Robin Hood's death fixation?

Somehow—it must be a matter of temperament, although, of course, it's also related to his continuing success in TV commercials—Lester has never developed into a master of long sequences. He doesn't appear to have the patience or the sound equipment for Goldman's formal lines, which demand to be heard right down to the dead letdown, and the higher rhetoric mixes so oddly with his usual airy overheards that his technique seems indifferent, convictionless. In most of Lester's films, bit players abound; often they are well-known actors who turn up for a gag or two, and they help to populate the screen—to give it a gibbering vitality. But Goldman's text makes such a rigid distinction between the principals and the bit players that for the first time in a Lester film the bit players are faceless. Even Denholm Elliott, who plays Will Scarlett, stays cramped in his tiny role. Visually, Lester is no slouch; except for the salon-photography look of the beginning and the end, he keeps the images active. Yet nothing seems to come of this activity—no suspense, no spirit of adventure.

The most emotionally upsetting element is that Lester doesn't adapt his Keatonesque, almost abstract use of the film frame or his editing style to the brutal combat. The editing touch is so deft and clipped that the line between tragic horror and joking make-believe has got smudged. We don't know when the film is fooling and when it isn't, or whether to be tickled or appalled—and so we sit in discomfort, listening to the fake warmth of John Barry's picture-postcard score. Goldman's speeches about the inevitability of cruelty don't make much sense in a movie that treats men mangling each other as a medieval version of the Three Stooges. The Sheriff's first words as he looks at his soldiers are "They never learn." And the film's contempt for those who fight—they are viewed as bloodthirsty clowns—goes so far that at the end, when Robin Hood's ill-equipped farmers battle against the King's armored legions, the movie veers off in a different direction and



doesn't bother to tell us the outcome.

Lester and Goldman must have wanted to out-Kubrick Kubrick. The lack of sympathy for the farmers and the soldiers turns the film into an impersonal essay in carnage, and I began to get a knot in my stomach when I realized there was nothing to look forward to but more brutality. When Robin—who has survived body-smashing combat with the Sheriff—is poisoned by Marian, who has also poisoned herself, I was disgusted and angry. Though Marian makes the decision for the two of them, love—Goldman gives us to understand—transcends death, and the suicide scene is treated triumphantly, as pure romantic exaltation. The film says that life on this earth is so horrible that death is preferable. Robin was packed off to the Crusades to prove that even the best of men is corrupt and a butcher. He was made ignorant so he could not possibly lead his army of farmers into anything but death or misery. Robin is a fool who lives to fight, and it doesn't matter who wins the war in Sherwood Forest—nothing good will come of anything. This ironic curtsy to chaos is the Easter attraction at the Radio City Music Hall.

—PAULINE KAEL

EDITORS' NOTE: Pauline Kael and Penelope Gilliatt alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Kael concludes her current six-month period. Miss Gilliatt will appear next week.

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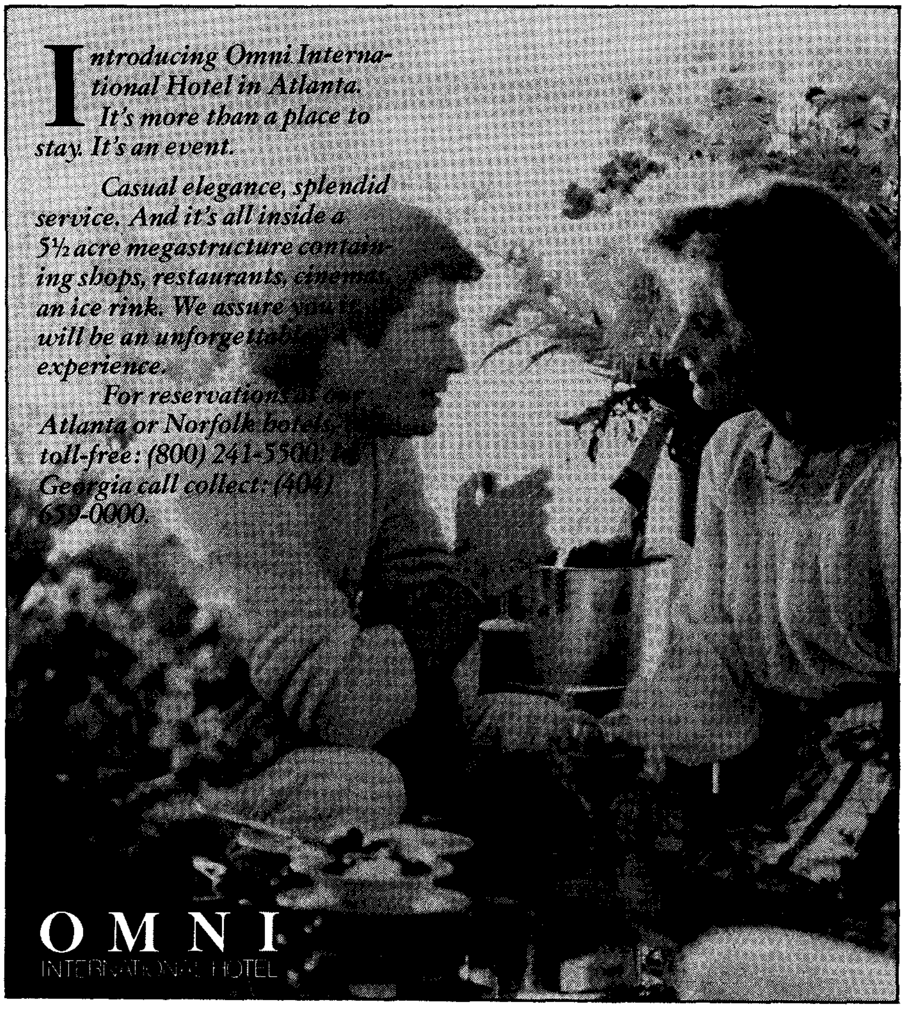

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U.S. JOURNAL: NEWPORT, KY.

ACROSS THE RIVER

WHEN I heard that the mayor of Newport, Kentucky, had a plan to span the Ohio River, I naturally sought him out. Over the past decade, I have heard so many civic boosters explain their plans for what they often call "putting this place on the map" or "getting this town moving again" that I have gradually become a fancier of Grand Urban Schemes. I am attracted to a city that can offer a four-color architect's rendering of a downtown marina-condominium-shopping-mall-ice-skating-rink complex in the same way that devout observers of bird life are drawn out of their way by wetlands said to be prime feeding grounds for the snowy egret. Collectors of Grand Urban Schemes, like spotters of snowy egrets, have their work cut out for them these days, the supply of big-scheme money having dried up even faster than the supply of undeveloped wetlands. A few months ago, I read that the mayor of Utica, New York—who, it should be said, was considered somewhat eccentric even before he fired virtually the entire Department of Public Works—planned to transform the center of Utica into something he calls La Promenade, which would include not only the usual shops and the mandatory ice-skating rink but a reproduction of the Spanish Steps that presumably could, on days when the temperature was above zero, lead some romantic shoppers to believe that they had been transported from upstate New York to Roma. Except for La Promenade, though, a connoisseur of Grand Urban Schemes had little to talk about lately until it became known that a plan to span the Ohio had been hatched by the mayor of Newport—John Peluso, a television-repair-shop proprietor who has his own reputation for eccentricity and is known locally as Johnny TV.

The Ohio River has been spanned before, of course, but only conventionally—by bridges. In fact, Newport being directly across the river from downtown Cincinnati, there are several bridges within the view of anyone standing on high ground—including a nineteenth-century suspension bridge built by the Roeblings as a sort of dress rehearsal for their heroic span between Brooklyn and the United States, as well as a recently completed bridge whose arch, painted bright yellow, is said by some locals to resemble the world's largest McDonald's sign. What Johnny TV Peluso has in mind is not another bridge but a system of huge aerial cable cars that would carry passengers high over the river between a hotel to be built on a Newport bluff and a landing pad somewhere near the stadium-and-colosseum complex that was constructed on the Cincinnati river front several years ago—a complex that itself qualifies as a Grand Urban Scheme, with a projected cost of just under one hundred million dollars. Someone unfamiliar with the attraction of such schemes might, of course, question the necessity of spending millions of dollars—twenty million, by the Mayor's latest estimate—on a cable-car system that would connect two riverbanks already connected by nine bridges. That is not the sort of question that leaps to Mayor Peluso's mind. What he asks instead, while standing on a bluff in Newport that he has arranged to buy, looking directly across the river at a hundred-million-dollar stadium-and-colosseum project, is how two such points can possibly remain unconnected by the country's longest urban aerial-cable-car system. Peluso has a number of selling points to make about the desirability of his scheme, but the remark he makes most often about it is "It's a natural!"

THE person who told me about the cable-car scheme said something like "I hear the mayor of Newport, Kentucky, wants to put cable cars across the Ohio, so people can be brought over from Cincinnati to sin." So much for Mayor Peluso's notion that the cable cars would "change the image of the town and erase the stigma of being a sin city." Newport's reputation as a center of vice has been so strong for so many years that changing the city's image with a grand stroke of engineering would require considerably more than a twenty-million-dollar aerial-cable-car system. If some grand schemers in Newport managed to dismantle an Egyptian pyramid, transport it to Kentucky, and reconstruct it on the banks of the Ohio River, many people who had visited Newport over the years would assume that the purpose of the project was to provide an authentic setting for some

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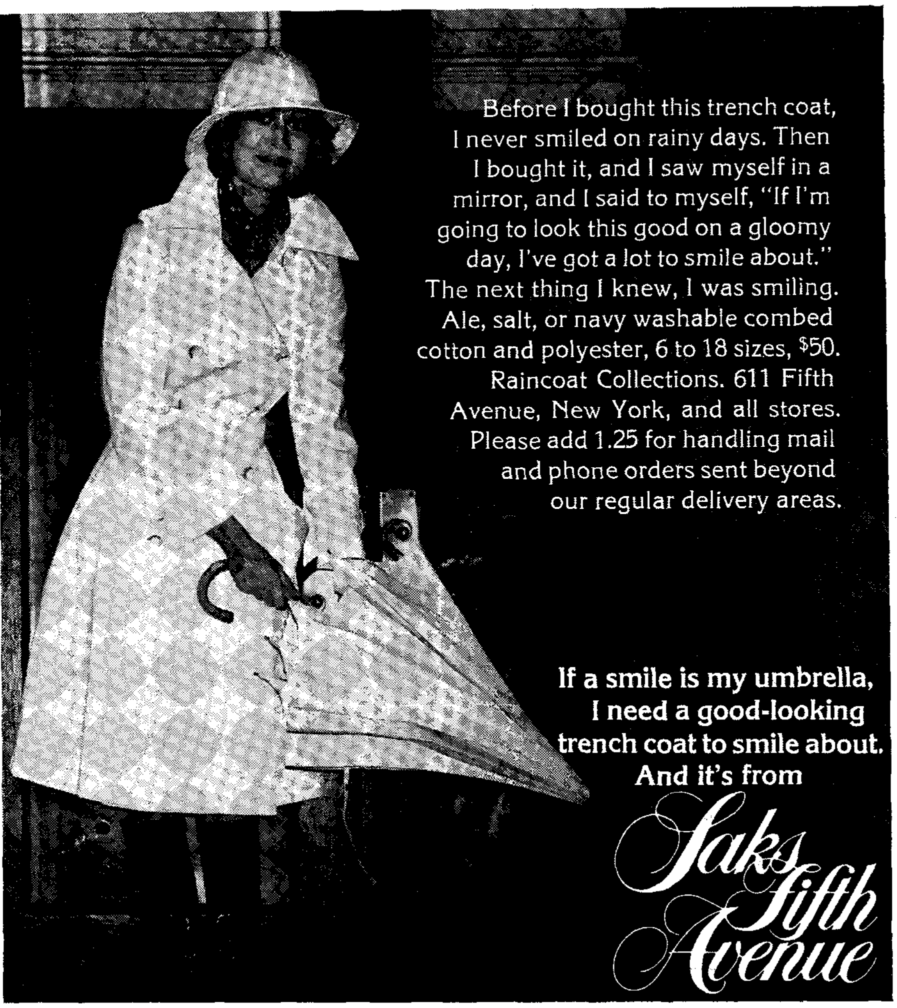
"Hey, fair is fair! I asked you first."

particularly imaginative Egyptian belly dancing. As recently as the early sixties, Newport had open gambling, controlled by a syndicate from Cleveland, and some brothels that had operated long enough to have the reputation of old established firms. The elected officials of Newport tended to respond to any effort at reform by saying that gambling was good for business, which was at least true for many of them personally, since payoffs were thought to constitute a secondary industry of some importance. There was even a widespread theory that open gambling in Newport was good for business in Cincinnati, then known as a center for good-government advocates and respectable burghers, since part of the attraction Cincinnati held as a convention city was the opportunity it presented to be entertained in northern Kentucky—or, as that prospect has always been expressed in Cincinnati, to "go across the river."

The end of Newport's big-time gambling and prostitution industry came in a way that added more notoriety to the town than could have been accumulated in ten or fifteen more years of steady sinning. In 1961, George Ratterman, who had been a Notre Dame quarterback of national renown, announced that he planned to run for sheriff of Campbell County with the intention of closing the gambling casinos of Newport. Ratterman had some obvious advantages over previous reformers. As a Notre Dame football hero who was the father of eight children, he could hardly be dismissed—as some of the local ministers had been dismissed in Newport, a largely Catholic town—as another Protestant zealot whose teeth were set to gnashing at the thought of people having a good time this side of the hereafter. Running for a county rather than a city office, he could draw support from a higher-income suburb that was beginning to find Newport embarrassing. Not long after he announced his candidacy, Ratterman was arrested for assorted misdemeanors by some Newport policemen who said they had found him in a hotel room above the Tropicana Club in bed with a dancer who appeared at the club under the professional name of April Flowers.

Ratterman claimed that he had been drugged and set up, and, some dramatic testimony having been offered by others to that effect at his trial, the charges were dropped. Shortly before the election, six people were indicted by a federal grand jury for conspiring to frame Ratterman, and two were eventually



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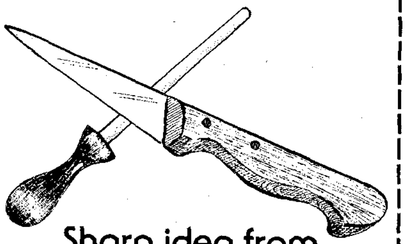

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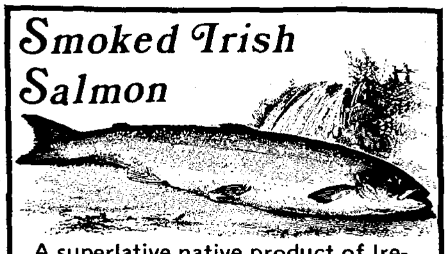

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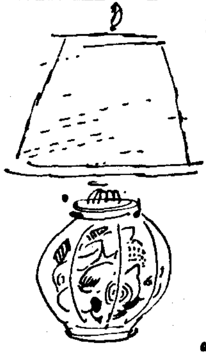

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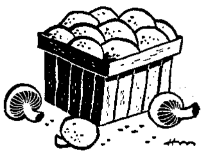
convicted. April Flowers apparently decided to assist the prosecution, but even she did not remain unpunished, since the acting governor of Kentucky publicly revoked the Kentucky-colonel's commission she had displayed to reporters while waiting to testify before the grand jury. The acting governor, in fact, seemed somewhat bewildered as to how Miss Flowers had come to be awarded a Kentucky colonelcy in the first place—particularly one whose official commission he had signed himself. A reporter I know in northern Kentucky says that April Flowers was at least able to continue her stripping career with the advantage of billing herself as "the only defrocked Kentucky colonel," but he offers no documentation. Ratterman, of course, was elected, winning a countywide plurality in a three-man race. He did not, however, carry the city of Newport itself. Newport was carried by the Democratic candidate—Johnny TV Peluso. It should be noted that during the campaign Ratterman, who was not considered eccentric, proposed spanning the Ohio River with a seventy-thousand-seat stadium that would also include a six-hundred-room hotel, inside parking for forty-five hundred cars, bowling alleys, covered gardens, and a boat dock. He reminded reporters that a similar project had been suggested for New York City by Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller.



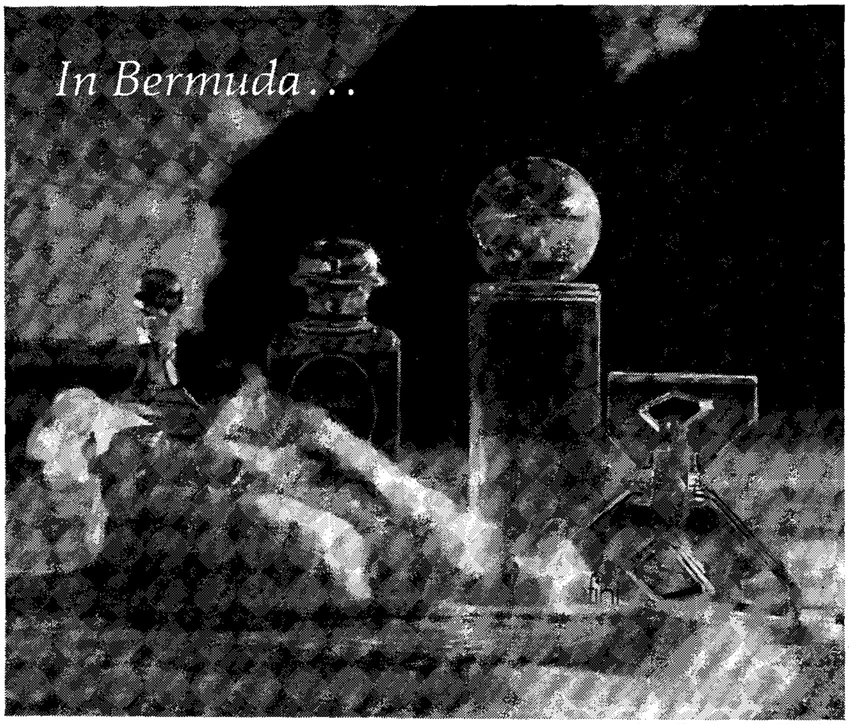
DURING the campaign for sheriff, George Ratterman said that new industry would come to Newport just as soon as the unsavory characters associated with gambling departed. As it turns out, Newport's inventory of what a reformer would consider legitimate industries is more or less the same as it was fifteen years ago. There is still a brewery and a steel plant and a clothing factory; the main shopping street is still a grimy line of two-story brick buildings with tired-looking retail stores on the ground floors. The population has dropped almost twenty-five per cent to twenty-three thousand, although—half of Newport's work force having traditionally worked elsewhere in the area—northern-Kentucky planners tend to attribute the population loss to normal suburbanization rather than to the sudden shortage of positions for blackjack dealers.

Newport's attempts to find a replacement for gambling seem to have concentrated on the field in which it has had the most experience—sinning. For a while, Newport was the scene of what the local papers sometimes referred to as "commercial-type charity bingo." Through a legal loophole that a judge soon closed, night spots were allowed to attract customers with bingo as long as the game profits went to a designated charity. In the first five weeks of operation, it turned out, Newport's four bingo clubs took in three hundred and sixty-six thousand dollars, with the two clubs that filed reports on charitable contributions having distributed to the needy some seventeen hundred dollars—figures indicating that the appropriate name for the sport might have been "high-overhead bingo." Newport has had more success with the strip-joint industry. Conventioneers or respectable Cincinnati citizens who are, as the taxi-drivers say, "looking for a little excitement" still go across the river. Strip joints are hardly a replacement for a gambling industry whose annual gross receipts were always estimated in the millions, although in a trial last year a Cincinnati insurance executive testified that in five and a half months of crossing the river to a place called the Pink Pussycat he personally managed to spend almost sixteen thousand dollars without placing a bet. When I first heard that Saturday-night bridge traffic between Newport and Cincinnati was still brisk, it occurred to me that, there being pretty much of a buyer's market in public nudity these days, Cincinnati residents might merely be reacting to some atavistic twitch that associates northern Kentucky with sin. The strip-joint marquees seem the same as those in any other town. There is even a featured stripper named Trixie Delight, raising the possibility that the industry's copywriters may have run out of names and started over again, like a longtime dog breeder who finally gives up and names the new puppy Fido. Local connoisseurs agree, though, that Newport strip shows tend to be gamier than what is normally allowed in Cincinnati. In fact, a Cincinnati businessman I know who hadn't been across the river for a little excitement in some time volunteered to visit a couple of the shows while I was in town, and pronounced himself shocked at the total nudity—precisely the reaction expressed by a friend he encountered outside one of the clubs, a man who said that he had himself wandered over for the first time in several years, because he had been driven out of the house by his wife's Tupperware party.

"They had open prostitution in the old days, of course," the businessman said. "But they would never have allowed this!"

Mayor Peluso says it's irritating to have Newport's past as Sin City dragged out over every little incident—most recently in accounts of a nude wedding held in one of the clubs—but Newport's past is remembered often because its present is constantly providing reminders. The reformers still have not carried Newport. The Pink Pussycat burned down last Christmas—with the help, fire investigators said, of some gasoline and a timing device. The proprietor was at the time appealing a conviction for promoting prostitution, and people were bound to be reminded that her late husband, a Newport "night-club figure" named Sammy Eisner, was murdered in 1971—and that he has not been the only night-club figure murdered in recent years, any more than the Pink Pussycat has been the only night club burned with the help of gasoline. They may even have been reminded that while working unsuccessfully to solve the Eisner murder state police brought indictments for various crimes against such Newport citizens as the chief of police, a former detective, a city commissioner, and the vice-mayor—Johnny TV Peluso.

THE charge against Peluso was eventually dropped, and, being based on the origin of some bonds Peluso once used as collateral, it had no connection at all with the traditional Newport charge of bribery which was brought against many of the others indicted. ("Why they put me in with these other people I'll never know," the Mayor said. "It doesn't look good.") Like anyone who has served in a variety of Newport offices over the years, Peluso has had more experience than the average citizen in testifying before grand juries, but his style of politics has always been thought of as too personal and impetuous to suit the role of a syndicate patsy. ("I never took nothing from nobody," the Mayor often says, although he tries not to be puritanical about those who have.) Peluso tends to interpret political life as a series of personal battles—arguments with the police chief about the mayor's right to have a police radio, arguments with the city manager about whether the city is responsible for fixing a street that leads to some Peluso property, even arguments with the syndicate flunkies from the gambling



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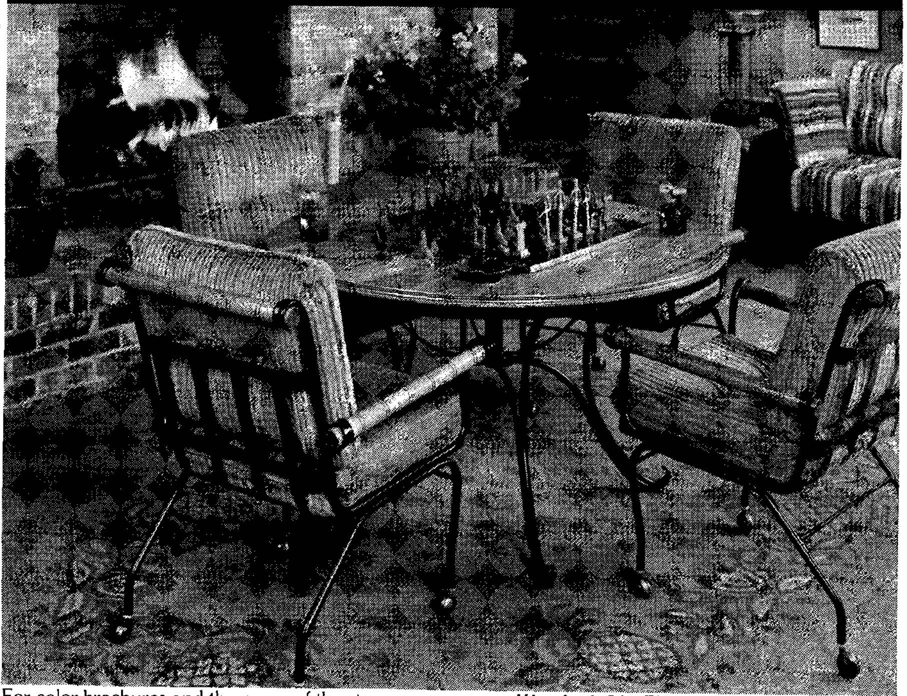
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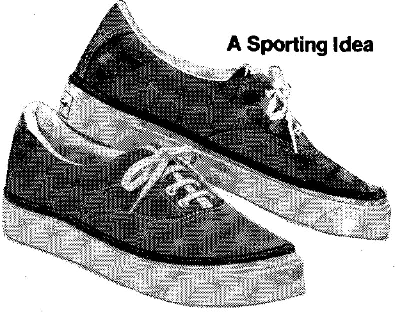

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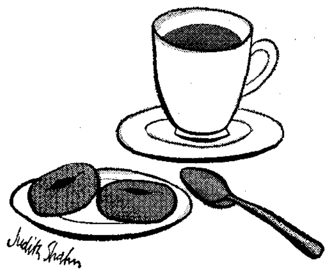
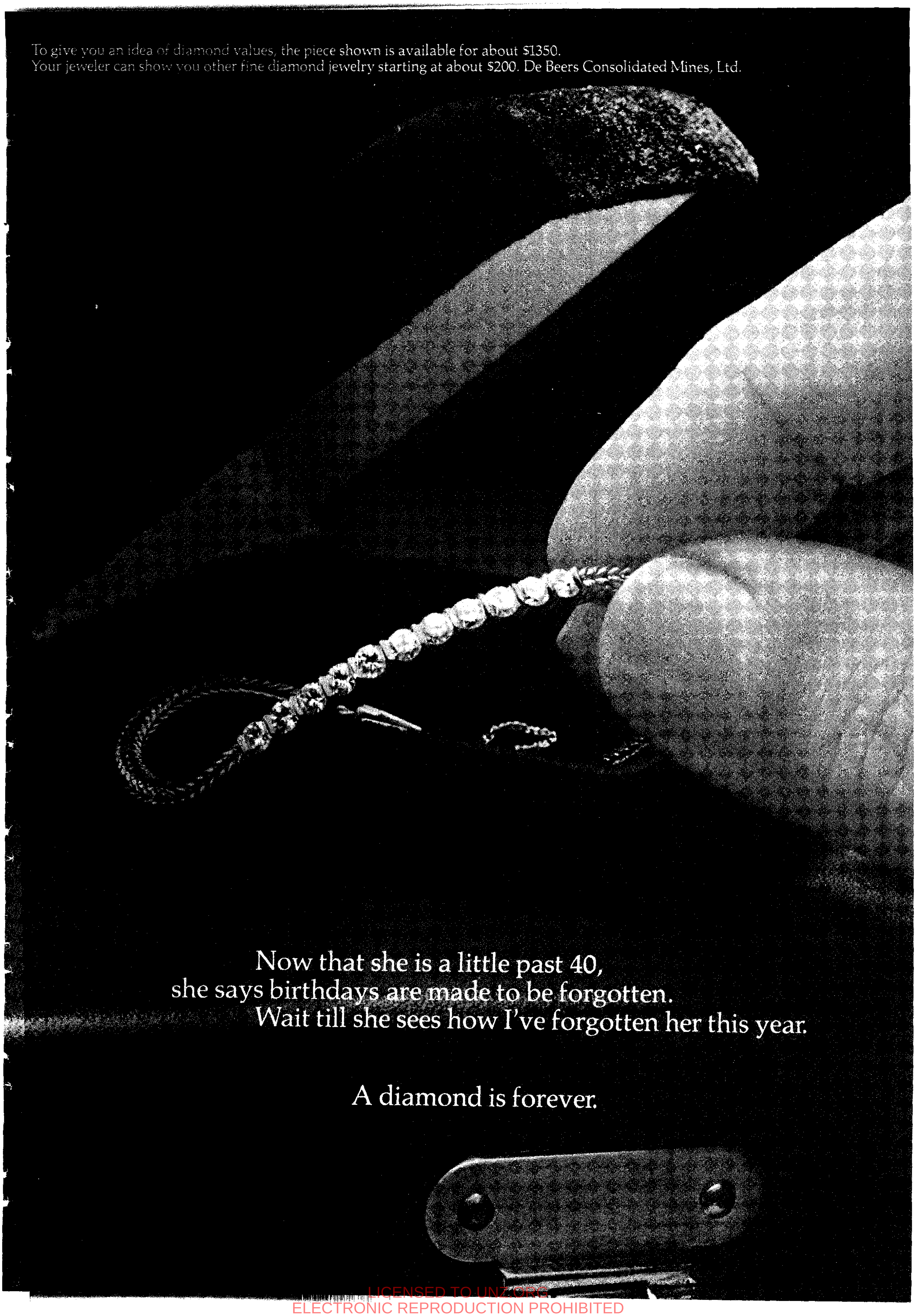
bedroom, the two enact a childish demonic marriage rite, which Doll recalls from the nonsense with which her head has been stuffed. The action is realistic—nothing supernatural is happening—but the music can suggest to us, as it were, Doll's view of the events and portray her mystic rapture as she surrenders to her demon lover. In these two scenes, Floyd's opera becomes more than a sung play. There are other episodes in which music has more than a merely heightening role; to the "truths" enacted on the stage it adds images of the untruths in which both Doll and her accusers believe. Floyd has altered details of the book. In the third act of the opera—but not in "A Mirror for Witches"—Doll is persuaded that her lover, by whom she is now pregnant, was no more than a human seducer. She is dying in despair—rejected, she feels, by both God and the Devil. The minister, Zelley, determines to give her something to live for; he restores her faith in the demon. The opera reaches its climax in a long duet during which the earnest man of God, deeply troubled, wrings out lie after lie, misdescribing the swarthy real-life Shad by signs—golden hair, blue eyes, a missing finger—that convince Doll her lover was someone else. Her music regains its note of ecstasy: "I am in truth a witch, and my lover a messenger from Satan, a demon from Hell!" She dies, and the curtain falls on Zelley's murmur of "God forgive me."

This is a complicated and effective scene, meet for musical treatment. Both Doll and Zelley are interesting character studies. The others—Bilby, with his more than paternal affection for the girl; the vindictive Hannah, who in Floyd's version has been provided with a final change of heart, too late; the gently romantic Titus—are pretty two-dimensional. I think Floyd claims too much for his work, a Bicentennial commission, when he says, "I believe my opera has a comment to make on our national character and destiny. . . . *Can we afford to permit Doll Bilbys to live and flourish among us or, more to the point, can we afford not to?* It seems to me that no more crucial question can be asked in this year of celebration." Only in a very loose way can we regard Doll—Floyd's Doll—as a plausible symbol for the artistic imagination, condemned and destroyed by "a world firmly committed to the creation of whatever [is] functional and of practical use." The composer is on firmer ground in declaring that "I choose a subject not for polemical reasons, but because it contains vivid characters in *highly charged dramatic situations.*"



THE trouble with "Bilby's Doll" in performance is that for quite long stretches it seems to move rather slowly. On the first night, the opera was deemed long. By the time I saw it—the fifth performance, of six—there had been cuts: nothing very extensive, but several small tucks here and there. If still it hung fire at times, the fault was not of length but of pacing. I said "seems" to move rather slowly because, although examination of the score reveals no particular shortage of passages marked to be played at fairly fast tempi, the apparent gait is slackened by two things: Floyd's fondness for anchoring his harmonic movement on pedal points long sustained, or sometimes over ground basses, and his prevailingly deliberate declamation of the text. The aim, a good one, seems to be that all the words should be apprehended, and it is largely achieved. The word setting is flexible, not tied to the bar lines, natural in its response to what would be the spoken inflections of the text but unnatural, much of the time, in its slowness—sometimes almost Wagnerian in its use of instrumental measures to provide punctuation between sentences, or even phrases. Christopher Keene, who conducted, observed the composer's tempo indications. In some scenes, I felt, he could with advantage have hurried things on a bit. Floyd drops very readily into unhurried, expansive utterance, into arioso declamation with markings like "Lento assai, teneramente." In the last scene of Act II, which reaches its climax as a crowd gathers to see Doll carted off to Salem jail, there is music that does move fast and can be heard to do so. It is welcome. But it makes one aware of what has been missing.

There are operas (Humphrey Searle's "Hamlet" is an example) that seem to be no more than plays slowed down because the actors are singing instead of speaking; the music adds nothing remarkable (except, in the case of Searle's piece, a powerfully eerie atmosphere for the Ghost scenes). There are operas (the lesser works of Masca-



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gni and Giordano afford examples) that seem to proceed almost entirely in arioso and recitative, aspiring to the condition of lyrical melody but seldom achieving a tune that strikes home with Puccini-like effectiveness. There are operas (Giordano's "Andrea Chénier" is one) where the turnings of the plot lead the characters into situations that demand full-throated lyrical utterance, and obtain it. And operas (like Hans Werner Henze's "The Young Lord") where the plot itself—concerned with the interaction of different "worlds"—needs music for its manifestation. "Bilby's Doll" falls partly into each of these categories, and precisely into none.

By the Houston Grand Opera the piece was very well performed. Cunningly combining painted backcloths, a two-story saltbox frame, and picturesque detail in the way of furniture and properties, Ming Cho Lee's décor for the six different settings was at once varied, realistic, and romantic. Duane Schuler's lighting was just about the best I have seen on the American operatic stage. David Pountney's direction was dynamic, detailed, unfussy. By the three collaborators the tone of each scene was securely established. Catherine Malfitano, in the title role, was gleaming, vivacious, touching, and credible; her singing spanned a wide range of emotional colors. Act I ends with Doll's version of Azucena's "Stride la vampa"—recalling her parents' death—and Miss Malfitano made much of it. Tom Fox's grave Zelley was impressive, but perhaps a shade light in voice. In a large cast without serious weakness—except for a town crier who had not learned how to cry his news in a way that could be understood—there was especially good work from Joy Davidson as Hannah Bilby, Alan Titus as Titus, and Barrie Smith as his mother. Jack Trussel made a dashing Shad. Mr. Keene was an expert conductor. —ANDREW PORTER

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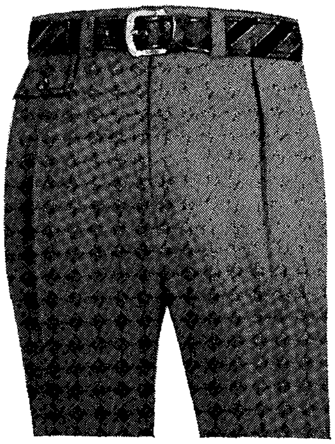

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A Certain Dr. Malraux

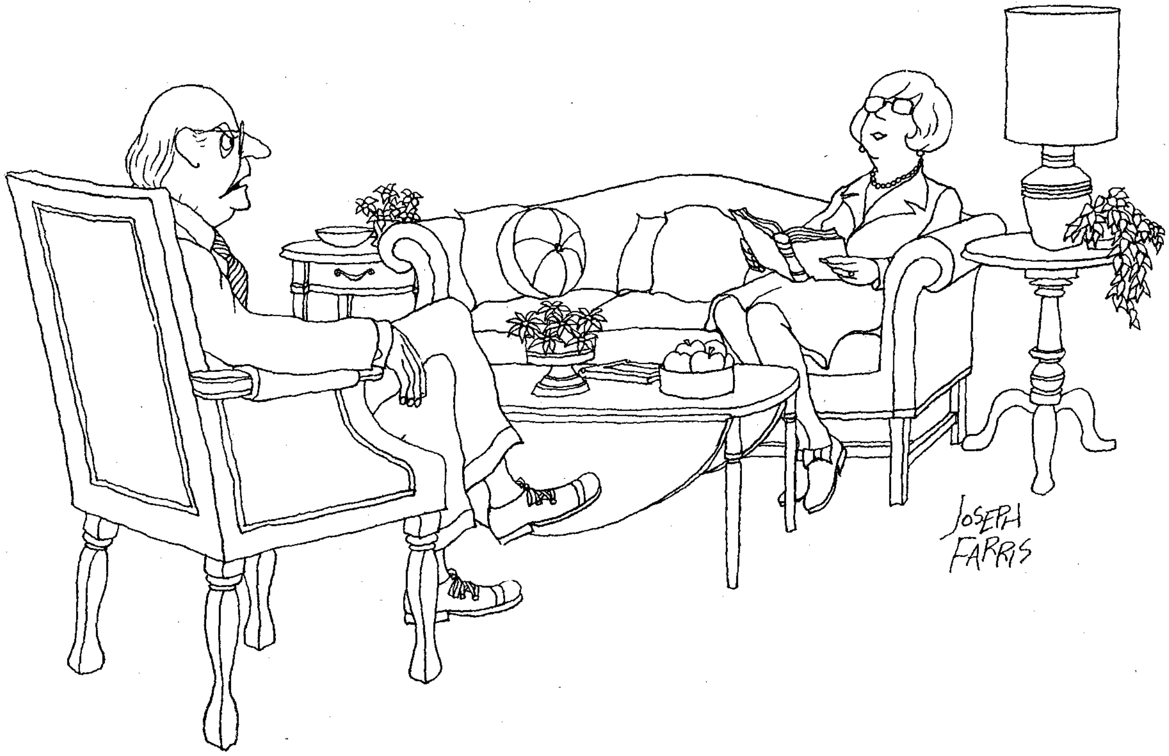
IN the Personnel Security Board's report on J. Robert Oppenheimer, dated May, 1954, reference was made to "a certain Dr. Malraux." The implication was that Oppenheimer's acquaintance with the said party could be further evidence of suspicious sympathies. The crass idiocy of this style of reference to one of the more famous men of the twentieth century (who was by then a fierce anti-Communist and senior aide to de Gaulle) needs no comment. Yet there is in this moronic formula a grain of allegorical truth. For all his immense celebrity, for all the plethora of biographical and autobiographical material now available—or, it may be, because of it—André Malraux remains a curiously elusive, ill-defined figure.

This is, substantially, of his own choosing. Malraux has been extremely reticent in regard to his family background, early career, and private lives. Or, more precisely, he has sanctioned a number of protective legends on these topics, often so lyric and plausible as to make further inquiry seem churlish. His successive or simultaneous careers as adventurer, novelist, philosopher of art, and familiar genius to de Gaulle—the image was used by the General himself—have been so brilliant and compelling, so constantly in the public eye, that Malraux the man has passed unseen behind the spotlight.

Jean Lacouture is an experienced political biographer. He has had privileged access to his subject. But nothing in his "André Malraux" (Pantheon) is more fascinating than the instability of Lacouture's own perspective. The impulse to debunk, to reveal the mountebank beneath the imperial stance, runs strong. As Lacouture advances in his packed, swift-moving chronicle, he resorts to ever more subversive, even brutal terms of disclosure. Malraux suffers from "autosuggestive fever;" he is "this mythomaniac;" the eminent French writer François Mauriac was right to describe Malraux as "a myopic hustler;" in the twilight of Gaullism, Malraux seems to Lacouture to be no more than "a short-winded, half-crazed seventy-year-old." And yet what existence in our eroded times has been more instinct with style, with myriad-minded and bracing perception, than that of the author of "Man's Hope," cicerone extraordinary to world art, Resistance fighter in Occupied France, interlocutor of Nehru and Mao Tse-tung, Minister of Culture in the Gaullist realm? Of whom else would John F. Kennedy, no mean connoisseur of splendor, have felt bound to say, "I think he leaves us all far behind"? M. Lacouture is torn one way, then another. The suspect magic of the case defeats him.

The young Malraux achieved notoriety in a characteristically ambiguous fashion. Newly married—to a gifted, opinionated young woman, whose later account of the whole episode differs from his—Malraux proceeded to French Indo-China in October, 1923. There he pried loose a couple of Khmer sculptures from a jungle-overgrown temple site. The legal status of such sites was, at best, opaque, and Khmer art was certain to fetch fancy prices on the European market. The foray, at once buccaneering and amateurish, ended in arrest and prosecution. Malraux's lofty manners and strong sympathies for native claims to greater independence had made him obnoxious to the colonial authorities. Now it was their innings. Matters might have become very ugly had it not been for a campaign on Malraux's behalf in metropolitan France. This is the fascinating aspect of the story. The literary lions of the day—Gide, Maurois, Mauriac among them—demanded the release of a somewhat shady young truant who up to then had to his credit little more than a few articles in the Surrealist vein, some art criticism, and the publication of some handsomely printed erotica. Already, the legend was operative.

It rapidly took a more heroic turn. Back in Paris, in January, 1926, Malraux was thought to have been involved, in some clandestine but vital capacity, in the early, confused events of the Chinese revolution. M. Lacouture deftly unwinds the skein of alternating truth and deception that Malraux spun around this theme. When some of those closest to him expounded on his Chinese adventures, Malraux said nothing. To others he dropped hints of the truth. This pattern closely resembles the tactics of T. E. Lawrence, a contemporary who deeply influenced Malraux's self-consciousness. Among hierarchical superiors, with journalists and bores, Lawrence cultivated the arts of melodramatic guile. Then, in the company of a few intimates or "sim-



"Quit telling me 'You're only as old as you feel.' I feel like I'm a hundred and forty."

ple folk," he would, with contemptuous abruptness, puncture the myth. The game can lead to an uncertain grasp on reality. Malraux visited Shanghai in 1931. Later on, when asked about the inspired authenticity of the Chinese location in "Man's Fate," he coolly denied ever having been to mainland China.

The period from 1926 to 1933 was one of literary trials and rapid inner growth. There are points of brilliance in both of Malraux's early Indo-China novels—or, rather, thinly veiled memoirs—"Les Conquérants" and "La Voie Royale." But there is not much to evidence the genius of narrative, the political intelligence and moral pathos that were to make of "Man's Fate" the classic it is. Together with Arthur Koestler's "Darkness at Noon," "La Condition Humaine," to give it its true and indispensable title, is one of those very rare works of the imagination which alter the sensibility of an age. It is, one says at the risk of embarrassment but also with pride in the mystery of letters, a book by which a good many young men and women of the thirties and forties lived and died—often under circumstances as desperate as those depicted in the plot. At thirty-one, André Malraux found himself internationally renowned and, in a Gallic idiom that does not readily translate into other languages or cultures, a *maître de la pensée*.

But again there were ambiguities, only partially hidden by glory. The sympathies of the novel lay decisively with the Marxist revolutionaries tortured and betrayed by the forces of Chiang Kai-shek. The sacrificial death of Katow, thrown alive into the boiler of a locomotive, became a talisman for Communists and fellow-travellers the world over. Yet there is little consequent Marxism in the text. The underlying ethic derives from Pascal and Nietzsche at least as strongly as it does from any radical-utopian tradition. It is an ethic of stoic—indeed, nihilistic—humanism. The sovereign virtues are those of lucidity and elegance under stress. Social conscience, ideological enlistment are the noble tempters of solitude, not its masters. As in Yeats's poem on a carving of Chinese sages, Malraux's ideal is that of the private, thinking man whose experience encompasses the tumult and misery of life but whose "ancient glittering eyes are gay." In Yeats's line, as in the metaphysics of "Man's Fate," gaiety is a concept borrowed from Nietzsche.

Publicly, however, "a certain Dr. Malraux" was now in the forefront of the left. And, inevitably, he threw

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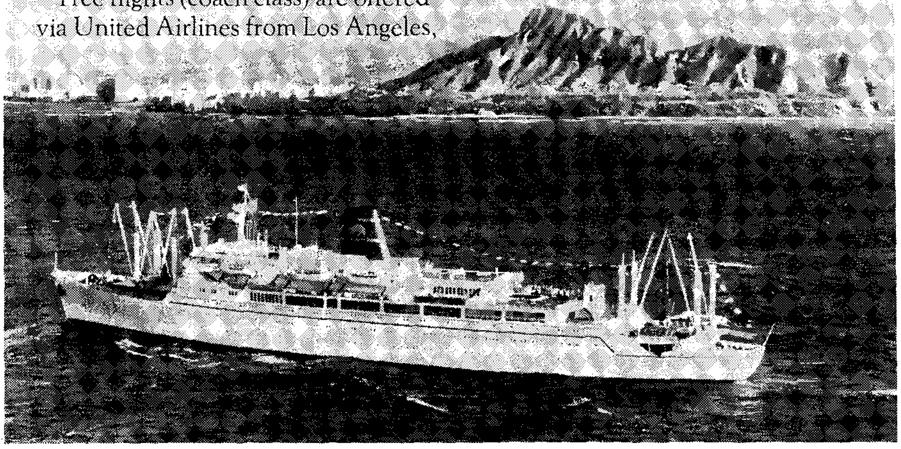

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himself into the torment of the Spanish Civil War. Lacouture argues convincingly that the emotions that galvanized Malraux's energies were only diffusely political. The internecine brawls among Stalinists, Trotskyites, anarchists, and old-line liberals which from the outset sapped the Republican cause hardly concerned Malraux. He was in Spain because here was the saga of "fraternity," of the brotherhood of fighting men—here was the confrontation, made epic by terrain and historical associations, between the austere élan of radicalism and the unshaven, porcine vulgarity of the Fascist.

In fact, and whatever the irritation of his professional colleagues, Malraux displayed great personal nerve and powers of propaganda throughout his Spanish service. The España squadron, which "Colonel" Malraux had organized, fought admirably even when bombs had to be dropped by hand out of the windows and less noble apertures of antiquated Potezes and Douglases. But it was as a spokesman for the battered Spanish Republic that Malraux accomplished most—through lectures and personal appeals, and through his "fact-fiction" record, "Man's Hope," which, rather unusually, Lacouture regards as Malraux's true masterpiece. (The stunning film that Malraux made of a crucial episode in the book emerged publicly only after the Second World War.)

Already, however, the inner and outer currents in Malraux's protean nature had begun to diverge. Malraux's lust for art goes back to his childhood and his very first publishing ventures. The notion of writing an encyclopedic "Psychology of Art," in which the visual arts of all epochs and civilizations would be related to certain fundamental needs and attributes of the human spirit, seems to have evolved as early as 1935. In other words, in the midst of blazing political activism and ideological commitment Malraux was already moving toward a timeless, profoundly apolitical scale of values. Secular history and politics were beginning to appear important to Malraux in terms, essentially, of their aesthetic potential, of the framework that they could or could not provide for the enigmatic unfolding of individual creative obsession.

These concepts developed only gradually. When Malraux joined a tank unit in the autumn of 1939, he seemed to exemplify the public, militant condition associated with his career. But it looks more than probable that the meditations on art and eternity which increasingly absorbed his mind were a factor in the contemplative, almost hermetic attitude he adopted after the collapse of France and during the first years of the Nazi Occupation.

When he did join the Maquis, late in March, 1944, Malraux exhibited his customary panache. Here, also, myth has been busy, and the unravelling, though M. Lacouture performs it with eminent tact, is somewhat troubling. "Colonel Berger," as Malraux designated himself, showed great dash but could do little to remedy the mutual suspicion and frequent muddles that characterized Resistance and partisan movements in the Dordogne. Malraux's involvement, which terminated in a very short spell of captivity in Toulouse, amounted to only four months. When he turned up in newly liberated Paris, garbed in the height of military fashion, Hemingway's growl was audible. But there followed one of the grimmest, least remembered episodes in the war: the winter fighting on the Alsatian front. It was here that Malraux's soldiering and leadership proved outstanding.

The meeting with de Gaulle, on August 10, 1945, had the logic of predestination. As Lacouture writes, the relationship "was based not upon a negative or defensive theme, but on similar views of history, on a shared ethic and, still more important, aesthetic of public life." "Aesthetic" is certainly the key term. Both men viewed human performance essentially in respect of style. Both possessed an almost sensual awareness of the great sweeps of eternity and the transcendent forms that lie behind, and ironically devalue, the vainglorious bustle of politics and the materialist hopes of lesser creatures. In de Gaulle, Malraux, immersed as he now was in the tomes of world art, recognized the supreme incarnation of the rhetoric of action, of "power as imaginative gesture." In Malraux, the General perceived an ideal witness to and rememberancer of his own scenario of grandeur. Both, moreover, spoke and wrote the French language as with clarions.

To his erstwhile companions on the left, Sartre notable among them, Malraux's Gaullism and ministerial career showed every mark of opportunism and megalomania. M. le Ministre's refusal to speak out on French policy in his beloved Indo-China, his nebulous evasions over the issue of the use of torture in French Algeria seemed the inevitable climax of a long history of egotism and ideological cant. The truth, of course, was more intricate.

Malraux had come to identify in Stalinism and in its Western fauna the same vulgarity, hatred of human creativity, and shallow dogmatism that he had seen and fought in Fascism. Confronted by the Soviet menace, the freedom of Western Europe and of the arts had assumed for Malraux a mystical gravity. Gaullism and the vitality of Western culture, a vitality inseparable from the preservation of a sovereign past, were the true guarantors of freedom. It was Chartres against the concrete barbarism of Stalinist rule and architecture. At last, art and politics had become one.

The posture, the pronouncements were awesome—much more so than the performance. Malraux's impresarioship over French culture, from June, 1958, to April, 1969, has left a dubious heritage. He endowed a number of French cities and regions theretofore left in the cultural cold with centers for education and the performing arts. Today, a good many of these *maisons de la culture* stand unused or vaguely embarrassing. In Paris, the Minister of Culture ordered the scrubbing of monuments and old buildings. In certain cases, as in the exquisite, long-neglected quarter of the Marais, restoration proved luminous. But on other sites familiar façades receded into a pastel haze, and already the acid air is back at work.

Lacouture is too shrewd an observer to draw up anything like a conclusive balance sheet. But one cannot help asking, What, then, shall endure of André Malraux's prodigious existence? The dilemma is to a large extent stylistic. Malraux's prose, particularly after 1945, belongs to the lineage of Bossuet, Chateaubriand, and Montherlant. This is an inheritance of orchestral sonority and evocative cascades, of lapidary maxims and sudden pirouettes of paradox, which simply will not translate into another language, and is inimical even to the current French ear. Couched in this grandiloquent register, the "Voices of Silence," "The Imaginary Museum," the monograph on Goya, and much of the "Antimemoirs" seem a hollow full of rushing wind. The more sibylline the page, the more awkward it becomes to reread or take quite seriously.

Malraux is far too astute and nervously perceptive not to be aware of the problem. But the sumptuous rhetoric he has built around himself is now, inalienably, the skin of his being. Some years ago, I was privileged to meet M. le Ministre, at an embassy do in London. Someone had been careless or malicious, for among the other guests

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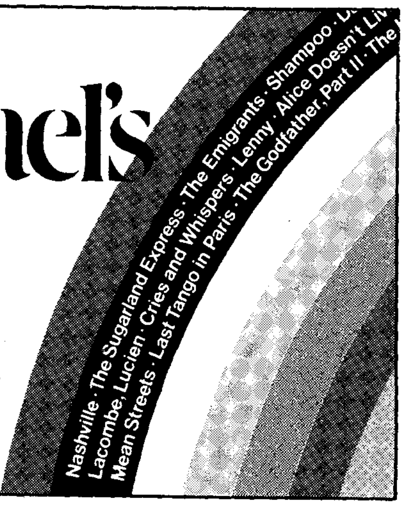
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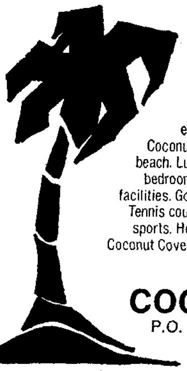

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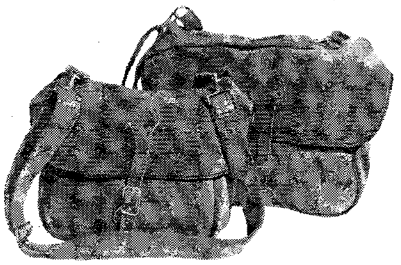

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was the most influential and acerbic of historians of art, who had only recently published a murderous dissection of the whole of Malraux's "Psychology of Art." Malraux heard the fatal name trumpeted by the majordomo and saw Professor X advance toward him. What followed was a subtle rite of total exclusion. The notorious hooded-falcon glance grew blanker and more absent; the inevitable cigarette traced a complex but unmistakable arabesque of dismissal; the hunched shoulders turned to precisely the necessary angle of evasion. X was left paying his respects to a perfect void.

Taste may veer. At present, however, too much of Malraux's oratory on art, death, the immortal spirit of man, or the aesthetics of power is just that. It is the early books that matter (and the teasing fragment of an incomplete or destroyed wartime fiction, "Les Noyers de l'Altenburg"). And here, surely, there can be little doubt. "La Condition Humaine" and substantial portions of "L'Espoir" stand, fiercely alive. They have the urgency of undimmed photographs out of a past at once intimate and shared. They alone would secure Malraux's place among the master voices of the century. But Jean Lacouture is right when he insists that the books and the life of Malraux are inseparable. Both are, finally, the products of dreams so proudly dreamed as to make up in other minds for the flatness of waking.

—GEORGE STEINER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

TURTLE DIARY, by Russell Hoban (Random House). Two middle-aged English shut-ins, William G. and Neaera H., who have spent a lot of time gazing at the animals in the London Zoo decide, independently, to liberate three large sea turtles. Recognizing from a certain dreamy salinity in each other's expression that they have the same goal in mind, they join forces. The book is written in the form of two alternating diaries. From William G.'s, we learn that he is divorced; that he has two daughters whom, to his sorrow, he never sees; that he works as a clerk in a bookshop; that he lives in a dreary bed-sitter where the man who bathes before him invariably leaves the tub dirty; and, in general, that he feels and acts like a man caught in quicksand. Neaera H., we learn, lives in a one-bedroom flat, wears "odds and ends," keeps a pet water beetle, and, though she has "resisted vegetarianism" and enjoys a modest reputation as a writer and illustrator of children's books, has also come to the point in life where she feels, as she puts it, that she simply hasn't got "another furry-animal picnic or birthday party" in her. The story of how these two lonely, skeptical people, with the help of a sympathetic zookeeper, manage to liberate the turtles (and subsequently themselves) is quite funny and, at times, touching. The book's one failing, which may be a hangover from Mr. Hoban's own past as a writer of children's books, or may simply be a trait that is endemic to English novels these days, is the self-conscious manner in which the two people advertise their appreciation of the odd and the quirky.

THE OLIVE OF MINERVA, OR THE COMEDY OF A CUCKOLD, by Edward Dahlberg (Crowell). The reader's orbs extrude. The storm of words bedews his danksome brow. Why this vexatious assault of verbal wind, this lewd stew of aphorisms? How to comprehend the sorrow of Abel, the bitter protagonist of this philosophical tale—"part Elizabethan madcap, part Chaucerian fabliau." How to understand this acidulous cuckold and exile from New York who "had a starless sky in his veins," while the "pravity of melancholia gorged his head," and why? *Voix de raison:* "Don't try." Agenbite of inwit: "But I have heard its author called 'the literary phoenix of his generation.' " D. H. Lawrence said of one of his books, "Nothing I have ever read has astonished me more." *Voix de raison:* "Think about that Lawrence quote a bit."

GENERAL

SHAKESPEARE AND THE REVOLUTION OF THE TIMES: PERSPECTIVES AND COMMENTARIES, by Harry Levin (Oxford). In a pleasant "Induction" to this collection of Shakespearean essays, Mr. Levin reviews his exposures to the Bard, from his boyhood in Minneapolis, through his Harvard-undergraduate days under George Lyman Kittredge, to his present long career as one of Kittredge's successors. He draws a contrast between the famous "Kitty," whose understanding of Shakespeare actually amounted to no more than "a kind of interpretative consensus" of available criticism, and the isolated and crotchety Minnesota professor Elmer Edgar Stoll, whose resistance to conventional Bardolatry made him "the scholar from whom I learned most." It is interesting to consider which of these two exemplars Mr. Levin himself resembles. He has inherited Kittredge's command of texts, and the comments on specific words almost seem to be those of a specialist in philology. Yet he does not share the indifference either to fresh ideas or to the stage which he alleges in his predecessor, and his frames of reference would appear to be as broad as Stoll's. At its best, his book moves clearly and precisely over a great expanse; at its worst, which is infrequent, it is correct summary. Within his wide range, Mr. Levin, too, tends to seek consensus, and of his many generalizations one is perhaps especially representative: the Romantics stood "gazing in uncritical awe at the inscrutable handiwork of a natural genius. During the last hundred years we have been learning to examine Shakespeare more and more closely. On the whole he has withstood that scrutiny, and . . . today we think of him as a highly conscious artist."

MURDER IN COWETA COUNTY, by Margaret Anne Barnes (Reader's Digest Press). The factual chronicle of a murder that took place in a backwoods county of Georgia in 1948. The remarkable thing about this event was that everyone involved in it was a stereotype who would be instantly recognizable to the audience at an old B movie. The victim was a young, puny tenant farmer, one of life's losers; the man who killed him was John Wallace, a bullnecked, brutal land baron who ran Meriwether County, adjacent to Coweta County; the sheriff of Coweta County was a man of unwavering probity who resisted with a steady stare all efforts to intimidate him; his counterpart in Meriwether County was a snivelling lackey and a creature of John Wallace. And so it goes, right down to the supercilious big-city lawyer whom Wallace hired to defend him, and the honest, painstaking rural prosecutors who finally brought Wallace to book. Another unusual feature of the tale is that although we know that Wallace was convicted and finally electrocuted, a certain suspense persists, because Wallace never for a moment believed that he could not bulldoze his way out in the end.

MONSIEUR PROUST: A MEMOIR, by Céleste Albaret (McGraw-Hill). Céleste Albaret, Proust's housekeeper for the last eight years of his life,

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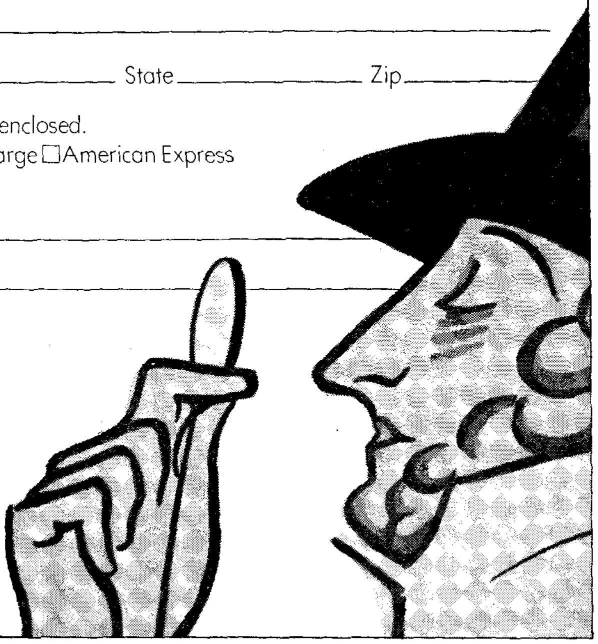

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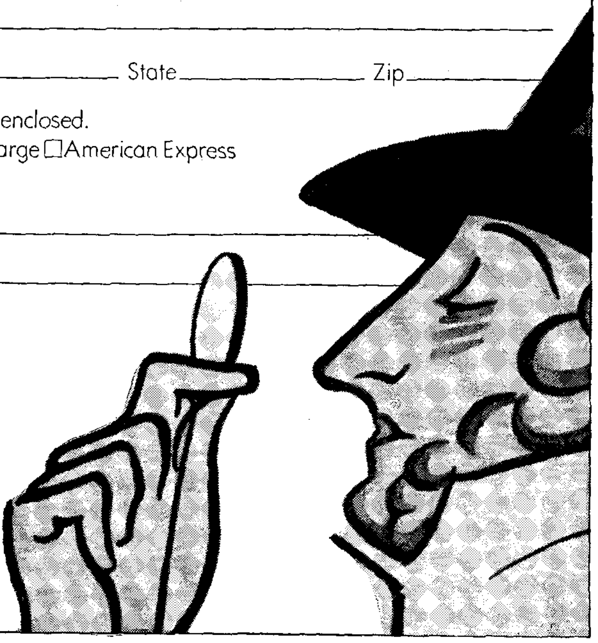

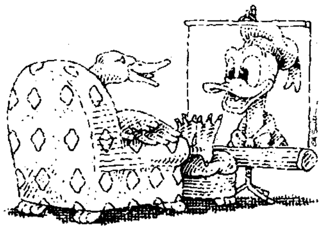

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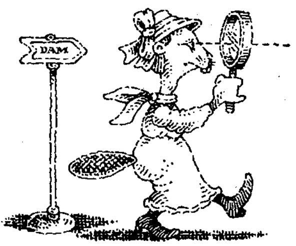

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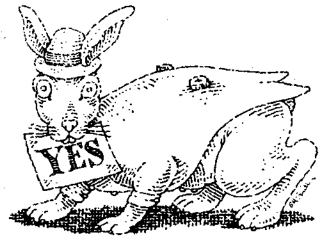

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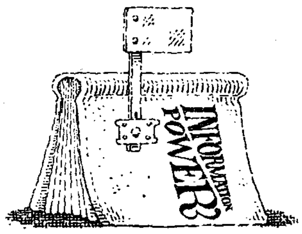

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is one of the few characters to appear under their own names in "Remembrance of Things Past." At the age of eighty-two, she has finally decided to tell us what she knows. Aside from household details—how Proust managed his daily fumigations to ward off asthma, the exact way his café au lait had to be served, and so on—little that's new and significant turns up in these apparently tape-recorded interviews, coaxed into chapters by Georges Belmont and translated into English by Barbara Bray. Proust was hypnotically charming—no one summoned at midnight failed to appear for a chat—and Mme. Albaret was from the start heavily enchanted. The topsy-turvy days that began around 4 P.M. and ended at dawn were days in which Proust somehow managed to enlarge what eventually became a four-thousand-page novel. That process still remains a mystery. The familiar, famous cast walks through its paces once again, and the odd thing is that by now the real characters seem as fabled as their literary counterparts. When Proust began the long retreat into his cocoon—the retreat in which he finished a masterpiece in bed while balancing the pages on his knees—he had long given up the world of fashion, society, and friendship. Yet he managed to pursue his characters relentlessly, arranging a dinner in or out, devising a meeting with this or that one in order to straighten out a detail, to get the exact look and fit of a dress, the sway of a walk, the accumulation of years on a face. Mme. Albaret is definitive on the domestic scene, but her version of Proust as a princely, Catholic heterosexual turns out to be a form of backstage gossip as insipid as the gossip she wants to counteract. What emerges is an uncomfortable, defensive book where what one expected was a firsthand, impartial, and affectionate view.

NOTE: Whitney Balliett's "New York Notes: A Journal of Jazz, 1972-1975" has been published by Houghton Mifflin. Most of the contents originally appeared in this magazine.

•

Stocky, nondescript, and quite young (25) for a legislator, he is to Namath what ballroom dancing was to Nijinsky.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

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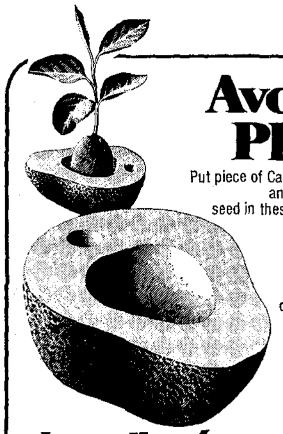

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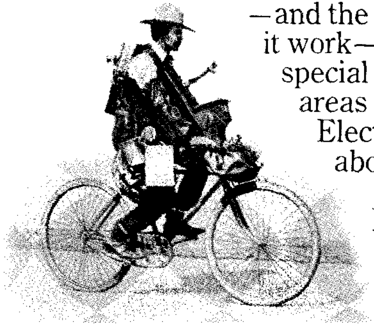

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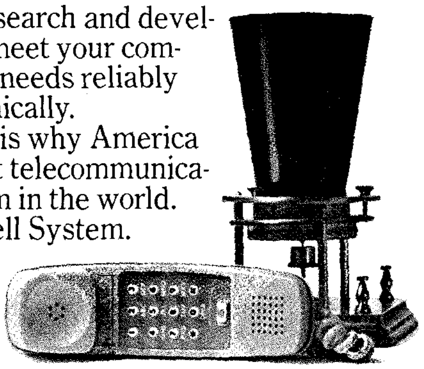

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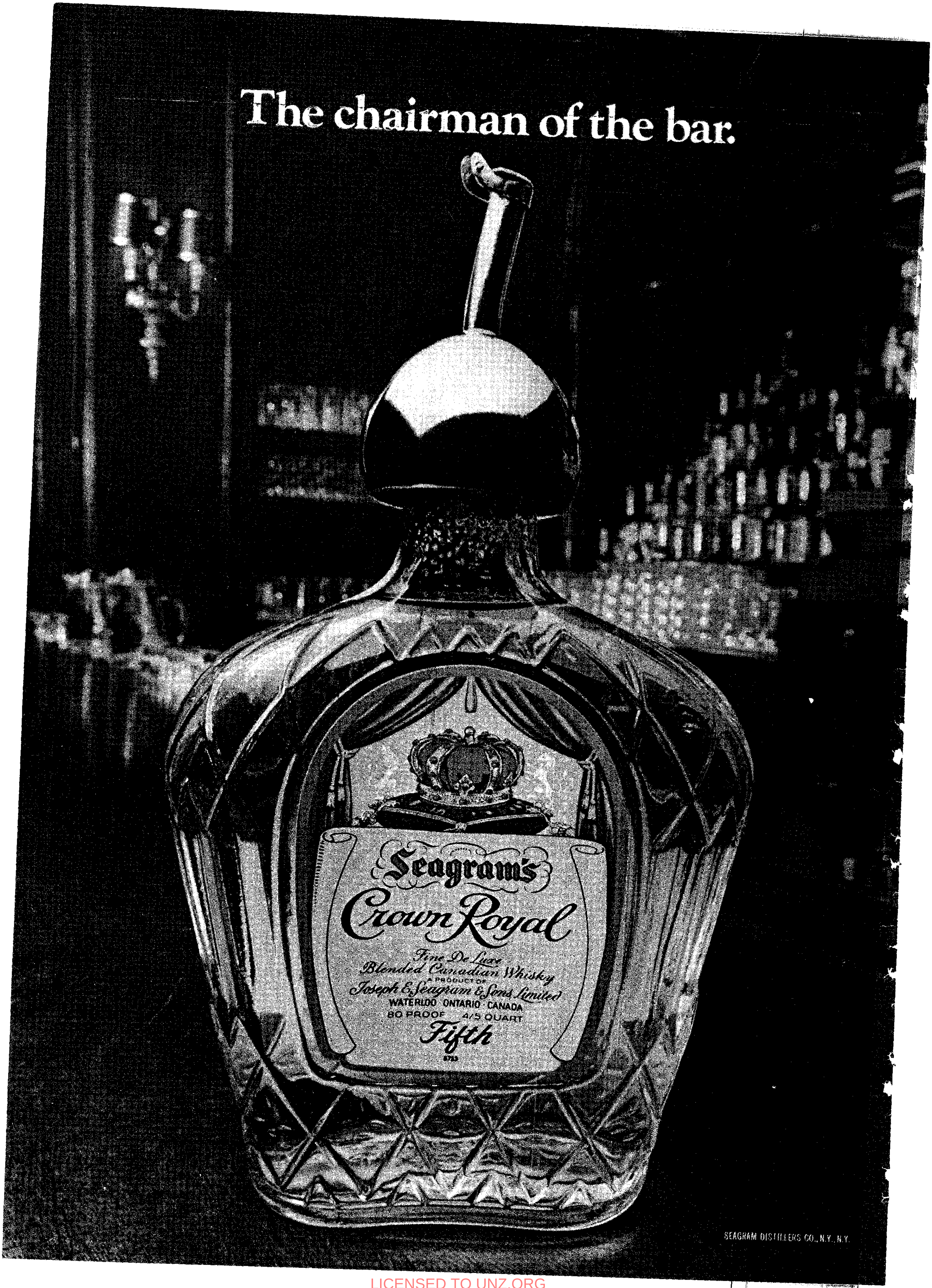
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